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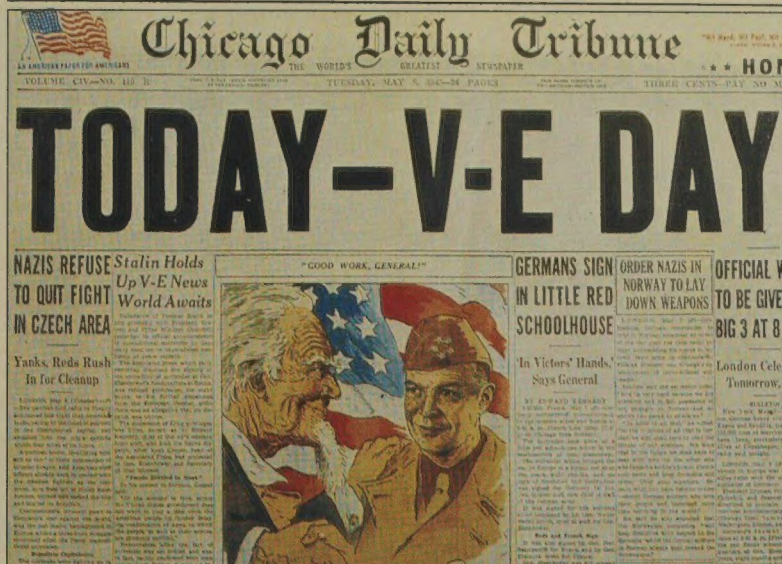


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Number 7042 Volume 273 May 1985



Headlines blazen victory in Europe: VE Day, May 8, 1945.

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A survey of British cinema.



The evolution of the telephone box.

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On Tuesday, May 8, 1945—VE Day—Britain celebrated the official end of the war in Europe. **Max Hastings** opens this special 40th anniversary feature, which includes recollections of soldiers and civilians, at home and abroad at that time, with his account of the last battlefield action. Cover photograph of WRACs celebrating in Trafalgar Square, from The Photo Source, hand-coloured by Lorraine Axelson.

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5-speed. Simulated urban cycle 36.3 mpg/7.8 L per 100 km. Constant 56 mph 58.3 mpg/4.8 L per 100 km. Constant 75 mph 41.5 100 km. Prices correct at time of going to press excluding number plates and delivery. Model shown Montego 2.0 VP EFi at £9,577.

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I have often been asked what the effect has been of television on the House of Lords. The answer, like All Gaul, can be divided into three parts. On behaviour within the Chamber itself the consequences have been minimal, partly because the House, now halfway through its experimental six-month period, has not had the lights and cameras in operation very often. There are a few peers who like to show off just as there are a few Members of similar disposition in what is called in the Lords "Another Place", meaning the Commons. But they did this before TV was thought of, and will probably go on doing so, whether or not televising continues. The camera crews invariably behave with admirable discretion. The lights are somewhat intrusive but not too much so. Whether they will overheat the place remains to be seen. In a winter and early spring of exceptional severity any warmth has been welcome, but one might feel otherwise in a heatwave. Such consequences as there have been seem marginally to the good. Peers who are in the line of vision endeavour to keep awake and appear interested. Speakers are less inclined to read their speeches—something which looks bad on television and is in fact forbidden under Standing Orders but too often allowed, thanks to the absence of any real discipline in procedure.

The second point to consider is the effect of television on the image of the House as seen by the public, or rather by those who have bothered to look at it. Most people must enjoy the sheer spectacle of the Chamber. Almost everyone who is not a puritanical killjoy is bound to be astonished, even overwhelmed, by the elaborate Gothic revivalism of Barry's extraordinary décor—the red benches, the coats of arms, the glittering brass, the patterned ceiling, the stained glass windows. It is a marvellous sight, breathtaking even for those familiar with it. There is an ornate splendour which is unforgettable and it comes across very well on colour television (like snooker)—an impression which one could never have got in the old black and white days. The *mise en scène* is far more vivid than that of the only Chamber which really matters politically—the dull green benches of the House of Commons.

What does the public make of the television debates? There have been

few so far and the selection has not been very good. Programme controllers are perhaps not the people best suited to the task. It may be that intervention on a higher level might produce better results. It was enjoyable to see that most telegenic of personalities, the Earl of Stockton, discoursing, during the first televised debate in the House which he had recently joined, on the state of the economy. He was so telegenic that one temporarily suspended disbelief as he movingly referred to the miners who had served in the Army in the 1914-18 war, with a strong implication that Mrs Thatcher was too much of a hardliner over the strike. In reality most miners during the First World War went on mining—and quite rightly. In any case, whatever happened then is totally irrelevant to the behaviour of the NUM 70 years later. One can hardly imagine Arthur Scargill fighting for Queen and country. But it was so obvious that Lord Stockton's appearance would be a "scoop" that no one can take any special credit for exploiting it.

A good example of a bad choice was a recent debate on the Official Secrets Act. Given the Ponting affair, this may have seemed a promising subject for television. But anyone who knows anything about the House or who had looked at the list of speakers would have seen at once that it would be a field day for the lawyers, of whom there is a surfeit among the Lords. Lawyers can be excellent company, but—let us face it—when they are disputing about the minutiae of the wording in the clauses of a Bill they are the most crashing bores in the world. They were well up to form on this occasion.

The third part of the answer is more speculative, the likelihood or otherwise of TV in the Lords leading to TV in the Commons. There is no doubt that this was the object behind the lobbying by the BBC and the ITV companies. Foiled in their direct approach they hope to get in via the "thin end of the wedge". No one can suppose that the activities of the Lords, except at rare moments, have any great public interest. The House is essentially a revising chamber and occasionally a delaying chamber, but no government has fallen because of an adverse vote since the defeat of the India Bill in 1782 when George III seized the opportunity to dismiss the Fox-North coalition. It is true that the quality of

speeches and the expertise of speakers is very often, though not always, higher in the Lords than in the Commons. What is lacking is the feeling that anything the Lords do can ever matter very much. The House of Commons is a very different affair. Such is human nature that the public would certainly enjoy the sight of Dennis Skinner screeching at the Prime Minister during Question Time and, more worthily, occasions like the vote of no confidence which forced James Callaghan to dissolve Parliament in 1979, or the debate on the Falklands crisis.

I have a hunch—it cannot be more—that the Commons will eventually admit TV. I believe that if they do the conduct of the House might become rather more decorous and less rowdy. But I am far from sure that the end of the experiment in the House of Lords will lead to any immediate imitation. The Prime Minister and most of the Cabinet are said to be against it, and there are many MPs who are worried at the impact of empty benches on their constituents, although the remedy is in their own hands. The House of Lords itself may not continue to be televised after June this year. A new positive resolution is needed and this might be defeated. It is also possible that the BBC and ITV companies will not find it worth the expense—for they have to pay—although I suspect that they will want to keep it going until they can put their cameras in the Commons. After that their Lordships will no doubt be left in peace to slumber safely out of the limelight.

The British Council

A plea, all the more impressive for its moderate wording, has recently been made by Sir John Burgh, Director General of the British Council since 1980. He was prompted to write to *The Times* (March 26) by a cut of 3 per cent in the Council's grant for 1985/86 which means that since 1979/80, the government grant has been cumulatively reduced in real terms by 20 per cent. Sir John has visited 42 countries in the last five years, and in almost all of them he had found a voracious demand for the Council's services. "But our supply does not meet this demand because our resources are too small."

In the past the role of the British Council has been the subject of much

controversy. The late Lord Beaverbrook took a violent dislike to it. No one knows why, but whatever his motive he did a great deal of harm to the institution.

One can only hope that some of the mud slung in those days is not still adhering to a body which is today performing an excellent task on an even more threadbare shoestring than before. There is certainly no waste of money in the branches I have seen. My principal experience has been in the countries which composed the old Central African Federation and which I visited on behalf of the Beit Trust in 1983—Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi. There is in those countries, as Sir John Burgh said, generally "a great and increasing demand for our education, language, knowledge and technological skills, our books and contemporary arts".

The British Council has the great asset that English is now not only the first language of a large part of the world but is, or soon will be, the second language of all the rest. Hence the almost passionate desire in Africa, Asia and Latin America to learn it. There is fortunately no predominantly English-speaking country which does not belong to the Free World, but the spread of the language will not necessarily promote the libertarian ideals for which the USA, the UK and the Commonwealth stand, unless it is constantly fostered and supported by those countries themselves. The Russians and other Iron Curtain states are flooding Africa with books written in adequate English regardless of expense, ostensibly educational but in reality propagandist. The struggle between East and West is a struggle for the mind as well as for armed superiority—a battle which is perhaps even more significant. The British Council, like the BBC World Service, is an important weapon in this battle—a weapon the more valuable because it is not propagandist or uncritical. The need to cut public expenditure is admitted by most of us but the Government has rightly never been rigidly arithmetical. Expenditure on some programmes has actually increased and the Government's grant to the British Council ought to be one of them: Sir John Burgh's request for an extra £2 million—an addition of £1 to every £65,000 of the budget—should not be refused.

ROBERT BLAKE



MAY APRIL 88
The battle at Al Howeizah: Iranian forces lost an estimated 30,000 men and the Al Howeizah marshlands were littered with bodies, left, during seven days of fierce fighting near the southern Iraqi town of Al-Uzayr. Iran had launched its offensive in retaliation against Iraqi air force bombing of Iranian cities during which 1,000 people were killed in less than two weeks. The Iranians had controlled the highway linking the Iraqi capital, Baghdad, to the southern city of Basra. They were driven back almost to the Iranian border by Iraqis of the 5th Army Corps, formed last year and commanded by General Mufer Sultan Hacim. Iraqi threats to shoot down anything in Iranian airspace have caused many airlines, including British Airways, to cancel flights to the area.



The Iranians claim they destroyed the 15-storey bank and apartment building in Baghdad, top, with a surface-to-surface missile but Iraqis say a saboteur planted a bomb there. Above, jubilant Iraqi soldiers after their victory at Al Howeizah.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTERS

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Death and violence in the Cape: After several weeks of sporadic violence, the 25th anniversary of the Sharpeville massacre was marked by further bloodshed when South African police fired into a crowd of 3,000-4,000 proceeding from Langa township to a funeral near Uitenhage; 19 people died,

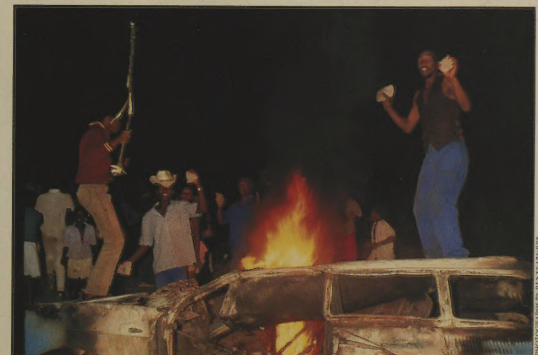
including women and babies. At first Louis La Grange, Minister for Law and Order, claimed that police had fired in self-defence. But the local police commander later admitted that he saw only one stone thrown before he gave the order to fire. A number of blacks, especially councillors considered to

have collaborated with the white authorities, died in subsequent violence. Among the underlying causes of the unrest are continuing lack of political representation, the enforced relocation of communities, police brutality to detainees, deplorable living conditions, low wages and unemployment.

MAY 1985



Top, armed security men at a roadblock. Above, some of the 8,000 who marched to the funeral at Crossroads township, outside Capetown, of 20-year-old Nopinkile Ntabeni, as tensions mounted. Top right and right, houses and vehicles belonging to black councillors burn at New Brighton township, near Port Elizabeth, and their destruction is celebrated.





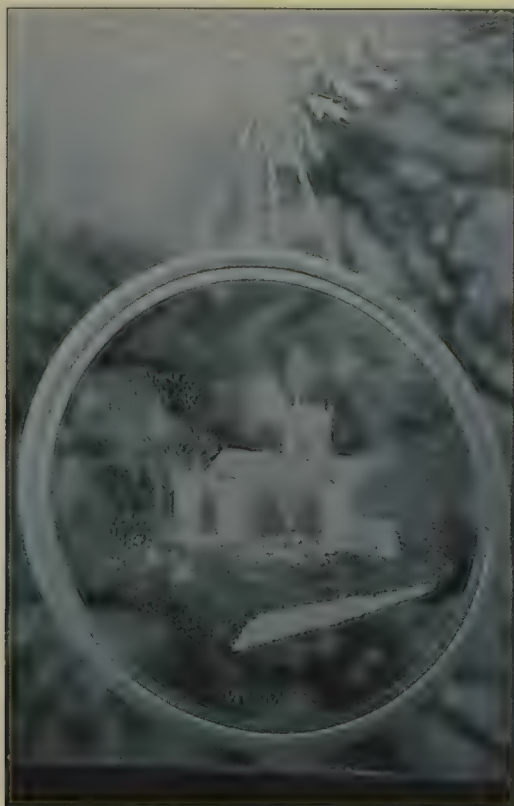
Oxford rows to victory: Oxford won their 10th successive Boat Race against Cambridge, in 17 minutes 11 seconds. After Cambridge took an early lead, Oxford moved up remorselessly and by Hammersmith Bridge, were just in the lead, above. They continued to go ahead and eventually won by $4\frac{1}{4}$ lengths.



Grand National winner: *Last Suspect*, above (left), a 50-1 outsider ridden by Hywel Davies, snatched the race from *Mr Snugfit* (right). Above centre, at Becher's Brook.



Irish rugby triumph: Ireland beat England 13-10 in Dublin to win their second Triple Crown and their third Five Nations Championship.



The church of St Nicholas, Moreton, right, and as engraved in one of the apse windows, above. Below left, the Seasons memorial window, 1974. Below right, the Trinity Chapel memorial window, 1982.

Visionary's windows: These superbly engraved windows illustrated are from the series, recently completed after 30 years' work, by Laurence Whistler for the little church of St Nicholas, Moreton, Dorset. The church was bombed in 1940 and restored—one apse window shows the building before and after restoration—and these clear glass windows replace the stained glass ones with the obvious advantage of increased illumination. But these exquisite replace-

ments also represent the apogee of Whistler's art. All in some way symbolize light: candles, bonfires, lightning, galaxies, the fire of a diamond all appear. A man may look on glass, George Herbert's hymn tells us, and stay his eye on it; or "if he pleaseth through it pass and then the heaven espy." These windows enable the viewer to see both the visionary's world and, through them, the present-day world of grass, sky, tree and flower.



WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Half way for Enterprise Neptune: "Look here upon this picture, and on this"; three of these photographs show stretches of Britain's coastline saved by the National Trust's Enterprise Neptune in its 20 years of operation; one shows a scene marred by insensitive development and absence of planning. When the Trust's scheme was launched in 1965 its aim was to take into protective custody and preserve some 900 miles, out of a total of 3,000, of Britain's coastline which had not already been spoilt beyond recovery by unmasked caravan sites, oil development, tree-felling or even waste dumping. Half of that original target was reached with the recent acquisition of Zone Point in Cornwall, and to secure the remaining 450 miles Enterprise Neptune was relaunched on April 23 by the Trust's chairman, Lord Gibson. Various events have been planned for the year, such as a sponsored walk at the end of June and a brass band festival in Trellisick, Cornwall, in July. But the main thrust of the appeal will be towards those members of the Trust and the public who have already supported the scheme so generously in the first 20 years. They know well enough that although there is a need for piers, promenades, cafes and other seaside "amenities", there must also be places where the less gregarious can find peace to enjoy undisturbed the sound of sea and gull and the sight of headland, beach and field peopled by the farmers and fishermen who are naturally part of such a landscape. As Lord Gibson has said, "Nothing refreshes the spirit more than the beauty of our cliffs, beaches, estuaries and the animal plant life they support." The need for the second stage of Enterprise Neptune is even more urgent than that for the first stage 20 years ago. Further details from Robin Harland at the National Trust, 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1 (222 9251).



Top, Zone Point, St Anthony Head, Cornwall, acquisition of which completed the first half of Enterprise Neptune's target. Above centre, Tintagel from Barras Nose, and, right, Golden Cap estate in Dorset, both examples of sites whose beauty has been preserved by Enterprise Neptune. Above, an example of what can happen when such protection is not afforded.



Monday, March 11

Units of the Israeli army raided the Shia Muslim village of Zararia in south Lebanon, killing 34 people described as "terrorists". A further seven Lebanese were injured.

National Health Service prescription charges were put up by 40p to £2 an item from April 1, dental charges were increased by 28 per cent, and charges for NHS pay beds rose by an average of 14 per cent.

Tom Adams, Prime Minister of Barbados since 1976, died aged 53.

Tuesday, March 12

The arms control negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union began in Geneva.

Plans were announced to build a new royal train at a cost of £7.5 million. It would have specially strengthened carriages and bullet-proof windows and be capable of travelling at more than 100 mph.

Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra for 44 years until his retirement in 1980, died aged 85.

Wednesday, March 13

The funeral was held in Moscow of President Chernenko. Among national leaders attending was Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who had an hour of talks afterwards with the new Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. US Vice-President George Bush delivered him an invitation from President Reagan for a summit meeting.

Vandals damaged four sections of one of the 16th-century stained glass windows in King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Thousands of football fans rioted during and after a match between Luton and Millwall, injuring 31 police and 16 members of the public and causing damage estimated at tens of thousands of pounds, including £45,000 to a soccer train. 31 people were arrested 30 of them Millwall supporters.

Thursday, March 14

The Secretary of State for Trade and Industry Norman Tebbit decided not to refer the successful take-over of House of Fraser to the Monopolies Commission. The three Al-Fayed brothers, who made a £615 million bid for the group, which includes Harrods, therefore gained control with a 51 per cent holding.

In the Gulf war both Baghdad and Teheran were attacked by missiles as Iraq and Iran intensified their strikes against civilian targets. 127 ships had been hit in the Gulf since May, 1981, 15 of them in 1985.

The leader of the Angolan guerrilla movement, Dr Jonas Savimbi, freed 22 hostages, including three Britons, taken when his forces attacked a diamond mining camp at Kafunfe on December 29, 1984. He warned that future hostages might be held indefinitely.

Friday, March 15

The National Coal Board announced that more than 11,500 members of the National Union of Mineworkers had left the industry in the year since the beginning of the strike.

Saturday, March 16

Roger Sessions, the American composer, died aged 88.

Sunday, March 17

As Iraqi and Iranian troops fought for control of a strategic road in south Iraq and at least three ships were attacked in the Gulf, Iraq warned airlines to stay out of Iranian airspace.

Monday, March 18

British Shipbuilders won a £45 million order for a computerized 16,500 tonne crane ship for offshore oil fields for ITM (Offshore), a British ship owner. It would be built at Sunderland.

The £ rose to \$1.1067, and industrial output in January reached its highest level for five years with a jump of 1.3



Chirico's *The Uncertainty of the Poet*—acquired by the Tate Gallery. Top right, the Stalinist leader of Albania, Enver Hoxha, died after over 40 years in office. Above right, the Queen—a four-day visit to Portugal.

per cent.

The American Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige announced that the United States had a current account deficit on its balance of payments of \$101.6 billion for 1984.

Tuesday, March 19

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, delivered his Budget to Parliament. The main provisions were: road licence up by £10 to £100, petrol up 4p a gallon, Derv up 3½p a gallon; cigarettes up 6p on 20; beer up 1p or 2p a pint, cider up 1p, wine up 6p a bottle, sherry, port and sparkling wine up 10p a bottle, spirits up 10p a bottle; single person's allowance up £200 to £220, married person's allowance up £300 to £345, higher rate thresholds up 4.6 per cent; National Insurance contributions halved for the lower paid, but for those on less than £130 a week, but increased for top earners; tax on company cars increased by 10 per cent; VAT to be charged on newspaper and magazine advertising; VAT threshold for small businesses boosted to £19,500.

British Leyland announced an operating loss for 1984 of £11.7 million as against a £4.1 million profit in 1983.

Wednesday, March 20

Britain's high street banks cut their base lending rates by ½ per cent to 13 per cent. A rise in mortgage rates, from 13 per cent to 14 per cent, followed.

Iran's Ambassador to West Germany reported that 1,123 civilians had been killed and 3,893 wounded in Iraqi attacks on his country in two weeks.

Thursday, March 21

At least 19 blacks were killed and 36 injured when South African police opened fire on a crowd of 4,000 on their way to a funeral of three people killed during earlier unrest. The incident happened at the black township of Uitenhage in the Eastern Cape, on the 25th anniversary of the massacre of 69 blacks at Sharpeville. In further violent incidents over the days following the Uitenhage shootings 10 more blacks were killed, including policemen and councillors seen as accomplices of the white régime.

Israeli soldiers in tanks and armoured vehicles stormed into southern Lebanon villages in search for "terrorists" and killed at least 21 people, including the two-man crew of the American CBS network.

Sir Michael Redgrave, the actor, died aged 77.

Friday, March 22

Britain's inflation rate rose to 5.4 per cent, largely due to the increase in mortgage rates.

Saturday, March 23

Lord Beeching, first chairman of British Rail, died aged 71.

Sunday, March 24

A United States army major was shot dead by a Russian guard in East Germany, near a Soviet military installation at Ludwigslust. Soviet claims that the major had been photographing military equipment were refuted by the Americans who claim that the major, a member of the official US military liaison mission, was working within his frames of reference. The Soviet guard was arrested on April 10 and charged with using excessive force.

Zola Budd won a gold medal for Britain in the 5,000 metres cross-country event in Lisbon, beating the runner-up by 23 seconds and recording a time of 15 minutes, 0.1 seconds.

Monday, March 25

GEC bought the state-owned Yarrow warship yard on the Clyde for £34 million, a first step in the Government's plans to privatize British Shipbuilders.

Tuesday, March 26

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh began a four-day state visit to Portugal.

Pitmen in a 60 per cent poll voted against a proposed 50p a week levy to support miners dismissed during the strike. The ballot was boycotted by the moderate working coalfields.

The US House of Representatives approved funds for 21 more MX nuclear missiles by 219 votes to 213.

China signed a £1.3 billion deal to supply arms to Iran. The use by Iraq of poison gas to repel Iran's latest offensive in the Gulf war was confirmed.

Wednesday, March 27

The BBC colour TV licence fee was to be increased by £12 to £58, the black and white licence by £3 to £18, the Home Secretary announced; and an inquiry was to be set up to investigate financing the Corporation wholly or partly by "outside sources" such as advertising.

The £ rose by more than 5 cents to \$1.23.

41 pupils from an Afrikaaner high school died when their bus plunged into a reservoir near Johannesburg.

**Thursday, March 28**

Britain's high street banks cut their base rates by ½ per cent in response to the rise in the value of the £.

The executive of the National Union of Mineworkers voted by 6 votes to 18 to recommend the end of the overtime ban imposed in November, 1983. Normal working resumed on April 2.

Marc Chagall the painter died, aged 97.

Friday, March 29

Terms were agreed to admit Spain and Portugal to the European Economic Community from the beginning of 1986.

Saturday, March 30

Two passengers were killed and another two were missing when the Dover-Calais Hoverspeed ferry *Princess Margaret* hit a breakwater and was ripped open after it was hit by a force 7 gust of wind at the entrance of Dover harbour. The ferry had a full load of 370 passengers and 18 crew.

The 50-1 outsider *Last Suspect*, ridden by Hywel Davies, won the Grand National at Aintree. *Mr Snuggit*, Phil Tuck up, was second, *Corbière*, ridden by Peter Scudamore, third.

Sunday, March 31

The Transport and General Workers Union was to hold a second investigation into alleged irregularities in its elections for a new general secretary in which George Wright, the leading moderate candidate, was narrowly defeated by left-wing Ron Todd. On April 11 Mr Wright demanded a new ballot.

Monday, April 1

The Tate Gallery announced it had bought *The Uncertainty of the Poet* by Giorgio de Chirico for just over £1 million. The painting, which formerly belonged to Sir Roland Penrose and was valued at £3 million, had been offered in lieu of death duties.

More than 300 refugees, mostly from Ethiopia, were reported to have died from cholera at a camp near Hargeisa, Somalia, and more than 400 were being treated for the disease. The death toll later rose to 1,500.

Tuesday, April 2

The competition-winning design for the National Gallery extension, by Ahrends, Burton & Koralek, was finally scrapped. The Sainsbury brothers offered up to £25 million to pay for a new extension for the exclu-

sive use of the Gallery.

John Fernald, the theatre director, died aged 79.

Wednesday, April 3

12 new working peers were created: six Conservative, five Labour and one SDP.

Guido Reni's *David with the Head of Goliath*, estimated at £250,000, was sold at Sotheby's for £2.2 million, a record for an Old Master at Sothebys.

Five Kent miners were jailed for three years each for attempting to blow up six coal lorries, valued at £150,000, during the pit strike in July, 1984.

Thursday, April 4

The Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher began an 11-day, seven-nation tour of Asia.

Britain's jobless total fell by 56,084 to 3,267,592, though the underlying trend remained upwards.

Saturday, April 6

President Numeiri of Sudan was overthrown in a bloodless coup while he was out of the country by a military junta led by General Abdul-Rahman Sowar al-Dahab. The new régime promised to hand over power to an elected civilian government after a year of transition.

Sunday, April 7

The Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev agreed to a summit later in the year with President Reagan; and declared an immediate freeze on Soviet medium-range missile deployment in Europe, until November. His offer was treated with caution by the United States administration, who said it was designed to maintain Soviet advantage.

Monday, April 8

At least 20,000 anti-nuclear demonstrators surrounded the RAF cruise missile base at Molesworth, Cambridgeshire, in an Easter protest. Several attempts were made to cut the wire fencing and 74 arrests were made.

The British Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe began a tour of Eastern Europe with a visit to the German Democratic Republic. From there he flew on to Prague, and then to Warsaw.

Tuesday, April 9

The Football Association fined Millwall £7,500 and ordered Luton to fit their ground with fencing, at a cost of about £35,000, as a result of the violence at Luton on March 13.

A girl suicide bomber belonging to the National Lebanese Resistance Front killed two Israeli soldiers and injured another two when she detonated her car adjacent to an army convoy in southern Lebanon.

Wednesday, April 10

A fire, started on February 26 by residents of Santo Tomaso in the Galapagos burning diseased coffee bushes, which had raged out of control, was finally checked, but many of the islands' plants and animals were lost.

Enver Hoxha, leader of Albania since 1944, died aged 76. He was replaced by his close associate Ramiz Alia, 59.

Thursday, April 11

Miners' leaders recommended acceptance of a cumulative 10.68 per cent pay increase backdated to November, 1983, and a new colliery review procedure that would permit closure of uneconomic pits. The National Coal Board promised stronger action to stem violence against miners who had worked during the strike.

24 people were killed by a Tamil bomb, placed at the international airport at Colombo, which exploded shortly before Mrs Thatcher arrived in Sri Lanka as part of her tour of Asia.

Saturday, April 13

A bomb attack on a steak house near an American army base north-west of Madrid killed 18 people and injured 82. The attack was the latest in a series against Nato targets in Europe.

The changing telephone box

by Philip Davies

The red telephone box, one of Britain's most familiar features, is being phased out. Before it was introduced in 1927 "public call offices" came in varied shapes and sizes.



These modern telephone kiosks in Oxford Street are early versions of the American design that British Telecom plans to make standard throughout the country.

Along with the policeman's helmet, red double-decker bus, and city bowler hat, the bright red telephone kiosk has become a cherished part of the image of Britain. So it is hardly surprising that British Telecom's recent decision to scrap the red box in favour of an imported American design should have brought strong protests from borough councils, national amenity societies and conservationists. Yet rapidly though the standardized red kiosks endeared themselves to the nation and its visitors, they are in fact a relatively recent phenomenon.

In 1884 the Postmaster General authorized private telephone companies to establish call offices which could be used by the public, whether the users subscribed to the company or not. By 1907, when the National Telephone Company had replaced most of its smaller rivals, there were more than 7,800 public call offices throughout Britain marked by the sign of the blue bell. Most of these were indoors, in post offices, railway stations, markets or local stores. These early boxes or "silence cabinets" were simple wooden booths with glazed upper panels. Calls were placed via the operator and paid for in advance. Today the rusting blue enamel signs displayed outside village stores—"You may telephone from here"—are a fading reminder of the days when a telephone was a rare and valued facility.

As the difficulty of running a public service from private premises became apparent, independent, free-standing outdoor kiosks were favoured. The early telephone boxes were either automatic, with access provided by a coin-slot mechanism on the door, or attended. At the latter the attendant would admit the customer, receive payment, contact the operator and keep a record before retiring outside to permit the caller to speak. A splendid example stood in High Holborn. Octagonal in shape and resembling a Parisian advertising drum, the kiosk was built in cast iron with a crested parapet and ogee-domed roof enriched with simulated fish-scale tiling. The outer faces carried advertising, including the NTC blue bell. More common were the unmanned wooden booths—exterior versions of the silence cabinets with pitched roofs surmounted by an advertisement board and two finials. Designs varied from place to place, but many were mistaken for night watchmen's or road menders' huts. Not everyone enjoyed the novel experience of using a public call office. British Telecom's archives recall those who "perspire and fidget about in the cabinet the whole time and emerge . . . in a state of semi-collapse".

When the Post Office assumed control of the national telephone network in 1912, there was still no standard

design for public call boxes. A series of picturesque designs emerged, often reflecting the views of local councils and other bodies. At Eastbourne a series of thatched kiosks reminiscent of Chinese pagodas was installed for sea-front use. At Folkestone hexagonal arbours resembling Edwardian garden pavilions were chosen in an attempt to integrate the telephone boxes into the existing landscaped setting. A similar style was favoured in 1907 at Blackburn, where a large shelter was erected complete with clock, leaded lights and an imitation tile roof, access being provided by a coin-slot mechanism. Inside were a table and chairs for the customer's use. In Dunfermline at Pittencrieff Glen the telephone box was designed

in stone in the form of a gate pier.

In 1921 the desire for some uniformity led to the introduction of Kiosk No 1. Architecturally the K1 was a concrete version of the early silence cabinet with six or eight panes of glass to three faces crowned by four enamelled telephone signs and an ornamental spear finial. Once common, only two are known to survive. One stands outside the exchange in Bristol, another at the deserted village of Tyneham in Dorset, now incorporated in an army firing range.

In 1924 the Metropolitan Boroughs Joint Standing Committee organized a design competition to find a new telephone box for national use. The competition, which attracted the leading

architects of the day, prompted several provincial municipalities to promote their own designs. The Birmingham Civic Society suggested a Greek solution. One unsuccessful entry was enriched with ornamental dolphins in each corner of the roof. The Arts and Crafts architect C.F.A. Voysey produced a simplified version of a 1923 design: executed in enamelled plywood with bright vermilion dressings, it had coats of arms emblazoned and riveted to the exterior. But the outright winner was Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who produced Kiosk No 2.

The K2 is a classic piece of British design. The form chosen, with its unusual domed roof, was based on that of the tomb of Sir John Soane in Old St Pancras churchyard in London. This genuflection to Soane, the Georgian window proportions and reeded architraves, the restrained Roman lettering on opalescent glass panels, together with the perforated crowns and bright royal red livery created something unmistakably British, a definitive prototype which has never since been equalled. Introduced in 1927, the K2 was an immediate success. Most were concentrated in London. Fewer than 200 survive and many of those have been mutilated by the removal of glazing bars in vain efforts to deter vandalism—a case of the cure being worse than the disease.

A fine group of five intact K2s stands in Broad Court, alongside Bow Street Magistrates Court in Covent Garden. Other good examples survive around the Royal Courts of Justice, and in the portals of Burlington House where two act as gatehouses. Great care was taken in the original siting of these and later boxes. Many are symmetrically located, complementing and enhancing historic buildings.

Two years later, in 1929, a more refined version of the K2 was produced in concrete for use outside London and in the countryside. Lacking the royal crowns and slightly more Soane in influence, the K3 was painted a stone colour with red window frames to harmonize more closely with areas of natural beauty. Concrete was never a successful medium for telephone boxes. Experience showed that it cracked and peeled and was far less durable than cast iron. Kiosks No 4 and No 5 were experimental; the K4 or "vermilion giant" being multi-purpose, bulkier than the K2, with a letter box and stamp-vending machines on its blind face. It was a dismal failure. Only 50 were built before they were withdrawn in 1935.

In 1936 Scott was asked to refine the K2 further, retaining its best characteristics but in a more compact form. The K6 or Jubilee Kiosk incorporated a redesigned interior using the latest materials—black bakelite

The changing telephone box

and stainless steel trim – and also the famous button A and B coin boxes. Externally the main changes were to the fenestration, with horizontal central panes improving visibility, and embossed rather than perforated crowns. Ventilation was provided by slits under the embossed panels beneath the dome. This became the first truly national standard version, installed even in the remotest rural areas. Post-war versions differ only in the form of embossed crown.

By the 1960s demands for a more up-to-date image brought further change. The K7 was another experimental “modernistic” version designed by Neville Conder in 1962, but the use of aluminium was a failure. The three surviving examples at Grosvenor Gardens seem as dated as a Beatles jacket, forlorn reminders of the transience of popular fashion, against which the classical values embodied in Scott’s designs seem far more durable. The K8 introduced in the 1960s reverted to cast iron and retained the popular red livery with large sheets of glass to three faces.

Today we are on the threshold of further changes which will take Britain’s public payphone system into the 21st century. The proposed new range of kiosks is unfortunately neither distinctively royal in colour or emblem, nor indeed British, but an imported American design with a yellow flash across the top. It is sad that British Telecom, like British Airways, should have looked abroad for design expertise at a time when British architects and designers enjoy a good international reputation and when a continuous design tradition exists for telephone boxes. Fortunately BT is alive

to its responsibility as the guardian of a cherished part of the national heritage. It has acknowledged the need to preserve K2s and K6s in conservation areas and other important locations. It now seems unlikely that they will go the way of the police call box, which is known to subsequent generations only through the medium of *Dr Who*. Westminster City Council has insisted that the best examples of the traditional red kiosks be kept and restored as part of BT’s modernisation programme.

In 1983 two K2s were successfully reinstated next to the Grosvenor Chapel in Mayfair. To celebrate the City’s 400th anniversary in 1985 many other boxes are being restored in a fruitful exercise in civic co-operation. As part of this drive four specially designed, Chinese-style kiosks have been installed in Chinatown in Soho to complement the character of the locality. Other local authorities have expressed interest in the restoration programme, particularly in the possibility of having replicas of Scott’s original K2s for use in historic areas.

It was Alexander Graham Bell who wrote, “We are all too much inclined, I think, to walk through life with our eyes closed. There are things around us and right at our very feet that we have never seen, because we have never really looked.” Gilbert Scott bequeathed a fine legacy to subsequent generations. His telephone kiosks are a valuable part of our national heritage. Conservation must go hand in hand with selective renewal. ●

A permanent exhibition of the history of the British telephone system, with reconstructed kiosks, equipment and memorabilia, is on display at Telecom Technology Showcase, 135 Queen Victoria Street, EC4, open Monday to Friday 10am to 5pm, admission free.



Top and centre, two of the earliest free-standing kiosks. The octagonal, cast-iron one of about 1903 was in High Holborn; the rustic summerhouse design was built in 1907 in Blackburn. Above, some of the entries in the 1924 competition that produced the classic red kiosk which became a familiar part of the landscape.

Top, examples of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott’s winning design, the K2, and the smaller, 1936, K6 version, in Carey Street. Above left, architect Sir John Soane’s tomb was the inspiration for the domed roofs of these classic boxes. Above right, K6 kiosks in Park Lane where the cream and red livery was considered less conspicuous.



Victor Hugo, the French poet and author, died in Paris on May 22, 1885, aged 83. Describing him as "that famous old man of genius" the *ILN* of May 30, 1885, commented that, though not the greatest of poets and certainly not much as a philosopher or as a politician, Victor Hugo "had the aspiring, far-seeking, idealising kind of imaginative power in the highest degree" which inspired him "with the vehemence of a prophetic strain in the utterance of passionate appeals on behalf of humanity, of mercy, and of liberty, which have often touched the heart not only of France, but of Europe".

Victor Hugo was buried in the Panthéon, after the bier had lain overnight beneath the Arc de Triomphe, and after a funeral of great splendour. The report in the *ILN* of June 6, after stating that no words could describe the spectacle, went on:

"Prodigious, astounding, unparalleled, thrilling, colossal, are but feeble adjectives compared with the impression which it is desired to convey. The cortège itself was prodigious. In striking contrast with the splendour of the military, itself augmented by the presence of Arab chiefs in brilliant costume; with the magnificence of the ten chariots laden with flowers and wreaths, and escorted by 3,000 children of the scholar battalions; and with the grandeur of the interminable cortège, was the simplicity of the poor man's hearse, the *corbillard des pauvres*, in which lay the coffin of the poet, adorned simply with two palm branches and two wreaths of white roses. And behind the hearse followed deputation after deputation, crowns of flowers, flags, banners, bands playing the *Marseillaise*, regiments with muffled drums, gymnastic societies in gay uniforms, firemen with their helmets glistening in the sun, deputations of the towns of France and of the two hemispheres, bringing lyres constructed of flowers and wreaths, so immense that some of them had to be drawn by horses.

"Even more striking than the procession itself, which, according to official statistics, was composed of at least 800,000 persons, was the still more numerous crowd which thronged along the Champs Elysées, the Place de



Hugo's bier at the Arc de Triomphe. Right, funeral crowds at the Panthéon.

la Concorde, the Boulevards Saint-Germain and Saint-Michel, and around the Panthéon. Every tree swarmed with people, every window, every ledge, every balcony, even every chimney—for it is literally true that people were to be seen quietly seated on the vertiginous elevations of chimneys and eating a modest breakfast under the shelter of an umbrella. In the basins of the fountains men and boys found sitting and standing room; under the very hoofs of the cavalry horses forming the barrier between the crowd and the cortège sightseers found a perilous place; along the quays and wharves of the Seine the crowd was so thick that the front rows stood up to their knees in water. Never has such a crowd been seen in Paris. No King, Emperor, or General ever received the homage of such a vast multitude."



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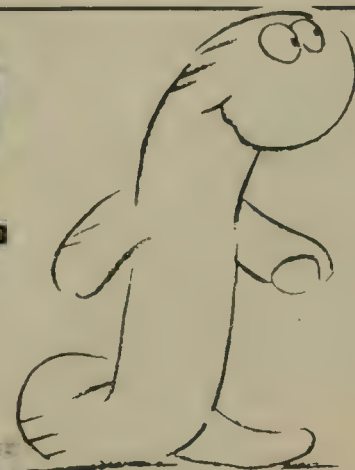
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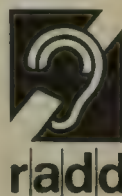


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Standing stone near Dunino, East Neuk, Scotland, 1980.



Four trees, Rannoch Moor, Highland, Scotland, 1981.



Flooded grass near Rhulen, Wales, 1976.



Moonlight, Avebury, Wiltshire, 1974.



From St Andrews Cathedral Tower, Fife, Scotland, 1980.

France's far-flung territories

by Norman Moss

Recent unrest over sovereignty in New Caledonia is a sharp reminder that France still possesses—and treasures—similar tiny colonies dotted round the world, many of practical importance to her.

The lady, a middle-grade official of the French secretariat for overseas departments and territories, was dusky-skinned and resembled a taller Eartha Kitt in looks and vivacity. She came from Martinique and when someone referred thoughtlessly to her returning from a visit home and landing on French soil, she retorted proudly: "My island has been French longer than Nice."

The sudden eruption on to the news pages of the French Pacific island of New Caledonia, and the crisis visit that President Mitterrand paid to the island, was a reminder that France has an overseas empire.

It is understandable that one should forget about these patches of French territory dotted about the world. Much of France's post-Second World War history consisted of its agonized extrication from two overseas territories: Indochina, where a long and cruel war ending in 1955 turned out to be the prelude to another long and cruel war; and Algeria, officially a part of France, where the war for independence brought on attempts by Frenchmen to overthrow French democracy and assassinate the head of state. There was bloodshed, although less, when France left Tunisia and Morocco, but its departure from its colonies in black Africa was peaceful, and in most of them it was able to leave a rearguard of French civil servants to ensure continuing French influence.

After all that, the rest of the world has tended to overlook the bits left over from decolonization, microdots on the maps. The events in New Caledonia have reminded us that they are there. Indeed, these territories play a part in the life of France, and are likely to come into the news again. Their Frenchness dates from the age of exploration rather than the age of imperial expansion. The tricolour flies where French mariners were the first Europeans to drop anchor.

Some territories are French *départements*, which is rather as if Gibraltar and the Falkland Islands were British counties and also British parliamentary constituencies. This produces occasional anomalies, such as the presence of Paul Vergès, the Mayor of the main town of Réunion, an island in the Indian Ocean 6,000 miles from Europe, as a member of the European Parliament. Others are known as overseas territories, and are governed by a governor sent from Paris with a local assembly. Collectively they are known by the acronym DOM-TOM, standing for *Départements d'Outre Mer-Territoires d'Outre Mer*.

There are no social barriers in France to natives of overseas territories. Gaston Monnerville, an elder statesman who was President of the Senate for 10 years from 1958 to 68, is dark-skinned and comes from French Guiana, but this is hardly ever remarked upon. France has always imposed its educational and cultural patterns on the inhabitants of its overseas territories, with great success.

Some of these places have practical importance for France. Moorea, an island in Polynesia, so small and insignificant that it is shown on only the most detailed maps, provides an underground test site for French nuclear weapons. French Guiana, which used to be known principally as the location of Devil's Island, the penal colony, and is the only continental bit of overseas French territory, provides the launching site of the European space rocket, being situated near the Equator. Others have given France a greater share than it would otherwise have of Olympic gold medals. At the moment these places are a net financial cost to France, requiring heavy subsidies, particularly since the present Socialist government has brought most welfare payments up to the level of metropolitan France (although not the dole). There is big economic potential: New Caledonia is a major supplier of nickel, and the huge timber forests of French Guiana are ready for exploitation. If mining the seabed for minerals ever starts in earnest, the French could claim a lot of off-shore mineral rights.

**"These people want a divorce, but with alimony payments"
—Paris official.**

New Caledonia with its problems is unusual in that there is a sharp distinction between indigenous inhabitants and French settlers, with roughly equal numbers of each. Its political crisis has the makings of an Algeria in miniature, with a native independence movement and strong settler opposition, and force has been used on both sides.

Events there are being watched closely by two other territories where there is some agitation for independence from France, Guadeloupe and Martinique, in the French West Indies (or Antilles, as the French call them). In Martinique, a party with the avowed aim of independence from France, the *Parti Progressiste Martiniquais*, is the dominant political party on the island, but it is not pressing for quick action on the issue: any French

Caribbean politician will hesitate before suggesting that they can do without subsidies from Paris. A French official commented: "These people want a divorce, but with alimony payments." They are waiting to see if New Caledonia get exactly that.

There is also a fringe terrorist movement, the Caribbean Revolutionary Alliance, which has planted bombs on the islands and in mainland France, but they are thought to represent only themselves.

For most of the Antilles islanders there are more immediate concerns. One is their failure to attract as many tourists as their neighbours. They accept that they have fewer amenities, and that Guadeloupe has a curious reputation locally as the home of savage dogs. But they complain with anti-colonialist fervour that the national airline, Air France, has pushed up fares from Paris by some 50 per cent in four years.

The Antilles have other problems in common: a pale-skinned Creole upper class which has the whip hand economically and tends to keep itself apart; high unemployment; a squatter movement which occupies big plantations; and an excessive dependence on sugar and banana crops, although they are diversifying now, with French help, into other fruits, vegetables and flowers. They can also benefit from two overlapping plans to help the Third World and save it from Communism: the Lomé Convention, which gives their exports free entry into the European Community, and the Reagan Plan for the Caribbean, drawn up in a hurry after the invasion of Grenada, which will give these exports preferential treatment on the American market.

DOM-TOM is parcelled up into 13 separate possessions, although some of these consist of a lot of islands. The most populous of the 13 is the island of Réunion, situated in the Indian Ocean between Madagascar and Mauritius, which has been French since 1645, and where 515,000 Europeans, Indians, Tamils and Chinese live in unlikely racial and religious harmony. They produce sugar, coffee and vanilla, but not enough to keep most of them above the poverty line, which may be one reason why the Communists have more members than any other political party on the island.

French Polynesia comprises some 150 islands spread across 2 million square kilometres of the Pacific, some of them uninhabited. Tahiti is the best-known, the original sensual Eden in the eyes of Europeans, visualizing it from afar; today Tahiti, is preoccupied with

tourism and political argument.

The overseas territory that most embodies French pride in their far-flung possessions, and the most peculiar geographically, is St Pierre-et-Miquelon. It consists of two islands with these names in Canadian waters, just 20 miles off the coast of Nova Scotia. Through a historical accident, they remained French after the rest of French Canada was conquered by the British. They are inhabited by 6,000 Frenchmen who are determined to remain French, and are not forgotten by their government back home. General de Gaulle visited the island when he was President in 1967, and spoke glowingly of "this outpost of France on the edge of North America"; more recently, the DOM-

**"This outpost of France on the edge of North America"
—General de Gaulle.**

TOM Secretary of State, Henri Emmanuelli, went there, and praised the fortitude and tenacity of the islanders, "a race of tempered steel". Metropolitan France values the connexion, and the symbolic value of the tricolour flying in the New World.

These overseas territories provide France with some practical advantages, albeit dispensable ones. France could, after all, construct an underground nuclear test site in France proper if necessary. They do provide an opportunity for France to involve itself in the affairs of several parts of the world. French troops were in Chad because Chad was once a French colony, and they took part in peace-keeping operations in Lebanon because Lebanon once was. They open the door to a wider world than that encompassed by France's own borders, what the French call "the hexagon"; and they do this for individuals as well as the state—for the misfit, the adventurer, the cultural explorer.

The present government is pragmatic about DOM-TOM, and feels no deep commitment to resist attempts to change their status; nor do most Frenchmen feel their national pride is committed. The Minister for France Overseas, Georges Lemoine, said recently: "Our relations with France overseas have changed and will continue to change. This is a long story. It has its high points, such as the abolition of slavery throughout our territories in 1848, and the part that the overseas territories played in the liberation of France in the last war. It is a continuing story." ●



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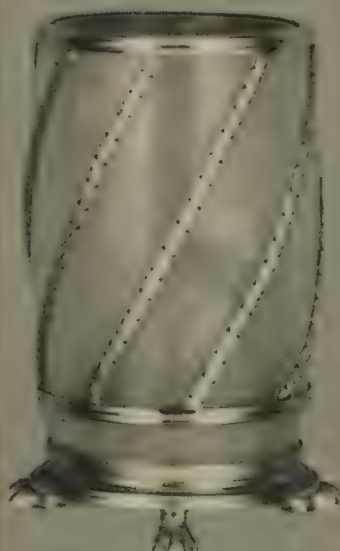
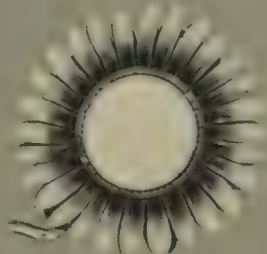
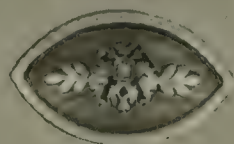


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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

De L'Isle salutes a spotless ancestor

It must be quite daunting to have a famous ancestor as peerless as Sir Philip Sidney, the brilliant Elizabethan courtier, patron of the arts, poet, diplomat and soldier, who died aged 32 just 399 years ago of wounds received in action against the Spanish in north Netherlands. Percy Bysshe Shelley, whose grandfather married into the family, called Sir Philip "a spirit without spot". But there aren't many spots on their descendant Lord De L'Isle, also a valourous soldier—witness the VC he won at Anzio in 1944—and for a time a diplomat, even if he is a businessman rather than a poet. It was his idea to raise money for the Philip Sidney memorial which the Queen Mother was due to unveil on April 17 in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral.

Sir Philip was buried in the cathedral with much ceremony on February 17, 1587, but the Great Fire of 1666 consumed his wooden commemorative tablet. The idea of replacing it came to Lord De L'Isle when he had successfully negotiated the erection of a plaque in St Paul's in memory of the father of his first wife, Lord Gort VC. The necessary £10,000 for the Sidney memorial was raised comfortably ahead of next year's 400th anniversary of his death with the help of five institutions with which Sir Philip had been associated: Shrewsbury School; Christ Church, Oxford; Gray's Inn; the Grocers' Company; and Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, which his aunt had founded.

When Major William Philip Sidney, as Lord De L'Isle then was, won the VC for his close quarter defence of battalion HQ at Anzio with Tommy gun and grenades, he had, at 33, lived a year longer than that spirit without spot. Returning a hero to London, he stood unopposed at a by-election in 1944 to become Conservative MP for Chelsea when Sir Samuel Hoare was elevated to the peerage. The following year he succeeded to the glorious family seat, Penshurst Place near Tonbridge in Kent. Begun in the 14th century as a stone-built manor house with a magnificent Great Hall, it belonged to Henry VIII before Edward VI gave it to Sir William Sidney, Sir Philip's grandfather, his "trustee and wellbeloved servant"—to quote an inscription still crisply incised above the entrance.

Lord De L'Isle is a tall, vigorous, upright man of 75—every inch the aristocrat in looks, but open and entertaining withal, widely read and endowed with a keen sense of history. Not unexpectedly, he was a great admirer (and later a protégé) of another courageous aristocrat, Winston Churchill, whom



NANCY DURRELL MCKENNA

he first met in 1933. "I went to stay at Chartwell," he recalled in the library at Penshurst. "I had fallen in love with his daughter Sarah—but then she married Vic Oliver" [the comedian, of whom the Churchills deeply disapproved]. "She was very sweet, but she rather had to have her own way."

"Churchill made an enormous impression. He was very interested in the young, and if he thought you cared about politics, he took a lot of trouble. He was never pompous." In the 1930s Churchill glowed as a beacon of hope: "I don't think Martin Gilbert [Churchill's official biographer] exaggerates the horrible sense of decline of those years. We had a terrible feeling of nemesis, a sense of doom. We didn't want a war, and one felt a guilty sense of relief when Chamberlain came back with his piece of paper."

The fact that De L'Isle had won the VC—"you become a marked man for life, for good or ill," he commented delphically—undoubtedly did him good in the great man's eyes, and he became Secretary of State for Air when Churchill returned to power in 1951, till Eden sacked him in 1955. His last official appointment was as Governor-General of Australia from 1961 to 65, which he much enjoyed. With that record, plus pre-war qualification as a chartered accountant and experience in Barclay's Bank, it was no surprise that his post-political phase brought many

Lord De L'Isle: Churchill's daughter Sarah preferred a comedian.

directorships, including the chairmanship of Phoenix Assurance.

Getting Penshurst Place back into shape and financially viable was perhaps his largest task. His father was the youngest of four otherwise childless brothers, and he had been brought up in Chelsea and Yorkshire, where his parents lived, rather than Penshurst, which had been occupied by his rather fierce but engaging bachelor uncle Algernon. Both uncle and father died in 1945. Every Penshurst window had been cracked or broken by flying bombs. "We had virtually to start from scratch," he recalled. "Move a table and a leg fell off. A wonderful craftsman called Arthur Smith from Edenbridge dewormed the whole house. He worked here for about 10 years, and used to call out 'Where is the sixth Baron De L'Isle and Dudley?' He really saved the furniture. We opened to the public in 1946, and now get about 70,000 to 80,000 visitors a year to house and grounds."

The difficulty, Lord De L'Isle says, is to get the place well enough known, and for the right reasons, not using expensive gimmicks. He does offer the house and grounds as a setting for films, TV commercials—there were 100 dogs on the front lawn recently for a pet food advertisement—weddings

and dinners, the latter being done to order by an outside caterer. Now, after 40 years' work, the glory of the gardens has been fully restored, and he hopes to attract gardening enthusiasts too.

He seems to be winning through—the business connexions help—and enjoying it, though tragedy struck in 1962 when his first wife died of cancer. His second marriage in 1966 brought another home, in Brecon, into the family, and there is a flat in Belgravia. Penshurst remains the main abode: they live in about a quarter of it, while his son farms the estate.

Running a house like Penshurst, Lord D L'Isle reflects, is a constant process of adjustment. True, he regrets certain aspects of modern life, like litter, violence in the media, declining standards of dress. Yet life is a continuum and social change is inevitable, he muses, and visitors tend to be very appreciative and well-informed. Would that peerless poet-knight of the first Elizabethan era have been as flexible, one wonders. Would he indeed have needed to be?

Eternity starts here and now

Western man tends to swing from one extreme to another in his spiritual development. Through the Middle Ages religion held sway. Then came the age of reason and science, for which Descartes stands as the symbolic figure. Are we now moving towards an era in which not everything will have to be measured, tested and proved, and in which the spiritual gains in credibility?

Brenda Marshall, who is President of The College of Psychic Studies in South Kensington, is one of those who believe we are indeed moving away from our collective belief in scientific proof as the touchstone of reality. It might be objected that she has a vested interest in so believing. Yet what initially attracted her to the college was that, unlike organized religions and many branches of science, it did not claim to have the answers, and fostered an open spirit of inquiry.

She is a small and rather serene lady in her 60s who took over from Paul Beard in 1982. In addition to running the "college"—used in the sense of a society of people engaged in a study of common interest—she edits its quarterly magazine *Light*. The novelist Rosamond Lehmann is on its editorial board, and the poet and scholar of William Blake, Kathleen Raine, is a regular contributor. Neither of these redoubtable women of letters could possibly be considered part of a nutty spiritualist fringe.

The college has some 2,000 members, Mrs Marshall told me, among them many young people from a broad social spectrum. "They are looking very hard for a sense of meaning and are yearning for some non-material sense of values. We don't give them a set of ideas, but we offer them a different way of thinking. A minority

People at work: the chiropodist

When Annabel Foulston was a school-girl at the local Hampstead convent she once accompanied her mother to the chiropodist and thought: "This looks an interesting occupation." "Having got into it, I have so enjoyed it," she told me in the sitting room above her surgery in Highgate. "It's fabulous, you meet so many people, and I have had a great deal of variety in my 25 years." Bright-eyed, fast-talking and full of views on all sorts of subjects, she clearly thrives on the challenge posed by each fresh set of extremities and their owners.

Being a state-registered chiropodist, she explained, is not to be confused in any way with a pedicurist and requires three full years of medical training. After doing that she spent many years working first for the health services of several north- and east-London boroughs, then in hospitals. Her patients were mainly those in the "priority groups": pensioners and those with medical conditions liable to affect the feet, such as diabetes, Parkinson's disease, arterial problems or those which cause loss of sensation.

She started her own practice in Highgate in 1978. "It was very hard at first, as we aren't allowed to advertise, except once in our career. It's supposed to be word-of-mouth recommendation. Being local has been helpful."

of members come after a bereavement. One of the most satisfying things is the way people find a totally new life—like a mother whose two children had been killed in a car crash. For many it has been a turning point. A lot of people are terrified of dying. To them we can offer a constructive way of looking at



DICK SCOTT-STEWART

Annabel Foulston: slip-ons are bad.

Her surgery patients come in three main groups. The first embraces those "at risk" because of other medical factors, like the ones already mentioned. The second comprises odd casualties like joggers whose feet cannot take the strain. The third and biggest category consists of women—and some men—in every age group suffering from corns, hard skin and such like, mainly owing to unsuitable shoes. There are children suffering from verrucas and even girls aged four or so with corns. "People wear slip-on shoes which have to be tight to stay on the foot, and as a result tend to crowd the

toes, or they are too loose and cause friction. Shoes with a good fastening are best, something that will hold the foot back into the heel part, so there is space between the foot and the end of the shoe." Slip-ons with high heels are worst, but a middling heel with a fastening is better than a flat slip-on, she said.

Not once in her quarter-century of practice can Mrs Foulston recall a pair of dirty or smelly feet. "Everyone has a bathroom now. A lot has happened in those 25 years. Go and sniff my surgery—I have had quite a lot of people in there today." Eventually I did. Not a whiff.

The Society of Chiropodists—there is also a rival Institute—does not recommend a scale of charges. Annabel Foulston works two-and-a-half days a week in her surgery, employs a receptionist, and charges £11 for a half-hour session. That includes plenty of advice. "The days of 'cut and come again' chiropody are gone," she said, "like the days of Dettol and dirty net curtains." She visits some less mobile patients in their homes, and is on call to three local private hospitals on non-surgery days.

Her husband John, also a qualified chiropodist, is now a specialist in the engineering of the human foot, lecturing at Paddington College on orthotics (aids to overcome disabilities) and prosthetics (artificial limbs); so not a little footlore is gathered together at the top of the hill in Highgate village.

death," Mrs Marshall explained.

Every effort is made to screen out emotional cranks, and the college is very cautious about ouija boards and automatic writing. It offers guidance, counselling and information on all psychic fields, ranging from extra-sensory perception to communication

through "sensitives" (mediums) with "discarnate" spirits.

A few years after the sudden death of her husband Andrew in 1970, aged 53, Mrs Marshall came to realize that he had been a natural medium. Extraordinary things had happened to them during his career as a journalist specializing in Latin-American affairs. A pool of water appeared in a dry dining room, heavy curtains stood out almost horizontally in motionless air, large footprints appeared across the floor and up the wall of his study, reappearing when wiped off.

She experienced great support from him after his death, and has little doubt that after three exploratory years working for the Theosophical Society, she was "guided" to help out for a couple of days at the College of Psychic Studies, of which she had not even previously heard. That was 10 years ago.

What is the main burden of guidance from those dis-bodied spirits who have "lived on"? "All the evidence is," she said, "that by the way we think and feel as well as by our actions we are creating what will happen to us when we die." Eternity, in short, starts now, and the traveller in the beyond has first to face up to the true self woven by thoughts and actions here on earth. If that sounds rather like parts of the Christian message, it is because, Mrs Marshall believes, the essence of all true religions lies in the injunction "Love thy neighbour as thyself", and all that flows from it.



GUGLIELMO GALVIN

Brenda Marshall: no nutty fringe and caution over ouija boards.

WHY DON'T WE GO TO THE PICTURES?

There has been a British film industry for almost 90 years, which is as long as the cinema itself has existed. Of the many who could claim to have invented the cinematograph several were British—such as William Friese-Greene or Robert Paul—or worked in Great Britain, like the American Birt Acres. It is acknowledged that the Lumière brothers were the first people in the world to project moving films before a paying audience, in Paris on December 28, 1895, and they brought their apparatus to London a few weeks later, in the following February, astonishing audiences at the Polytechnic Hall in Regent Street.

The earliest film shows were interludes in music-hall programmes, side-shows in travelling fairs and improvised shops, known as “penny gaffs”. These humble origins had two effects—they attracted a dubious kind of entrepreneurial showman into the blossoming industry, and the upper reaches of the establishment found it difficult to regard the cinema as anything more than a cheap attraction for the unthinking element of the populace. There are still atavistic remnants of these attitudes today—film is often thought to be inferior to the live performing arts, and the average Briton now goes to the cinema less than once a year.

by George Perry

More films are watched than ever before—but not in the cinema. The average Briton goes to the pictures less than once a year. However, there are signs that all is not lost and that British cinema may have a future to rival its glorious past.

The latter fact is a startling one. Forty years ago some 30 million cinema seats were bought each week; now the figure rarely exceeds a million. It is not that people see fewer films. Probably more are watched than ever, but they are viewed at home, on television or video. Only one in seven of the cinemas open then survives, often split into two or three smaller halls. The monster “picture palace” of the 1920s and 30s is virtually extinct.

And, of course, the films themselves have changed. At the end of the war there was a brief euphoric period when it was thought that the British cinema had at last emerged from under the Hollywood shadow and was capable of producing world-beating films that could only have originated in Britain. It was the time of *Henry V* and *Brief Encounter*, *Great Expectations* and *A Matter of Life and Death*. The late Lord Rank embarked on a grandiose

attempt to emulate the Americans, setting up an animation section, a March-of-Time-style monthly documentary, a children's film division, and countless other cash-draining ventures, while his rival, Sir Alexander Korda, the flamboyant Hungarian emigré who had enjoyed an enormous success in the 1930s with *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, demonstrated that he was not to be outdone in profligate spending, by making such follies as *An Ideal Husband* and *Bonnie Prince Charlie*.

The post-war Labour government took more interest in films than its predecessors, possibly because at last there were many new members of parliament who had actually been filmgoers. Following the 1948 crisis—the reckoning, after all the spending—when Rank almost went under, the National Film Finance Corporation was established, and with it the so-called Eady levy, named after the Treasury official who

devised it, whereby a small impost on every cinema seat sold could be used to benefit British film production.

The new Films Act of 1985 has abolished Eady altogether, not before time, since with the dearth of admissions it had long outlived its usefulness, and in any case had always tended to benefit those producers who were successful enough not to need further reward. The National Film Finance Corporation is replaced by a new consortium in which Rank, Thorn-EMI, Channel 4 and the British Videogram Association are principal partners, with the Government adding £1.5 million a year.

Independent producers are unhappy, believing that the limited funding will ensure that the partners play safe and fail to back those projects which lack certain commercial appeal. They wanted Eady replaced with a levy on films shown on television, which could easily have raised £10 million a year, but the Government later excised that provision from the Bill, even though it had got in at the committee stage.

The film business falls into three parts—production, distribution and exhibition. In other words, the studios, the renters and the cinemas. Both Rank and Thorn-EMI have in their time been vertically integrated com-

LEADING THE BRITISH REVIVAL



Jonathan Pryce is a leading British actor with experience in both the Royal Shakespeare and National Theatre companies. His films include *The Ploughman's Lunch*, *Brazil* and *The Doctor and the Devils*.

“The contrast with working in the theatre and films is the immediacy, which is why I like going back to the theatre. But I love filming, particularly with directors such as Terry Gilliam and Freddie Francis, who allow the actor to develop his role. I'm fortunate in that I can choose to work in the theatre as there still isn't a great rush of films.”



Fiona Halton is executive director of British Film Year.

“I believe that British Film Year is a unique opportunity for the cinema to re-establish itself as the centre of community life.”



Verity Lambert is the head of production at Thorn-EMI and was formerly at Thames Television and Euston Films.

“We've got a complete commitment to British films, with 15 in our development programme, 13 of which are totally British and the other two to be made with mainly British crews. I believe that they will be commercially viable in the world market.”



Colin Young is head of the National Film and Television School at the old Beaconsfield Studios.

“When you hear that 1984 has gone into profit, that *A Private Function* has passed £1 million in the UK, that *The Jewel in the Crown* wins every TV drama prize going, you might be forgiven for thinking that the Beaconsfield brats had arrived. But we still have to do more than that.”

bines, that is to say, they had their fingers in all the pies. Rank withdrew from production five years ago, and Thorn-EMI's direct involvement is now on a much smaller scale than in the recent past.

But as far as production is concerned Britain is by no means a backward nation. There are three large studios, Pinewood, Elstree and Shepperton, and several smaller ones. Except at Pinewood, they are "four-walled" which means that the producer rents the space and brings in all his services, lessening overheads for both studio and film-maker.

Pinewood, the biggest studio, still offers a fairly comprehensive range of services and has a large permanent workforce. Even so, it is a shadow of the days when Rank, its owners, had their own rolling production programme. The ever-present headache for Cyril Howard, its managing director, is to ensure that the studio capacity is constantly utilized. Yet when the stages are fully booked, he finds himself turning away films which he would be eager to accept at slack times of the year.

Each of these three studios has seen investment in new stages and other improvements. But they are generally used for making films which the Americans would regard as their own, in spite of the considerable input of British craft skills. Thus, Elstree is the home of the *Star Wars* series of films made by George Lucas, and Steven Spielberg's Indiana Jones films. Pinewood is favoured by the Salkinds, who have made the *Superman* films there and are just completing *Santa Claus*,

and also by Albert R. Broccoli of the James Bond films. The world's largest film stage, recently rebuilt after a fire last year, is named after Broccoli and built on Pinewood land, with the studio as ground landlord.

The preponderance of expensive American films, with budgets in the \$25 to \$40 million range (films, like barrels of oil, are always costed in US dollars), on the one hand squeezes out smaller-scale indigenous films, but on the other keeps many of the skilled craftsmen in work and the studios open. There is also a broader political problem. The attractiveness of film-making in Britain fluctuates according to the financial climate. A strong dollar and weak pound is good, but on the other hand the phasing out of capital allowances in the 1984 budget was bad. Film financing is a curiously arcane business—the producers seek "tax shelters" and other incentives, and some countries unscrupulously juggle their laws to provide them. In Britain, both Labour and Conservative chancellors have been supremely indifferent to the needs of the film industry, and have conferred no special favours.

For a long time it has been virtually impossible for even an average low-budget British film to recover its costs on a purely domestic release—there simply are not enough cinemas to provide the necessary number of playdates, even if there were a potential audience. So the film-maker must from the outset be thinking in terms of an overseas release. What he covets most is exposure in the American market, a consideration which inevitably colours his approach, since the belief that you

cannot get British accents across in Omaha is part of the renters' mythology in the USA. In recent years there has been an improvement in that attitude.

After decades of suspicion and enmity a sort of *rapprochement* has now been achieved with television. The advent of Channel 4 was of particular significance, resulting in the production of an extraordinarily broad range of films which it backed for both big and small screens. The impetus of that movement, which resulted in such works as *The Draughtsman's Contract*, *The Ploughman's Lunch*, *Angel* and *Moonlighting*, has now unfortunately slowed, as the financial returns have been less encouraging than the critical reception in many cases; but nevertheless, the ground has been broken for a greater overlap of the two media.

Usually, part of the production finance comes from the so-called "major" who intends to distribute the film. Deals are made according to territories, with the American contract being the most important. They are not necessarily the same worldwide. Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*, for instance, is a Twentieth Century-Fox film in Europe, but will be released by Universal in America although both companies put money into the production. Films are also made independently of distribution deals, and take their chances when they are finished, in the hope that rivals will outbid each other. There are more film festivals than there are weeks in the year, but the most important of them is at Cannes, each May. On the surface it is an art film festival with prizes awarded for artistic

merit; in reality it is a huge trade fair for selling films worldwide.

The centre of film distribution in Britain is still Wardour Street, the narrow north-south thoroughfare which bisects Soho. The companies are more streamlined, and have often combined forces, so that the products of Thorn-EMI, Columbia and Warner are grouped under one umbrella; Paramount, Universal and MGM/UA under another; and Twentieth Century-Fox and Disney under a third. A few stand alone, such as Rank and Cannon, and more recent entrants to the market place are such companies as HandMade, Virgin and Palace, together with a few smaller distributors such as Miracle, Cinegate, Gala, Main-Line and Artificial Eye who supply the art houses which are mostly in the London region.

Rationalization was inevitable, given the decline in the number of cinemas, but much to the chagrin of the Monopolies Commission there are still too many bad old practices, dating from fatter days, bedevilling the business, which prevent films from competing in an open market.

Distributors will point out that few films released in Britain even pay for the costs of prints and advertising, and that to remain in business the companies must count on one or two big successes, such as the American film *Ghostbusters*, to tide them over the rest of the year. An increasing number of interesting American films no longer even get a British release, as the distributor is unprepared to meet the expense. For instance, the last two films made by the comedian the late ➤➤



Gary Dartnall is the chief executive of Thorn-EMI Screen Entertainments, the largest entertainment group in Britain to maintain interests in production, distribution and exhibition.

"We reached the bottom of the graph in 1984, but now the climb back has started. With fresh investment, new cinemas and aggressive marketing of good films, it will be a growth business through the 1990s."



Romaine Hart is a distributor and exhibitor whose London cinemas in Islington, Hampstead, Baker Street and Portobello Road have set high standards in ambiance and presentation.

"There's an enormous future for exhibition, a new breeze sweeping through in the form of the American multiplex cinemas, causing the circuits to re-evaluate. If you give people better facilities, comfort, sound and a good location there's a business there. There's an enormous love of film going unsatisfied."



Peter Yates is a British director who has made films in Britain and America, including *Bullitt*, *The Deep*, *Breaking Away* and *The Dresser*, and currently is finishing *Eleni*.

"The British film will always survive through its great reputation for quality and entertainment. But it is no longer possible to make exclusively English films. We're always working with outside money, usually American. We have to concentrate on films about people rather than social situations."



Steve Woolley, co-founder of Palace Productions, is one of the youngest British film producers, and was responsible for *Company of Wolves* in partnership with Nik Powell. Currently he is preparing *Absolute Beginners*.

"This is possibly the most exciting time in British film history for young independent producers because the tried and tested policies of the UK majors are now falling apart, and there's an influx of money from TV and video shifting to the independents."

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WHY DON'T WE GO TO THE PICTURES?

John Belushi were not shown in British cinemas, even though one was made by a British director. Significantly, there are many video distributors now in Wardour Street, often separate arms of the same companies, but with little liaison. Often there is more money to be made from the video cassette than from the cinema release.

The last and sorriest link in the chain is exhibition, as the cinema screening is called. For more than 40 years two companies have dominated Britain's cinemas, Rank and Thorn-EMI or, in high street terms, Odeon and ABC. Historically, the smaller circuits have always had to defer to them, picking the crumbs from the rich men's tables so to speak, and have never succeeded in denting the duopoly. Booking power has been concentrated in their hands. The Monopolies Commission had condemned alignment, which means that the products of certain distributors can only be shown in one set of cinemas; and barring, which prevents a cinema in an area from showing the same film that the ABC or Odeon might want to put on. With only 700 or so cinema buildings left in Britain it might be thought that it was in everyone's interest to boost audiences for any film wherever possible. But Rank in particular have resisted firmly, and have obstructed efforts to carry out a modest experimental moratorium on barring.

Sadly, many places in Britain no longer have cinemas of any description: large towns such as Rugby, Hartlepool, Crewe, Dover are examples. A city the size of Plymouth has only two cinemas left. Both Rank and Thorn-EMI have reduced the size of their circuits by two-thirds, and have been able to offset horrific losses in exhibition by exploiting the site values. Unfortunately, in almost every case where an office block or a supermarket has sprung up in place of the old cinema, no provision has been made to incorporate a modern screen within the new structure. Clearly there is a vicious circle: you cannot expect to regain audiences when there are fewer places in which to receive them.

Britain now has fewer cinema seats per head than any other country in Western Europe. Cinemas have closed in America, but currently at least 300 are under construction. A Thorn-EMI marketing report last year revealed that some 60 per cent of cinemas currently operating in the United States had been constructed within the last 10 years, while 80 per cent of those in Britain had first opened their doors 50 years before. There has been little cinema-building in Britain since the end of the 1930s.

The industry has woefully failed to stay abreast of population shifts and changed social habits, with the result that those hardy souls over the age of

23 who attempt to visit their local cinema on their once-in-a-blue-moon outing are horrified when they find an absence of car-parking space, awkward programme times, high admission prices, interminable screen advertising and insistent sales of ice cream and confectionery, poor standards of projection and sound, indifferent staff and a teenage audience largely uninterested in the fare on the screen.

Fortunately, even at this late hour, all is not lost. Gary Dartnall, recently elevated to chief executive of screen entertainment at Thorn-EMI, actually wants to build new cinemas that will be in the right place, modern in concept, comfortable and well equipped, with the intention that they should fulfil proper social needs.

An American company with a successful recent record of opening theatres there is, in partnership with a British leisure group, building a multiple-screen cinema (a "tenplex") at Milton Keynes, which will be exciting architecture in its own right.

It has taken many years to shed the old release patterns, and now it is normal for films to appear all over the country within days of their West End opening, before the impact from the initial publicity dissipates.

It is possible that within the next few years the biggest revolution in exhibition will come with the adoption of high-definition television projection, which eliminates the need to trundle bulky, expensive and damage-prone celluloid prints from place-to-place.

Early experiments with video theatres were not encouraging, but the new systems now being developed produce screen images of remarkable crispness and colour clarity, and do not need skilled projectionists. To be able to lower running costs is a dream for all cinema operators, and would make a more flexible approach possible.

Amid the seemingly inexorable decline of cinema-going, only the regional film theatres of the British Film Institute have been able to increase attendances. That seems to suggest there is an intelligent public ready to come back to more attractive cinemas programmed to their tastes.

British Film Year is a promotion deliberately designed to draw attention to cinemas as places in which to see films. The organizers hope to increase audiences by 4 per cent this year over last year's. That may not sound very much, but it would be the most significant reversal of the constant downward trend since the late 1940s. As Gary Dartnall says, "Cinemas need to be pleasant places to visit," a blindingly obvious truth which has eluded the industry for many years. British films such as *Wetherby*, *Dance with a Stranger*, *Brazil*, *A Private Function*, *The Killing Fields*, *A Passage to India* are too good to be diminished by television.

The Great British Picture Show by George Perry is published by Pavilion at £12.95.

GEORGE PERRY'S TOP TEN BRITISH FILMS



1 The Thirty-Nine Steps (1935)

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

The prototype of scores of comedy thrillers. Buchan could hardly detect his original spy yarn in the film version, but warmed to Hitchcock's zestful pace, so swift that the holes in the plot scarcely show. Robert Donat is superb as Richard Hannay, and Madeleine Carroll an early suffering Hitchcockian blonde. The scene in which they are handcuffed together is a classic, as is the cameo role of Peggy Ashcroft.



2 Things to Come (1936)

Directed by William Cameron Menzies.

Some of its predictions were accurate (the 1940 Blitz, holocaust, home video, space travel), others less acceptable (mankind saved by idealistic scientists) but the whole was an astonishing *tour de force*. The city of the future looks suspiciously like the lobby of a Hyatt hotel, but no matter. The music by Arthur Bliss is one of the first great film scores.



3 A Canterbury Tale (1944)

Written and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger.

There was a lack of enthusiasm for this wartime portrait of rural Kent awash with landgirls and American servicemen when it first appeared. In retrospect it can be seen as an extraordinary "hands-across-the-sea" gesture, as if revealing to the Americans the roots of their culture. It is a strangely poetic, often perverse film. Unfairly maligned, it is now possible, with cuts restored, to appreciate its subtle shading and sensitivity.

Ten-best lists are always subjective and frequently controversial. I discovered I had a bias towards the 1930s and 40s. The time of *Henry V* may have been a Golden Age—far more films from that era seem to hold on to their reputations. I do not apologize for having two Leans, two Hamers, only one



4 Henry V (1944)

Directed by Laurence Olivier.

That Olivier's brilliant Shakespearean epic should have emerged in wartime was remarkable, and yet the story of a young English king defeating and coming to terms with a Continental enemy had its message for the time. It is an astonishingly ambitious film, boldly switching its style from a simulated Elizabethan performance in the Globe itself to the graphic realism of the battle set pieces, including the French cavalry at Agincourt being halted by waves of English arrows, to William Walton's magnificent score.



5 Great Expectations (1946)

Directed by David Lean.

Dickens's rambling, multi-charactered plots and grotesque orgies of sentimentality do not always translate well to the screen, but Lean's film is a dazzling adaptation, every frame vivid cinema. The atmospheric opening in the marshy churchyard brilliantly establishes the style. It is not only excellent visually. Many of the performances are exemplary, especially John Mills as the adult Pip, torn between conscience and convention, and Martita Hunt as the definitive Miss Havisham. Had Lean made nothing further he would still have been a great director on the strength of this film.

Reed and nothing by Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz, Lindsay Anderson and others of that brief renaissance of the early 1960s. If I had singled out one from that era it would have been *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. This is a list of personal favourites, some of which influenced cinema development.



6 It Always Rains on Sunday (1947)

Directed by Robert Hamer.

The plot—a woman sheltering an escaped convict and former lover under the noses of her middle-aged husband and teenage stepdaughters against the ordinary events of an East End Sunday—is ordinary, but the film is an important landmark, because it is perhaps the first completely unpatronizing view of working-class life in British cinema.



7 Kind Hearts and Coronets (1949)

Directed by Robert Hamer.

An unusually urbane, literate and cynical black comedy in which an impecunious scion of the aristocracy murders his way through all the noblemen who stand between him and the dukedom, it gave Alec Guinness an opportunity to portray the eight victims. Dennis Price was a magnificent social climber and, rare for Ealing and for that matter British cinema in general, the two women in his life, Valerie Hobson and Joan Greenwood, managed to combine humour and sexuality.



8 The Third Man (1949)

Directed by Carol Reed.

This collaboration of Carol Reed and Graham Greene resulted in an excit-

ing, polished thriller set in the crumbling, post-war ruins of baroque Vienna, with Joseph Cotten as a dull-witted visiting American seeking his friend Harry Lime who, it seems, has been accidentally killed. Refusing to give up, he eventually finds Lime, invested by Orson Welles with charm, wit and persuasive evil, and lives to regret it. Additionally, the acting of Trevor Howard as a patient British major, Alida Valli as Lime's girlfriend, and the tense camerawork of Robert Krasker together with the haunting zither score of Anton Karas, helped make this film a classic.



9 Lawrence of Arabia (1962)

Directed by David Lean.

For once the term "epic" could be attached to a film without a hint of exaggeration. Lean's visual sense, applied spectacularly to Robert Bolt's screenplay, in turn inspired by T. E. Lawrence's book *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, resulted in a film of breathtaking grandeur, with Peter O'Toole creating one of the greatest bravura performances in British film. The images are tremendous: Omar Sharif materializing on horseback from a shimmering desert mirage, O'Toole, his white Arab robes streaming behind him as he struts on the roof of a wrecked train, or riding his motorcycle to his doom on a sunlit English day.



10 The Killing Fields (1984)

Directed by Roland Joffé.

The story of the rape of a beautiful south-east Asian country is told in personal terms with Sam Waterston as the American journalist who leaves his Cambodian friend to the mercy of the Khmer Rouge. Haing S. Ngor, an untrained actor, played the role with moving conviction. On one level the film has the look and realism of a powerful anti-war documentary, but on another it expresses an emotional account of extraordinary heroism in pure cinematic terms, and is one of the most accomplished directorial debuts in the history of British film.

THE BRITISH CINEMA SINCE 1896

A year-by-year account of the history of the nation's film industry

1896 First Lumière programme in London.

1897 Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee filmed.

1898 Cecil Hepworth's first film.

1899 R. W. Paul opens studio.

1900 Boer War on newsreel.

1901 Queen Victoria's funeral filmed.

1902 Will Barker starts production at Ealing.

1903 Pathé opens in London.

1904 First two-stage studio at Croydon.

1905 Hepworth's *Rescued by Rover*.

1906 Smith and Urban patent Kinemacolor. Lauste sound-on-film.

1907 Hepworth develops Vivaphone sound recording.

1908 US duty reduces British film exports.

1909 First Cinematograph Films Act affects cinema safety.

1910 Pathé start weekly newsreels.

1911 Barker's *Henry VIII* costliest British film to date.

1912 British Board of Film Censors established.

1913 Twickenham Studios open; George Pearson enters films.

1914 Borehamwood and Shepherd's Bush Studios open; Pearson's *A Study in Scarlet*.

1915 Gaumont open Lime Grove; Kinematograph Renters' Society founded.

1916 Hepworth's *Comin' Thro' the Rye* given royal performance; Entertainments Tax introduced.

1917 Department of Information founded under John Buchan.

1918 DOI becomes Ministry of Information under Lord Beaverbrook; Welsh-Pearson founded, make *The Better 'Ole*.

1919 Michael Balcon and Victor Saville enter industry in Birmingham; British Lion and British Instructional open studios at Elstree; Herbert Wilcox enters industry.



1920 Alfred Hitchcock enters industry as title designer at Islington studios.

1921 Walter Forde enters industry as comedian; Betty Balfour stars in Pearson's *Squibs*.

1922 Herbert Wilcox's first film, *The Wonderful Story*.

1923 Balcon's first film, *Woman to Woman*; Hepworth remakes *Comin' Thro' the Rye*.

1924 Gainsborough founded; industry

crisis closes all studios for a month; Hepworth bankrupted; British Film Week set up to boost industry.

1925 Hitchcock's first film, *The Pleasure Garden*; London Film Society founded.

1926 Wilcox and J. D. Williams found British National at Elstree; *The Lodger* establishes Hitchcock.

1927 Gaumont-British founded; Cinematograph Films Act establishes quota for British films in cinemas; John Maxwell founds British International Pictures and takes over BN studios; Wilcox founds British & Dominion with studios at Elstree; British Lion opens Beaconsfield Studios.



1928 UK première of *The Jazz Singer*, Warners' feature "talkie"; ABC circuit founded.

1929 *Blackmail*, directed by Hitchcock, Britain's first talkie; John Grierson founds Empire Marketing Board Film Unit; Basil Dean founds Associated Talking Pictures.

1930 Fire destroys Islington studios; Wilcox films *Rookery Nook*.

1931 Walter Forde joins Balcon at Shepherd's Bush and directs *Third Time Lucky*; ATP builds new Ealing Studios; Alexander Korda arrives in Britain; Gracie Fields makes film debut in *Sally in our Alley*.

1932 Korda founds London Films; Sunday Entertainments Act permits Sunday cinemas at local option.

1933 British Film Institute founded; Grierson forms GPO Film Unit; Shepperton Studios opened; *The Good Companions* given Royal Charity Performance before King George V and Queen Mary; Association of Cinematograph Technicians set up; J. Arthur Rank enters industry as distributor of Methodist films; Korda's *The Private Life of Henry VIII* worldwide success; Oscar Deutsch founds Odeon Theatres.

1934 Will Hay and George Formby make film débuts; Rank forms British National Films; Cavalcanti, Len Lye and Humphrey Jennings join GPO Film Unit; successful films include *Evergreen*, *Sing as We Go!*, *Nell Gwynn* and *The Iron Duke*.

1935 National Film Library, later National Film Archive, founded; Rank and C. M. Woolf found General

Film Distributors; Korda builds Denham Studios; Warner begin production at Teddington; films include *Rembrandt*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and *The Ghost Goes West*.

1936 Pinewood Studios opened; Technicolor opens British branch; Balcon leaves Gaumont-British for MGM British and Edward Black takes over; Hitchcock makes *Sabotage* and *The Secret Agent*; Korda *Things to Come*.

1937 Crisis—G-B closes Shepherd's Bush, Twickenham bankrupt, Korda orders pay cuts and abandons *I, Claudius*; *Wings of the Morning* is first British Technicolor feature; Wilcox makes *Victoria the Great*.

1938 Balcon leaves MGM for Ealing after producing *A Yank at Oxford* and succeeds Basil Dean; Cinematograph Films Act sets lower quotas and encourages more American investment; films include Hitchcock's *The Lady Vanishes*, Victor Saville's *South Riding*, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard's *Pygmalion*.

1939 Rank takes over Denham from Korda; Hitchcock and Saville migrate to United States; cinemas close temporarily at outbreak of war but reopen; studios requisitioned include Pinewood and Elstree; Ministry of Information is revived for wartime; films include Korda's *The Four Feathers*, Asquith's *French Without Tears*, *Goodbye Mr Chips* and Carol Reed's *The Stars Look Down*.

1940 Rank acquires control of Odeon and Gaumont circuits; GPO Film Unit becomes Crown Film Unit; John Halas and Joy Batchelor found Halas & Batchelor Cartoon Films; films include Reed's *Night Train to Munich*, Thorold Dickinson's *Gaslight*, Pen Tennyson's *Convoy* and *The Proud Valley*; Powell's *Contraband*.

1941 British Film Producers' Association founded; "Warsaw Concerto" by Richard Addinsell big hit in *Dangerous Moonlight*; films include Powell and Pressburger's *The 49th Parallel*, Leslie Howard's *Pimpernel Smith*, Harry Watt's *Target for Tonight*.

1942 Independent Producers set up, partners include Powell and Pressburger, Leslie Howard, Pascal, David Lean and Ronald Neame; films include Noël Coward's *In Which We Serve*, Howard's *The First of the Few*, Charles Frend's *The Foreman Went to France*, Cavalcanti's *Went the Day Well?*, Roy and John Boulting's *Thunder Rock*, Powell and Pressburger's *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*.

1943 Leslie Howard killed in air crash; Churchill obstructs *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*; films include *The Man in Grey*, Asquith's *The Demi-Paradise* and *We Dive at Dawn*, Jennings's *Fires Were Started* and *Silent Village*, Frend's *San Demetrio London*.

1944 Board of Trade attacks Rank's growing monopoly of studio and cir-

cuit capacity; Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder found Individual Pictures; films include Powell and Pressburger's *A Canterbury Tale*, Olivier's *Henry V*, Reed's *The Way Ahead*, Lean's *This Happy Breed*, Asquith's *Fanny by Gaslight*.

1945 Central Office of Information replaces MOI as war ends; Sydney Box succeeds Edward Black at Gainsborough; films include Laurence Olivier's *Henry V*, Lean's *Blithe Spirit* and *Brief*



Encounter, Robert Hamer's *Pink String and Sealing Wax*, Launder and Gilliat's *The Rake's Progress*, Compton Bennett's *The Seventh Veil*, Powell and Pressburger's *I Know Where I'm Going*, *Dead of Night*, Asquith's *The Way to the Stars*, *The Wicked Lady*, *Waterloo Road*; 1.6 billion cinema attendances.

1946 Rank launches *This Modern Age* monthly documentary series; British Film Academy founded; Balcon makes *The Overlanders* in Australia in bid to open up Commonwealth; Pinewood reopens with Launder and Gilliat's *Green for Danger*; Pascal's *Caesar and Cleopatra* most expensive British film ever; *London Town* ill-judged Rank disaster; first Royal Film Performance held, with *A Matter of Life and Death*; films include Launder and Gilliat's *I See a Dark Stranger*, and Lean's *Great Expectations*.

1947 Korda takes over Shepperton; Government imposes 75 per cent *ad valorem* tax on American films, US responds with embargo; films include Powell and Pressburger's *Black Narcissus*, the Boultings' *Brighton Rock*, Reed's *Odd Man Out*, Charles Crichton's *Hue and Cry*, Robert Hamer's *It Always Rains on Sunday*, Olivier's *Hamlet*.

1948 Tax on US films rescinded, followed by floods of new American films; Rank and Korda sustain massive losses; new Cinematograph Films Act raises quota to 45 per cent; Balcon knighted and Ealing make first Technicolor films, *Scott of the Antarctic* and *Saraband for Dead Lovers*; Olivier's *Hamlet* wins four Academy Awards including Best Film; other films of the year, Reed's *The Fallen Idol*, Lean's *Oliver Twist*, Powell and Pressburger's *The Red Shoes*.

1949 National Film Finance Corporation set up; Rank closes Islington and sells Shepherd's Bush to BBC; Ealing produces *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, *Passport to Pimlico* and *Whisky Galore!*; other films include Powell and Pressburger's *The Small Back Room*, Thorold Dickinson's *The Queen of Spades*, Reed's *The Third Man*.

1950 Eady levy established on cinema seats; BBFC introduces X certificate; Jules Dassin, Carl Foreman and Joseph Losey are among American film-makers who come to Britain to escape the Hollywood blacklist; films include *The Blue Lamp*, Wilcox's *Odette*, the Boultings' *Seven Days to Noon*, Hitchcock's *Stage Fright*.

1951 Group 3 and BFI Experimental Film Fund established with Balcon as chairman of both; Denham Studios close; films include *The Lavender Hill Mob*, *The Man in the White Suit*, Asquith's *The Browning Version*, Powell and Pressburger's *The Tales of Hoffman*, Reed's *Outcast of the Islands*.

1952 The Crown Film Unit is closed down; The Festival of Britain Telekinema reopens as the National Film Theatre; films include *The African Queen*, Asquith's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Lean's *The Sound Barrier*, Dickinson's *Secret People*.

1953 The first widescreen CinemaScope films are seen in Britain; the Coronation sets off a boom in domestic television; films include *The Cruel Sea* and *The Titfield Thunderbolt* from Ealing, Peter Brook's *The Beggar's Opera*, and Henry Cornelius's *Genevieve*.

1954 Korda announces huge losses; films include Lean's *Hobson's Choice*, Asquith's *Carrington VC*, Ralph Thomas's *Doctor in the House*, Crichton's *The Divided Heart*.

1955 ITV begins transmissions; Ealing Studios sold to BBC; new British Lion formed; films include Michael Anderson's *The Dam Busters*, Lean's *Summer Madness*, MacKendrick's *The Ladykillers* and Olivier's *Richard III*.

1956 Korda dies; Ealing production transfers to MGM, Borehamwood; films include Powell and Pressburger's *The Battle of the River Plate*, the Boultings' *Private's Progress*.

1957 New Cinematograph Act extends NFFC 10 years and makes Eady statutory; new National Film Theatre opens and stages first London Film Festival;

Show on Earth.

1958 Woodfall Films founded by John Osborne and Tony Richardson; films include *Dunkirk*, Roy Baker's *A Night to Remember*, Asquith's *Orders to Kill* and Seth Holt's *Nowhere to Go*.

1959 The last Ealing film, *The Siege of Pinchgut*, is completed; Bryanston Films is set up with Balcon as chairman; Allied Film Makers is established; the British Film Academy merges with the Society of Film and Television Arts; films include Richardson's *Look Back in Anger*, Neame's *The Horse's Mouth*, the Boultings' *I'm All Right Jack* and Jack Clayton's *Room at the Top*.

1960 Entertainments Tax is abolished; quota is extended seven years; films include Dearden's *The League of Gentlemen*, Reed's *Our Man in Havana*, Reisz's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, Richardson's *The Entertainer*, Powell's *Peeping Tom*, Neame's *Tunes of Glory*.

1961 Stanley Kubrick moves to Britain; films include Lee-Thompson's



The Guns of Navarone, Gilbert's *The Greengage Summer*, Clayton's *The Innocents*, Richardson's *A Taste of Honey*, Bryan Forbes's *Whistle Down the Wind*.

1962 Sean Connery stars in the first James Bond film, *Dr No*; John Schlesinger makes feature debut with *A Kind of Loving*; other films include Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*, winner of seven Oscars including Best Film, Stanley Kubrick's *Lolita*, Richardson's *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, Peter Ustinov's *Billy Budd*.

1963 *Tom Jones*, after a difficult history, is an international hit; other films include Schlesinger's *Billy Liar!*, Losey's *The Servant*, Kubrick's *Dr Strangelove*, Lindsay Anderson's *This Sporting Life*, Joan Littlewood's *Sparrows Can't Sing*, Peter Brook's *The Lord of The Flies*.

1964 Balcon becomes chairman of British Lion; Wilcox goes bankrupt; films include Losey's *King and Country*, Peter Glenville's *Becket*, Forbes's *Seance on a Wet Afternoon*, Clayton's *The Pumpkin Eater*, Guy Hamilton's *Goldfinger* and Richard Lester's *A Hard Day's Night*.

1965 Bryanston sold to television; films include Schlesinger's *Darling*, Lester's *Help!* and *The Knack*, Polanski's *Repulsion*, Sidney Lumet's *The Hill*.

1966 London Film-makers' Co-op formed; BFI Production Board formed from Experimental Film Fund,

Balcon in the chair; films include Gilbert's *Alfie*, Sylvio Narizzano's *Georgy Girl*, Fred Zinnemann's *A Man For All Seasons*, François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*, Polanski's *Cul-de-Sac*, Forbes's *The Whisperers*.

1967 Regional Film Theatres are inaugurated with Bristol Arts Centre; films include Losey's *Accident*, Schlesinger's *Far From the Madding Crowd*, Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow-Up*, Stanley Donen's *Two for the Road*, Peter Watkins's *Privilege*.

1968 Anthony Asquith dies; films include Anthony Harvey's *The Lion in Winter*, Reed's *Oliver!*, Franco Zeffi-

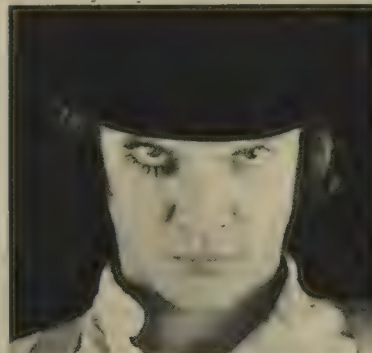


relli's *Romeo and Juliet*, Losey's *The Secret Ceremony*, Anderson's *If...*, Anthony Page's *Inadmissible Evidence* and Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

1969 Rank retires and is succeeded by John Davis; films include Hamilton's *The Battle of Britain*, Richardson's *Hamlet*, Ken Loach's *Kes*, Reisz's *Isadora*, Ken Russell's *Women in Love*.

1970 MGM Borehamwood closes; Films Act extends NFFC and quota, allows funding for National Film School; BBFC introduces new ratings, including AA; NFT2 opens; films include Losey's *The Go-Between*, Lean's *Ryan's Daughter*, John Boorman's *Leo the Last* and Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammell's *Performance*.

1971 National Film School opened at Beaconsfield; films include Russell's *The Boy Friend* and *The Devils*,



Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*.

1972 Rank dies; Cinematograph Films Act repeals Sunday Entertainments Act; films include Loach's *Family Life*, Hitchcock's *Frenzy*, Attenborough's *Young Winston*.

1973 VAT introduced on cinema seat prices; commercial radio begins in Britain; films include Roeg's *Don't Look Now*, Anderson's *O Lucky Man*.

1974 Shepperton Studios suffers large losses; films include Russell's *Mahler*, Neame's *The Odessa File* and Lumet's *Murder on the Orient Express*.

1975 British Lion absorbed into EMI; films include Russell's *Lisztomania*;

Losey's *The Romantic Englishwoman*.

1976 The new BAFTA headquarters are opened by Princess Anne; 75 per cent tax on overseas earnings discourages foreign investment; Arts Minister and British Film Authority recommended in government report; Goldcrest established; films include Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, Alan Parker's *Bugsy Malone*.

1977 Balcon, Dean, Wilcox die; films include Attenborough's *A Bridge Too Far*, Ridley Scott's *The Duellists* and Lewis Gilbert's *The Spy Who Loved Me*, using the Pinewood 007 Stage.

1978 Producer David Puttnam emerges as major force with Parker's *Midnight Express*.

1979 Thorn Electric and EMI merge; films include Scott's *Alien*, Schlesinger's *Yanks*.

1980 Rank withdraws from production; Hitchcock dies; films include Roeg's *Bad Timing*, David Lynch's *The Elephant Man*.

1981 The NFFC is reorganized; Hugh Hudson's *Chariots of Fire* wins four Oscars, including Best Film; other films include Reisz's *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Terry Gilliam's *Time Bandits*, Bill Forsyth's *Gregory's Girl*, Christopher Miles's *Priest of Love*.

1982 Channel 4 opens and commissions extensive film programme; video dominates first London Multi-Media Market; films include Attenborough's *Gandhi*, Anderson's *Britannia Hospital*, Peter Greenaway's *The Draughtsman's Contract*, Jerzy Skolimowski's *Moonlighting*.



1983 *Gandhi* wins eight Oscars; quota is abolished; films include Forsyth's *Local Hero*, Terry Jones's *Monty Python and the Meaning of Life*, Richard Eyre's *The Ploughman's Lunch*, Peter Yates's *The Dresser*, Lewis Gilbert's *Educating Rita*.

1984 Pinewood's 007 Stage destroyed by fire; capital allowances phasing-out in Budget affect film production; films include Michael Radford's *1984*, Marek Kaniévka's *Another Country*, Hudson's *Greystoke* and Roland Joffé's *The Killing Fields*.

1985 British Film Year begins; 007 Stage rebuilt; films include Gilliam's *Brazil*, David Hare's *Wetherby*, Lean's *A Passage to India*.



films of year include Lean's *The Bridge on the River Kwai* which wins seven Oscars, Olivier's *The Prince and the Showgirl*, Basil Dearden's *The Smallest*



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VICTORY IN EUROPE

For Londoners, Tuesday May 8, 1945, was another warm and beautiful day in a spell of early summer weather. It had been proclaimed Victory-in-Europe Day by the Ministry of Information the previous evening, and by the time of Churchill's official broadcast at 3pm and the King's broadcast at 9pm the nation had already erupted into joyous celebration on the streets.

Max Hastings describes the last of the battlefield action, page 44

and Germany's surrender tactics, page 48

Charles Collingwood gives an eyewitness account of the historic surrender ceremony, page 48

The chronology of victory, page 49

Theodora FitzGibbon recalls the celebration in London on VE Day, page 51

End-of-war reports by Frank Gillard, Gerard Mansell, Bert Hardy,

Sir Denis Hamilton, John Casson and Stanley Baron, pages 52 to 55.

Colour photographs from *Larousse The Second World War*. Hand colouring by Lorraine Axelson.



THE ENDGAME

by Max Hastings

The way the German army prolonged the Second World War is one of the phenomena of military history. Once Eisenhower's armies had smashed Army Group B at Falaise in August, 1944, an Allied victory was assured. Yet the military skill and obsessive concept of duty historically characteristic of the German people caused them to fight with determination almost to the end.

The last months of the war against Hitler were characterized by the stately progression of the western Allies towards the Elbe, and the huge battles fought by the Russians on the eastern front to break through to Berlin. The course of this "endgame" of the Second World War was overwhelmingly determined first by the agreements about occupation boundaries reached between the Allies in 1944 and confirmed at Yalta in February, 1945; and second by Hitler's Ardennes offensive in December.

The western Allies had planned to launch a major attack at the end of December, 1944. This was pre-empted by the surprise blow launched against them by Fifth and Sixth Panzer Armies among the hills and forests along the Luxembourg-Belgian border that began on December 16.

Germany's generals had strongly opposed the Ardennes operation: they knew that they possessed insufficient forces to sustain a breakthrough, and that the inevitable heavy losses could not be replaced. Even Sepp Dietrich, Hitler's devoted old bodyguard who now commanded Sixth Panzer Army because of his unquestioned loyalty to the Führer, was shocked by the plan: "All Hitler wants me to do is cross a river, capture Brussels, and then go on and take Antwerp! And all this in the worst time of the year through the Ardennes, where the snow is waist deep and there isn't room to deploy four tanks abreast, let alone armoured divisions."

The general's worst fears were fulfilled. The Battle of the Bulge cost Germany 100,000 casualties, and some 800 armoured vehicles. Historians would perceive the battle as the last convulsive spasm of a doomed war machine. Yet upon the Allied command at the beginning of 1945 its impact was more dis-

turbing. The British and Americans had always regarded the German army as a formidable opponent, capable of extraordinary exertions and feats of resilience. Yet by December, 1944, they had come to believe that the enemy in the West was at last broken. The shock of discovering that Hitler was still able to deliver a blow on such a scale was immense.

Stalin was urged to act more quickly, to relieve the pressure upon the Americans.

"Where in hell has this son-of-a-bitch gotten all his strength from?" the American General Omar Bradley demanded in bewilderment on December 17. The euphoric western belief in imminent victory had already been cruelly shattered once, at Arnheim in September. Now, yet again, the Germans had inflicted a moment of near-panic upon the Allied command, which cost the Americans 81,000 casualties, the British 1,400.

The painstaking caution characteristic of almost all western Allied encounters with the German army in the Second World War was redoubled. In the first days of January, 1945, as the German attackers withdrew their shattered forces from the Bulge, General Patton insistently urged upon the Allied High Command the case for a ruthless thrust across the base of the salient, to cut off the enemy's escape and exploit his confusion: "If you get a chance in the just fighting by his tail," expostulated the volatile Third Army commander, "it is easier to get him by cutting the tail than kicking him in the face." Montgomery and Bradley, however, would have none of it.



RUSSIAN TANKS NEAR THE REICHSSTADT

Their forces merely pressed the retreating Germans until, by the end of January, 1945, they stood once more on the line from which they had attacked in December. The Bulge battle had delayed the western Allied drive into Germany by six weeks.

The impact of the Ardennes upon the German ability to resist the next Russian offensive was more critical. Stalin's armies fought their 1943-45 campaign in a series of great lunges forward, interrupted by long pauses when they outran their supplies. In the late summer of 1944 the Russians had advanced some 450 miles before halting on the Vistula. In the months that followed, their supplies and reserves were painstakingly rebuilt for the next assault, which they planned to begin at the end of January, 1945. But amid the crisis in the West caused by the Bulge battle, Stalin was urged to act more quickly, to relieve the pressure upon

the Americans. Churchill cabled to him: "The battle in the West is very heavy. I regard the matter as urgent." Todder, Eisenhower's Deputy Supreme Commander, was sent in person to Moscow to plead the Anglo-American case. Stalin acceded. On January 12, 70 Russian divisions under Marshal I. S. Konev were launched from the Baranov bridgehead, while the nine armies of Marshal Rokossovsky attacked north of Warsaw.

To make possible the Ardennes offensive, throughout November and December Hitler had ignored the pleading of his generals to reinforce the eastern front before the inevitable Russian onslaught: 2,299 new and refitted armoured vehicles had been sent west, against 921 dispatched to the east. When Stalin's blow fell, Hitler at last began to strip the west of his surviving panzers, the survivors of the Bulge battle. But it was too late. For the first

few days of the eastern encounter, the German defenders mounted their usual dogged resistance, aided by fog which hampered Russian air support. Then the weather cleared. The Russian attack cracked the German line before Pinzow, and armour poured through the gap.

On January 14, Marshal Zhukov's armies launched their own offensive. Warsaw fell on the 17th. On the 19th Konev reached the borders of Silesia, second only to the Ruhr as an industrial key to Germany. In the first week after crossing their start line the Russian armies had advanced 100 miles on a front almost 400 miles wide. Hitler refused the pleas of General Guderian to allow the immediate withdrawal of the 26 German divisions trapped in the Baltic States, and insisted upon the launching of a costly counter-attack in the south, towards Budapest. In the first fortnight of the battle the Russians

took more than 100,000 prisoners.

Hitler's insistence that his armies should stand and die where they stood rather than "roll with the punch" of the Russian offensive, as his generals demanded, caused the Russians huge casualties, but ultimately made disaster inevitable for the German forces in the east. At great cost the German navy evacuated hundreds of thousands of men from the Baltic pockets, some of

The Third Reich was crumbling very fast . . . The Luftwaffe was in ruins, starved of fuel and pilots.

which held out until the end of the war. But all their equipment and transport was lost. By February 24 Pomerania in the north and Silesia in the south had fallen.

Russian tanks near the Reichstag during the final hours of the battle for Berlin. The Russian assault on the city began on April 16, 1945, and continued until the last German garrison surrendered at 3pm on May 2.

After more than five years in which Germany had made refugees of half of Europe, it was now the turn of German civilians to take to the roads in their thousands, fleeing westwards before the Russian steamroller with their pitiful possessions and ruined hopes. With 20 million Russian dead to avenge most Germans knew that they could expect little mercy from the Red Army. If Stalin's troops were still not the equal of their opponents in tactical skill, their massed armour and artillery was now handled with formidable effect. Their willingness to accept unlimited losses to secure an objective was devastating against a defence starved of men,

ammunition and equipment. The Third Reich was crumbling very fast. After four years in which the Allied bomber offensive had failed to break either the morale or the productive capacity of the German industrial worker, with Germany's air defences in ruins the scale of bomber attack had become irresistible. Most sources of raw materials and fuel had fallen to the Allies, and transport no longer existed to move what remained. Too much post-war attention has been lavished upon the February 13 raid on Dresden, which killed more than 30,000 people. To those who planned and carried it out, this was no different from scores of similar attacks.

But the attack on Dresden reflected the situation now achieved, where the great bomber forces available to attack Germany outstripped the useful industrial targets left for them to destroy. Despite the belated intervention of the

Among the armies there was a growing anxiety to survive . . . a reluctance for gratuitous sacrifice.

new Me-262 fighter, the Luftwaffe was in ruins, starved of fuel and pilots. With victory plainly so close, with German production of arms at last made almost irrelevant by the lack of hands left to bear them, some of those responsible for directing the war found it less easy to justify the massed killing of civilians than it had been in the dark days of 1942 and 1943.

For years Churchill had been among the principal supporters of "area" bombing. Now he aroused the deep wrath of the RAF by writing to Sir Charles Portal, the Chief of Air Staff: "The destruction of Dresden remains a serious query against the conduct of Allied bombing . . . I feel the need for more precise concentration upon military objectives . . . rather than on mere acts of terror and wanton destruction, however impressive."

In February, 1945, to the acute resentment of his American counterpart, Montgomery graded the strategic priority and control of the US Ninth Army in the drive to the Rhine. Though the little Field-Marshal would never admit it, Eisenhower consistently granted 21st Army Group a substantial part of the resources and credit for the final drive, though by now there were 47 American divisions in the field alongside 19 shrinking British and Canadian formations.

Britain was at the limits of her manpower resources. Canada belatedly introduced compulsory overseas service to bolster her undermanned volunteer divisions which had borne the brunt of the winter fighting in Holland. But of the 60,000 Canadians destined for her first conscript foreign draft, 7,800 went absent without leave before sailing, and some men hurried their return to the side as they boarded.

The West was growing weary ➤

of the war. Morale in Britain had sagged in the last months of 1944 amid the V-1 and V-2 assault, a bitter blow to a nation whose people felt that they had endured enough. The V-weapon offensive was not defeated until the German launching sites in Holland were overrun by the ground armies. The last V-2 fell on Britain, at Orpington in Kent, on March 27. The V-2s alone had inflicted 2,500 civilian casualties in this country.

Among the armies there was a growing anxiety to survive to see the end, a shrinking from gratuitous sacrifice when so much had been sacrificed already. It was the western Allies' good fortune that when they launched their new assault in February the best of what remained of the Wehrmacht had been transferred east. It would be left to the Russians to endure the huge casualties inflicted during the death throes of the Third Reich. The measured British and American advance to the Rhine met fierce pockets of resistance.

On February 7 Patton's tanks broke through the weak German defences in the Eifel, and within days the fabled West Wall was overrun. For the first time the Allies found German troops surrendering without attempting serious resistance. The US Ninth Army crossed the Roer on February 23. Patton's Third reached the Rhine near Koblenz to find the bridges in its path destroyed. But on March 7, in a superb *coup de main*, advanced American

Most shocking of all . . . Dachau and Buchenwald, Belsen and Ravensbrück were a terrible revelation.

elements reached the river at Remagen to find its bridge unblown, and stormed across to create a bridgehead. In the days that followed, this was expanded despite desperate German attempts to seal the breach.

Yet even as Bradley and his commanders exulted, to their fury they were informed by Eisenhower that no major offensive was to be developed from Remagen. The Allies would persist with the plan for a drive across the Rhine into Germany spearheaded by Montgomery's armies from the north, beginning on March 23. Bradley demanded furiously what was to happen to the bridge at Remagen: "What in hell do you want us to do? Pull back and blow it up?"

The controversy about the Rhine crossing vividly illustrated the Allies' caution in this phase of the war. The meticulous setpiece plan for Montgomery's attack from the north, where the armies would find much easier terrain, was entirely prudent as long as Eisenhower's forces were meeting serious resistance. Yet in the new situation, with the German army in the west visibly collapsing around them, there is little doubt that the Americans could have forced the passage to the



Elbe and completed the destruction of the enemy in the west weeks earlier, had they pushed forward ruthlessly as Patton and others urged.

But the plan stood. While 21st Army Group prepared its great formal Rhine crossing behind huge smoke screens, the Americans cleared its west bank. On the night of March 22 Patton sought to steal Montgomery's thunder by pushing men across the river between Mainz and Mannheim. They met little resistance. Hitler's furious orders to drive them back could be met only by the dispatch of five newly-repaired tanks from a depot 100 miles distant. The next night, the 23rd, Montgomery launched his operation at Wesel with the support of 55,000 engineers, a huge artillery bombardment, carpet bombing and the last massed airborne drop of the war. There was little resistance. By the 28th the bridgehead was 20 miles deep and 30 miles wide. Yet still Montgomery lingered until he had built up a force of 20 divisions and 1,500 tanks on the east bank. Then at last, hampered chiefly by the mountains of rubble on the roads, they began their advance towards the Elbe.

While Montgomery's men pushed north-east towards Bremen, Hamburg and the Baltic, the US Ninth and First Armies, having bypassed the Ruhr north and south, linked at Lippstadt on April 1. The ruins of 21 German divisions of Army Group B, trapped in the Ruhr pocket, surrendered on April 18. Model, their commander, shot himself—one of 110 German generals to do so in the course of the war. Most of the Allied forces now driving east encountered only isolated enemy defences: farm carts huddled into a



Top, General Patch's Seventh Army crosses the Rhine at Worms on March 26. The Allied armies established bridgeheads for attacks east against the weakened German forces, whose last divisions surrendered on April 18. Above, Hitler decorates supporters outside the Chancellery in Berlin, shortly before his suicide on April 30.

roadblock, manned by a few SS fanatics or pathetic teenagers with a *panzerfaust* (bazooka), covered by a line of *teller* mines. There was a special kind of bitterness for the victors about being asked to die now, when the outcome was decided.

The Allies' huge logistic problems were compounded by the need to cope with hundreds of thousands of prisoners, refugees, liberated PoWs, forced labourers. Most shocking of all,

of course, were the survivors of the concentration camps. After years in which most Allied soldiers had felt little cause for personal hatred of their enemy, Dachau and Buchenwald, Belsen and Ravensbrück were a terrible revelation.

There has been much speculation since 1945 about the western Allied decision to halt on the Elbe, which American spearheads reached on April 11. It has sometimes been suggested, not least by Winston Churchill, that if Eisenhower had displayed more determination in March and April, 1945, the postwar boundaries of Europe, the limits of the Iron Curtain, might have been different. This is surely fantasy. The limits of the Allied occupation zones had been set in 1944, and were confirmed at the last meeting of the wartime "Big Three" at Yalta in



Survivors of Buchenwald concentration camp near Weimar, where 56,000 prisoners died, a few days after its liberation by the Allies on April 10, 1945.

February, 1945. It is absurd to suppose that in the spring of 1945 the western Allies possessed the stomach for a direct confrontation with the Russians which any change in the boundaries would have entailed.

The Russians believed—and many westerners tacitly accepted the crude justice of their belief—that having borne the vast brunt of the burden of defeating Hitler, having lost 40 lives for every lost British life, 60 lives for every lost American, they were now entitled to seize their reward by assuming the hegemony over Eastern Europe from which they had dispossessed Hitler. When the Americans established their first bridgeheads over the Elbe, Eisenhower asked Bradley for an estimate of the cost in casualties of pressing on to take Berlin. The 12th Army Group commander replied: 100,000. Since the battle for Berlin eventually cost the Red Army 300,000 men, Bradley's estimate seems not unreasonable.

Eisenhower believed—and posterity will probably agree with him—that 100,000 Allied lives was too high a price for the mere gesture of marching triumphant through the streets of Berlin, only to withdraw subsequently in accordance with the Yalta agreements. He swung the weight of his armies south, towards Austria, in pursuit of the last major intelligence myth of the war—the “National Redoubt” in Bavaria where the Nazis were alleged to be planning a final stand.

Hitler and his surviving followers

were now encircled in their last bastion. In Italy the Allied armies under Alexander were driving north to cut off the German retreat to the Po. The Russians were deep into Austria. In the Far East, Germany's Japanese allies were being beaten back across the Pacific, their fleet in ruins. Slim's “Forgotten” 14th Army was closing on Rangoon, and the Americans were fighting on Okinawa.

Yet the sense of fantasy at Hitler's court, in the bunker deep below Berlin, heightened with each day. Albert Speer, the Armaments Minister, was appalled to be instructed that far from seeking to preserve vital services, installations must be ruthlessly destroyed: “If the war is lost, the German nation will also perish,” declared Hitler. “So there is no need to consider what the

Deep in the living tomb of his headquarters Hitler learned . . . the fate of Benito Mussolini.

people require for continued existence.” At risk of his life Speer set out to defy Hitler's orders and maintain the bare means of survival for his countrymen.

On April 12, when news came of the death of Franklin Roosevelt, America's longest-serving president, Goebbels persuaded Hitler that the moment matched the death of the Tsarina in the life of Frederick the Great. The divisions between the victors would now become insupportable, and amid their conflicts Germany could yet prevail. “Bring out our best champagne,” demanded the little

Propaganda Minister. “My Führer, I congratulate you.”

Even as the Russian artillery began to shell the capital, the ruthless slaughter of the July 20 plotters, the summary execution of all suspected of weakness or treachery towards Hitler, continued. Eva Braun's brother-in-law was shot outside the bunker.

The Russian assault on the Oder began on April 16, with the customary massed artillery bombardment. There were still a million Germans on their front, albeit starved of guns and ammunition, bereft of air cover. For two days the line held. Then on April 20 it cracked. The armies of Zhukov and Konev streamed west and north to meet before Berlin on the 25th. On the 26th their assault on the city began. Still the Germans resisted street by street. The remaining population of the city was composed overwhelmingly of women and children. An estimated 100,000 of them died in the five days of fighting that followed.

The last days of Hitler's capital witnessed scenes of satanic destruction wholly in keeping with the spirit of their begetter. Crazy animals escaped from the zoo and roamed the blazing streets; men fought or escaped through the subways and sewers; the entire heart of the city took fire amid the ceaseless artillery bombardment. Deep in the living tomb of his headquarters Hitler learned from Radio Stockholm of the fate of his fellow dictator Benito Mussolini, caught and shot out of hand with his mistress Clara Petacci on April 28. Their bodies were suspended the next day for public display in the centre of Milan.

In the early hours of the 29th Hitler married Eva Braun, that most commonplace of tyrants' lovers. He heard of the unconditional surrender of his armies in Italy, and of Himmler's futile efforts to negotiate with the Allies. He had his dogs shot, gave poison capsules to his secretaries, apologizing that he could offer no better farewell present. After formal partings from his staff, he and his bride killed themselves. Goebbels and his wife did likewise, after poisoning their five children. The bodies of Hitler and his wife were burned.

Grand Admiral Karl Dönitz was informed by wireless that he had been nominated to succeed his Führer. On the evening of May 1, after the bunker had been set on fire, its 500 surviving occupants set out to escape underground through the sewers of Berlin. Some succeeded. Others, almost certainly including Hitler's deputy, Martin Bormann, died in the street fighting. At 3pm on May 2 a great silence fell on the city. The last of the German garrison had surrendered.

On May 2, as Ireland's Prime Minister Eamon de Valera called on the German Legation in Dublin to offer his condolences on the death of the Führer, the British Second Army reached the Baltic, securing Denmark from the Red Army. On May 4, at Lüneburg Heath, Field-Marshal

Montgomery accepted the surrender of a million German troops in Holland, Denmark and north-west Germany. German representatives signed their formal surrender at Rheims on May 7, to take effect at 2301 hours Central European Time the next day, May 8.

Eisenhower dictated a simple message for the Combined Chiefs of Staff: “The mission of this Allied force was fulfilled at 0241 local time, May 7, 1945.” Utterly exhausted, he suggested without enthusiasm that a bottle of champagne might be appropriate. When this was brought and opened, entirely in keeping with the stale, anticlimactic occasion, it proved flat.

Since June 6, 1944, the British, French, Canadians and other Allies had lost 179,666 men in north-west Europe including about 60,000 killed. The Americans had lost 586,626, 135,576 of these killed. 5,400,000

It was a bitter pill to accept that Poland . . . had by May, 1945, merely exchanged tyrannies.

million men had fought under Eisenhower's command, bringing with them to the Continent a million vehicles and more than 18 million tons of supplies.

In some places the formal end of the war was briefly delayed. The German garrison of the Channel Islands, the only British home territory occupied by the Germans, did not capitulate until May 9. Prague fell to the Russians that day, but fighting continued in Czechoslovakia until the 13th.

Of the major surviving Nazi leaders, Himmler committed suicide soon after his capture. Jodl, Keitel, Streicher and Ribbentrop were hanged at Nuremberg. Dönitz, Speer and Hess served long terms of imprisonment. Göring cheated his executioners by taking poison a few hours before he went to the gallows, having defended himself with considerable dignity and skill before the International Tribunal.

Only a speedy German collapse in the west in the summer of 1944, followed by an implausibly rapid Anglo-American advance into Germany, could have prevented the Russians from gaining their dominance over Eastern Europe. Yet to many of the victors, although they recognized the overwhelming contribution to victory made by the Russian army, it was a bitter pill to accept that Poland, for whose freedom the war had been launched in September, 1939 had by May, 1945 merely exchanged tyrannies. Many thousands of Poles who had fought alongside the western Allies in Italy and north-west Europe found that their struggle had purchased only a future lifetime of exile. Western Europe's rejoicing on the anniversary of VE-Day would always be difficult to share among the nations of Eastern Europe, who suffered more hardship to gain less freedom than any other combatants.



Five years, eight months and seven days after the outbreak of war on September 1, 1939, Hitler's successor, Grand-Admiral Karl Dönitz, finally accepted defeat. **Max Hastings** describes the Germans' last doomed efforts to split the Alliance.

Eisenhower declined to meet the German delegation until their unconditional surrender had been signed.

Yet even in the first days of May, 1945, when Dönitz understood that he could not negotiate a separate peace, he sought to achieve the same *de facto* result by causing the German armies to west to surrender piecemeal to the Anglo-Americans, while those in the east continued the struggle. When German emissaries opened negotiations with Field-Marshal Montgomery at his headquarters at Lüneburg, they tried to persuade him to accept the surrender of German forces confronting the Red Army in north-east Germany as well as those fighting his own troops. Wehrmacht units facing General Hodges's US First Army sought the same terms for their men fighting the Russians in Czechoslovakia. Eisenhower at once made it clear that these proposals must be rejected.

The Grand-Admiral kept trying. On the afternoon of May 4, the Germans on the Anglo-Canadian 21st Army Group front capitulated unconditionally. But the same day, Dönitz sent Admiral Hans von Friedeburg to Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expedi-

tionary Force (SHAFF) headquarters at Rheims with instructions to arrange the surrender of the remaining Germans in the west to the western allies alone. Eisenhower at once rejected this proposal and invited his Russian liaison officer General Suslopov to attend the negotiations. He himself declined to meet the German delegation until their unconditional surrender had been signed.

Confronted by the uncompromising Allied demands, Friedeburg stalled. He declared that he had no power to sign a surrender, and signalled Dönitz for instructions. Eisenhower went to bed on the night of May 5 expecting news that the Germans had signed, and was exasperated to wake early next morning and discover that nothing had happened. Instead of acceding to the surrender, Dönitz dispatched General Alfred Jodl, the German Chief of Staff, to Rheims, where he arrived on the evening of Sunday, May 6. Jodl once more advanced the request for a surrender to the western Allies alone. When this was again rejected, the German asked for 48 hours "to get the necessary instructions to outlying units".

Eisenhower was consulted. The SHAEF staff were certain that Dönitz's delegation was merely playing for time, to give every possible German soldier and civilian every available hour in which to escape westwards to the Anglo-American lines, as they were already attempting in their thousands. Although fighting had effectively ceased on the western front, in the east furious struggles were still taking place.

The Supreme Commander now sent word to Jodl that unless he signed immediately the western front would be sealed by force against all incoming Germans. He could have his 48 hours' grace before the surrender was announced—but only when he had put his pen to the document.

Dönitz, when this news was brought to him, was furious, but recognized the inevitable. A few minutes after midnight he signalled his delegation in Rheims: "Full power to sign in accordance with conditions as given has been granted by Grand-Admiral Dönitz."

EYEWITNESS AT RHEIMS

Charles Collingwood, CBS war correspondent, attended the German surrender 40 years ago. He recalls the historic, nocturnal ceremony held in a nondescript schoolroom.

According to my time, the hostilities in Europe ended at 2.45 am on the morning of May 7, 1945. That was when I glanced at my watch as General Jodl, the German Chief of Staff, signed the last of the several documents exchanged among the representatives of the warring powers which formalized the capitulation of the armed forces of the Third Reich.

The end of the most appalling war in human experience took place in the drab precincts of the Collège Moderne et Technique at Rheims where General Eisenhower's Supreme Headquarters had temporarily come to rest in its increasingly rapid pursuit of the disintegrating German forces. The nondescript room in which the surrender was signed was the largest in a nondescript building which more resembled an industrial structure than a school.

It was Eisenhower's war room. The walls were covered with brightly coloured maps almost up to the ceiling. A month earlier General Jodl would have given an army corps to have seen those maps which not only showed the Allied battle order, communications systems, supply network, casualties and future plans, but also the Ger-

mans' own hopeless position. At one end of the room there was a long, battered black table which had doubtless served for countless class-room demonstrations, experiments, lectures and faculty meetings. Now it was to be lent to history.

The whole room was bathed in intense light for the benefit of the cameramen and photographers, who were recording the event. When General Jodl and Admiral Friedberg, the German plenipotentiaries, entered about an hour and a half after the glare, the two could be seen impassively across that rickety black table British Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan, General François Sevez of France, British Admiral Harold Burroughs, commanding the Allied Naval Forces, Lieutenant-General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's Chief of Staff and the principal Allied negotiator, Russian Generals Chermiakov and Susloparov, and General Spaniares, the US representative in Spain. For the first time in the history of the Forum. In other words, a good cross-section of the principal commanders who had brought about the German defeat—with the exception of General Eisenhower and Marshal Zhukov.

3. The United Nations has the responsibility of all citizens, regardless of race, ethnicity, or religion, to ensure that all citizens are treated equally and that all citizens are treated with respect and dignity.
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10. The United Nations has the responsibility of all citizens, regardless of race, ethnicity, or religion, to ensure that all citizens are treated equally and that all citizens are treated with respect and dignity.

General Jodl, top, with Admiral Friedeburg (right) signs the surrender documents which ended the war, at Rheims on May 7, 1945. Another document above, had been signed on May 4 at Lüneburg by Germans in Holland, Belgium and north-west Germany.

General Jodl and Admiral Friedeburg were resplendent in their crisp uniforms with the double red stripe on the German General Staff on their cavalry breeches, in contrast to the rumpled field uniforms of most of the Allied officers. They marched stiffly down the aisle to the table, Jodl's face, in particular, like a death mask. They

bowed slightly as they reached the seated Allied officers. General Smith motioned to them to sit down facing them. The German's eyes seemed caught by the extraordinary aspect of an officer of the Russian delegation whose head was as bald as a billiard ball, and whose fierce and unwavering

gaze fixed them like the very eye of doom. General Kenneth Strong began to pass the documents around for all four powers to sign. I made it 2.41 as Jodl signed the first one.

When he had finished the last at 2.45, General Jodl asked General Smith for permission to speak. In a strangled voice he said "With this signature the German people and the German armed forces are, for better or worse, delivered into the victors' hands. In this hour I can only express the hope that the victor will treat them with generosity."

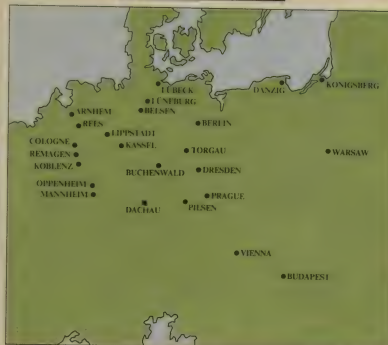
We were asked to give our solemn word that we would not break the news of the surrender.

They got no joy from the silent, impassive faces of the victorious officers of four nations. They got less when they mounted the stairs finally to meet General Eisenhower and his deputy, Air Chief Marshal Tedder, who merely asked curtly whether they understood the terms of the surrender and then dismissed them.

Eisenhower had taken no part in the negotiations. This was at the behest of the Russians who felt, not unreasonably, that to their efforts was due the major part of the total victory and that the surrender should take place in Berlin which they regarded as their conquest. What was unreasonable was that the German forces, now clamouring to surrender to the Western Allies, should be denied that opportunity in order to fit the Soviet time-table. So an agreement was struck that the Germans could surrender at Rheims in a muted way, but that the real, true ceremony of capitulation should take place nearly 48 hours later in Berlin.

Thus when I and 16 other correspondents of the four Allied powers were flown from Paris to Rheims on the morning of May 6 we were asked to give our solemn word that we would not break the news of the surrender until the full-dress occasion in Berlin. We obeyed. However one correspondent, Edward Kennedy of the Associated Press, felt he had a higher duty as a journalist to send out the news. He reasoned that since the Germans knew all about it, there was no reason why the peoples of the Allied Nations should be kept in ignorance. He had a point, but I and the other correspondents involved felt bound by a more statistc code, that having given our word we should keep it. So Kennedy had a scoop and the rest of us chafed for a while until the Germans themselves revealed their surrender.

The impact of the news was not, however, diminished by the delay in its official confirmation. Whole populations felt, as did we in that schoolroom in Rheims on that early morning, an immense lifting of a burden, an exultant feeling that we had banished an evil shadow from the world.



COUNTDOWN TO VICTORY

1945		offensive towards Berlin; Belsen overrun	
January			
12	Russian offensive starts at Baranov on the Vistula	18	German Army Group B surrenders in Ruhr to US troops; US Third Army enters Czechoslovakia
February			
4-12	Yalta conference (Ukraine)	20	US Seventh Army takes Nuremberg
13	RAF bombers raid Dresden; Russian troops take Budapest	23	Himmler makes surrender offer to Western Allies
23	US Ninth Army crosses Roer	25	American and Russian troops meet at Torgau on the Elbe
March		26	Russian troops enter Berlin
5	US First Army unit enter Cologne (secured March 7)	28	Mussolini is executed by partisans
7	US Ninth Armored Division crosses the Rhine over bridge at Remagen	29	Dachau overrun
17	US troops take Koblenz	30	Hitler dies in bunker. Dönitz is chosen as head of state
22	US Third Army crosses Rhine at Oppenheim		
23	British Second Army begins crossing Rhine near Rees	May	
27	Last V-2 falls on Britain at Orpington, Kent	2	Berlin surrenders to Russian troops; British Second Army reaches the Baltic
28	Last air raid warning in London	3	German forces surrender in Italy
29	US troops take Mannheim	4	German forces in Holland, Denmark and north-west Germany surrender to Montgomery at Lüneburg Heath
30	Russian troops take Danzig	5	Uprising in Prague
April		7	All German forces surrender unconditionally at 2.41 am at Rheims. This was ratified just before midnight on May 8
1	German troops surrounded in Ruhr	8	VE Day proclaimed
9	Allies begin major offensive in Italy	9	Prague liberated; Channel Islands liberated
10	Russian troops take Königsberg after 21-month siege	13	Last German resistance ceases in Czechoslovakia, thus ending fighting in Europe
12	Bochenwald overrun		
13	Roosevelt dies; Truman succeeds as US President		
13	Russian troops take Vienna		
13	British troops take Arnheim		
16	Russian troops begin final		



LONDON ON VE DAY

by Theodora FitzGibbon

The tense mood in the capital during the final months of the war gave way to excited celebration one early summer's day when the church bells began to peal. The author, then 25 years old and living in Chelsea, recalls how she learnt of victory, toasted it at the Six Bells pub, chipped a tooth riding down Piccadilly on a car bonnet and climbed a lamp-post outside the Café Royal.

We had learnt never to plan anything ahead; too many places disappeared, friends never returned, so generally we took what came and realized that if you woke up in one piece it was something to be thankful for, and we were. In the early summer of 1944 people thought the end of the war was imminent and we young ones hoped they were right. But then in July came the devastating flying bombs, to be followed in September by the V-2 rockets. Our hopes were once more put aside as London, again, was the scene of destruction and death.

Chelsea, where I had lived since 1940, had witnessed many such scenes:

the enemy planes flew up the Thames, past London Bridge, Victoria, Chelsea, sometimes dropping their deadly cargo indiscriminately. Even five years later certain places seemed almost engulfed in dust, like a thick, heavy fog which choked the nose and throat.

My husband, Constantine, who was in the Army doing Intelligence work, had managed to get himself transferred to Paris just in time for the liberation on August 25, 1944, and was now back in London, working there with both the American and the British Army.

We did not want to hear too much hard news, in case it was unpleasant.

We used to go to the local, often beerless, pubs as much for the company and conversation, for the drink was delivered only once a week and when that finished, you had to wait until it came in again. It was extremely difficult to entertain at home, for food was very scarce too.

The scanty four-page newspapers gave little news, but we were used to that. The wireless, as the radio was called, was equally silent on hard news, so often we ignored it. I remember that we did not want to hear too much, in case it was unpleasant. There was, however, one marvellous, natural bonus. The early summer was quite beautiful: the sky serene, a gentle warmth and golden rays of sun which filtered through the leaves.

VE Day, May 8, 1945: Theodora FitzGibbon, inset, joined the crowds celebrating in London at Piccadilly Circus, far left, and Regent Street, left.



in the square I was living in. It made everything look fresh and young, which suited our hopes.

May 8 was just such a day and it began as many other days had in the past week. The warmth somehow gave a feeling of lazy contentment, taking away any tenseness. I walked up to the King's Road in Chelsea with the dog to do some shopping, for there was so little to buy that one tended to try every day to see what was in the shops. By this time it was late morning and I was to meet the elderly writer Norman Douglas for a drink and a sandwich at lunchtime. Was it my imagination, or did there seem to be more people about that morning? It all seemed noisier and livelier somehow. Then, I realized I was hearing something I hadn't heard for years. Church bells! I stopped a woman in the street: "Can you hear church bells," I asked, "or am I imagining things?" She stopped quite still, looking solemn, then her face broke into a beautiful smile and she put out her arms and hugged me.

"It's the end of the bloomin' war," she cried, then she turned round several times in the street with her arms held high above her head. Inclined to be cautious over such exciting news, I suggested we go into the Six Bells pub and ask them to put the wireless on. There was no need to do that, for as we entered we heard the announcement. Strangers in the pub kissed each other, kissed the barman, kissed the old paperman who had come in from outside and anyone else they could see. "Drinks all round," we demanded. Alas, this great day was celebrated initially by half a pint of luke-warm, weak-tasting "pool" bitter beer, but somehow it tasted like nectar. More

I decided in a state of great euphoria I would go outside and climb a lamp-post.

and more people crowded into the pub, men in overalls or uniforms, women with aprons on—everybody just stopped work to celebrate. Some were crying, perhaps over loved relatives or friends who would not come back, and at the back of all our minds was the thought of the war in the Far East which continued relentlessly.

Off to meet Norman Douglas at the Crossed Keys in Lawrence Street, almost running in my attempt to share my happiness. He was there with a mutual friend, Desmond Ryan, also a writer, a cosmopolitan figure whom I had first met in Paris. Norman was holding his audience spellbound with anecdotes of Armistice Day in 1918. Vivid descriptions of love-making in the streets; pubs and restaurants open all night; champagne flowing like a highland stream and many other choice tidbits. I couldn't think of anything to do which was vaguely startling to mark this day. Desmond then said we must go up to Piccadilly that night;

he had an old car somewhere, put away for lack of petrol. When Constantine came back we would all go off in it.

I had decided that when we reached Piccadilly I would stand on the bonnet of the car the whole length of the street. It would be so crowded we wouldn't be able to go very fast. In fact there was only a thin stream of people straggling along, consequently the car went much faster than I had expected, so I tripped forward and chipped my front tooth. Inside the car after that! There was Augustus John, hands behind his back, looking quite furious, going in the opposite direction. Not enough licentiousness obviously.

We went on and at the Circus found much thicker crowds, mostly around Eros, some dancing, some singing, some just embracing, all very good-natured and happy. There was little sign of heavy drinking, but no doubt, like all of us, they had found drink difficult to get. Regent Street had still more people and we decided to go to the Café Royal.

All along these streets the lights were blazing, which after the wartime blackout made it all seem like a large and beautiful funfair. Most of London seemed to have had the same idea as we had, for the Café Royal was crowded as we looked round the room. Then we saw two friends at a table who signalled us to join them. There was whisky, gin, even, I think, a little wine; the drinks came as they had not done for nearly five years, the marble-topped table damp and spattered, not with weak beer, but with what we chose to call "the good stuff".

I decided in a state of great euphoria I would go outside and climb a lamp-post, in which I was immediately joined by one of the friends we had met. It seemed easy after all those whiskies; up those tall, ornate Regent Street lamp-posts we went, sat on the cross-bars at the top and had a marvellous view of everything. The boards had not yet been taken down from around Eros. The singing was now quite lusty with far more people and, something we never expected to see, floodlighting. It was very exciting, seen from our high-above-the-crowd perches. Nowhere appeared in any danger of closing, but I think we must have almost run out of money, for after midnight we made our way home.

Back to Paulton Square, the Black Lion pub still open, where we decided to have a night-cap. It, too, was full. People were discussing when Bill or Jack would be home, when rationing would be over, and when would the Japanese pack it in? Everyone had theories, none of which proved right as it turned out.

It was, after all, only half the war which had ended, but it was indeed something to be going on with and never to be forgotten.

Theodora FitzGibbon's two volumes of autobiography, *With Love* (1938-1946) and *Love Lies a Loss* (1946-1959) are published by Century.



HOW MY WAR ENDED

By the terms of the German surrender, all hostilities ceased at 2301 hours on May 8. Six Britons, variously located around the theatre of war, record, below, vivid and poignant memories of how each of their own wars drew to a close.

KASSEL, GERMANY ON VE DAY

by Frank Gillard

BBC War Correspondent

I had come through the war with Montgomery's forces, from North Africa onwards. But for the last few weeks I had joined the enormously powerful 12th Army Group in the central sector. The BBC needed coverage of 12th Army Group, and General Omar Bradley, its quiet, self-effacing, immensely able C-in-C, had agreed to have me at his HQ, Eagle Tac as it was called, along with my technical colleagues and all their recording and transmitter equipment, although no war correspondent had previously been allowed to base himself there. Eagle Tac proved to be such an effective reporting centre that soon broadcasting correspondents from the American networks wanted to join us.

On May 5 I had accompanied General Bradley on a trip deep into Russian-held territory at the invitation of Marshal Konev, and at his headquarters villa near the Polish frontier the Marshal had provided a celebration to remember—an enormous banquet, followed by hours of entertainment from the Red Army Choir, the Cossack Dancers, and the cream of Russian talent. Now, on May 8, we had reached the day of Germany's formal surrender.

For us, in the heart of vanquished Germany, the weather matched the glory of the day. Brilliant sunshine streamed down from deep blue skies. The whole world seemed radiant. This, beyond question, was the day of the century and, in a sense, we at this Army Group Headquarters were at one of its historic focus points.

Early that morning we—half a dozen war correspondents—stood in the general's map room, taking a look

at the final disposition of the forces of the Allies, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. There was plenty of lively, animated conversation between us, but no military briefing was offered. The ceasefire had already been issued and it was in force everywhere.

For the first time in years I had no morning report to send to the BBC. But I drove out to their mobile transmitter 5 miles away, and put over an account of how the news of the surrender had reached the Army Group HQ, and how it had been flashed from there, within minutes, to all units of the three million men under command. I ended the dispatch with snatches of exuberant comment from fighting men, which I had recorded overnight in readiness.

In the late evening I was scheduled to broadcast again, to introduce General Bradley in the BBC's *Victory Report*. But that was many hours ahead. I reflected that in every city, town and village of the Allied world this would be a day of public celebration and jubilation. Perhaps, by way of contrast, people would be interested to know what sort of a day it was on the

One more vast wilderness of rubble. . .blackened ruins, with birds flying in and out of the jagged window holes.

other side of the line, in one of the conquered cities. So I set off on a two-hour drive to Kassel, the industrial centre which had been the starting point of the last great Allied offensive on our front.

On the way I stopped here and there to talk to troops relaxing on their day of triumph. "It's so quiet I can't get used to it," one of them said. The rest of us knew what he meant. I set up my microphone in what had been the main square of Kassel. That day it was not recognizable. It was just one more vast wilderness of rubble. The municipal buildings, the great museums, the fine



LIBERATION AND DEFEAT

War photographer Bert Hardy recorded the horror of Belsen, left. On VE Day he noted in his French pocket diary, "War in Europe is over. Photograph German people listening to proclamation in Lüneburg", below. He recalls, "It was just another day—not like the fun and games in London. I don't think we even bothered to have a drink."



shops, were just blackened ruins, with birds flying in and out of the jagged window holes in the tottering walls.

Traffic, mostly military, trundled slowly along the tracks cleared of debris. About one truck in 10 was German, with the words "Military Government" painted on it. One enterprising trader was in business. He had set up a rough stall amid the rubble and was selling vegetables. He had no wrapping paper. The potatoes and carrots were tipped loose into the shopping bags of his customers, and they carried away their rhubarb under their arms. Most of the people of Kassel had moved out of the devastated city into the hinterland. The few who were left lived mostly in cellars. On the streets they were quiet and subdued, almost sullen. They passed me with averted eyes. No word passed between us.

These Germans were far outnumbered by displaced persons and the victims of Nazi forced labour policies. Hundreds of thousands of such people—Jews, suspected opponents of the régime, foreigners from many lands—had been ruthlessly torn from their homes and evacuated as slave labourers to distant places. Now, weak, emaciated and abandoned, they were plodding back across Europe on foot, heading for their homes hundreds of miles away.

Two such silent, pathetic columns passed continually through the square in Kassel as I made that VE Day recording. One line, mainly Poles, was going east. The other, mostly Belgian and French people, was looking west. They symbolized, vividly, pathetically and poignantly, the profound tragedy of the war we had just brought to a finish.

FROM BELSEN TO LÜBECK

by Gerard Mansell
Intelligence officer

The tanks of Eighth Corps, Monty's "Corps de Chasse", moved deep into Germany through the Westphalian countryside in the early days of April. One large town after another was found to be shattered by bombing, the now familiar ghostly ruins rising in fantastic shapes above the mounds of rubble. The few German civilians encountered looked dazed, sullen and dispirited. If some welcomed the approaching end, as they must have done if only in resignation, they did not show it. Only the thousands of displaced persons, slave workers and freed prisoners of war from many nations who emerged daily as if from nowhere showed signs that, for them, the moment of freedom had arrived.

In one empty farmhouse where we sought shelter one night we were welcomed by a young Ukrainian teacher who managed to produce her national dress, made up all the available beds for us with fresh sheets and served us at table with grace and a glow of solemn gratitude on her face. It was a solitary moment of beauty, not repeated. Only a few days later we were to come face to face with the appalling reality of what Nazi rule had meant for millions.

It began undramatically. As our leading armoured cars were feeling their way across the River Aller and on to the Lüneburg Heath, they reported

that two Wehrmacht colonels had come forward bearing white flags. Their story was that a large internment camp with up to 50,000 inmates lay just ahead. Typhus and dysentery were rife in the camp, they said, and food was short. In their view it was important that no fighting should take place around the camp and that it should be handed over to the British in an orderly fashion. Otherwise they feared that the inmates would break out and disease would spread across the countryside.

**Skeletal figures with
shaven heads. . . deep pits
half-full of emaciated,
naked corpses.**

They were brought to Corps Headquarters, where negotiations started round a farmhouse kitchen table. The SS were in charge of the camp, the colonels said. They themselves had no authority over it and were not responsible for the conditions. They were told that unless they agreed to the SS guards being handed over the British advance would continue, whatever the consequences. They replied that that was a matter for the local German Army Commander. Our Corps Chief of Staff, Victor Fitzgeorge Balfour, a fluent German-speaker, then asked where he was to be found. Army Headquarters, they said, was 70 or 80 kilometres to the north. "In that case let's go there," Fitzgeorge Balfour said.

So at nightfall, accompanied by another German-speaking British officer, Captain Paul Cherrington, and a German army escort, he set off in his Humber staff car across the German

lines and made for German Army Headquarters. On arrival he was told that only SS Reichsführer Himmler himself could give the necessary order. He was reached on the telephone by the German Army Commander, himself a senior Waffen SS general, and duly gave his agreement. The deal was struck. The British party set off on its perilous journey through the night back to the Allied lines.

A few hours later on April 16 the first British officer, Captain Derek Sington, a German-speaking former journalist working for Psychological Warfare, entered the camp. It was Belsen.

The name is now symbolic of all the horrors of the Nazi concentration camps. Newsreels, still photographs and first-hand accounts have ensured that the whole world is now familiar with the nightmarish evidence of Nazi bestiality. But the existence of Belsen was not known to us beforehand.

We had heard of concentration camps, but we were utterly unprepared for the scenes which greeted us—the shabby rows of flimsy wooden huts packed with hundreds of the dead and dying, lying heaped on the tiered bunks; the pathetic little knots of listless, skeletal figures with shaven heads, their grimy, striped prison garments hanging loosely from their protruding bones; the deep pits half-full of emaciated, naked corpses; the bodies lying everywhere in hundreds, the living often indistinguishable from the dead; the forlorn heaps of shoes, spectacles and other effects, all that remained of the thousands whose ashes now covered the ground with a fine powder; the stories of beatings and tortures; the pervading

smell of rotting bodies; and the sinister, doomladen atmosphere of the place, hidden in the sombre forests of the Lüneburg Heath.

Among the British soldiers who took over the camp on that April day the first reaction was one of stunned horror and bewilderment, quickly followed by dark fury. Some were physically sick at the sights before them, and battle-hardened men wept in pity. Many took it out on the SS guards.

Kramer, the commandant, was severely beaten up as he was being taken away. Some guards were shot out of hand on one pretext or another. The rest were made to bury the dead and clean up the camp, hustled at bayonet point and urged on none too gently with rifle butts. Eleven were executed after a lengthy, punctiliously conducted trial at Lüneburg, part of which I was able to attend. Villagers from the neighbourhood were taken round the camp. Many broke down in horror and shame. But young Germans who were later made to watch a film of the camp in a cinema in Lüneburg laughed and jeered in disbelief.

Soon after the liberation of Belsen we moved on towards the Elbe and eventually the Baltic. Three army field ambulance units were left behind in the camp, with their doctors, nurses and field hospitals, to care for the survivors and stem the tide of disease. But despite their efforts another 13,000 died in the weeks that followed. Among the survivors was a woman Derek Sington later married.

For us the war ended on May 4 in a schoolroom in the outskirts of Lübeck. Outside, disintegration had reached its final stages. Hundreds of thousands of disarmed German troops were trailing miserably down the Hamburg autobahn, dirty, bedraggled and stunned by defeat. Thousands of refugees from the east thronged the roads. In a café where they had been assembled under guard, eight German generals tried to persuade me that we ought to join forces with them to fight the oncoming Russians. Their personal weapons had to be taken forcibly.

In the Lübeck schoolroom staff officers of both sides sat calmly round a large table, belying the chaos outside, discussing the modalities of surrender and its aftermath. One and a half million German troops were involved, many of them in flight from the Russian front. A grizzled, elderly major-general of the old school led the German side. But he soon gave up and left the detail to a young, much decorated parachute major, a veteran of Crete, who brought the same brisk efficiency to bear on the logistics of surrender as he had no doubt done not long before to operations of war.

I can remember no jubilation on the day the act of surrender was signed at Monty's headquarters on Lüneburg Heath, only a feeling of anticlimax. I think we were too numbed and tired. It was a time to try to remember that there were some good Germans. Not many of us were prepared to believe it.

THE FINAL DAYS IN HOLLAND

by Sir Denis Hamilton

Battalion commander

The 49th West Riding Division, in which I was serving in April, 1945, was ordered to recapture Arnhem and then move swiftly to liberate Amsterdam, where thousands of people were thought to be starving.

The 7th Battalion the Duke of Wellington's had a series of unexpected crises, like an ammunition truck blowing up, blocking the road. I had to guide along another road two reserve companies not previously briefed. However, we recaptured the centre of Arnhem and I put my headquarters in the railway booking office on April 13.

After a rather nasty counter-attack by a brigade of Dutch SS in German uniform using obsolete French tanks, which caused us many casualties, but followed by a crushing reprisal in which we took every single man prisoner, we were ordered to move fast

I sat down to write letters of condolence to the families of my dead. I felt sick and angry.

along the Amsterdam road. I put the whole of my battalion on the top of a squadron of Canadian tanks and moved off, capturing on the way Wageningen, which a few days later was to be the scene of the surrender of the general commanding all the German forces in Holland.

We were then stopped by a message which emanated from Queen Wilhelmina, who did not want the banks of the Zuyder Zee blown up and the wonderful fertile ground in front of us, which the Dutch had painstakingly reclaimed for centuries, reflooded with salt water. However, early on May 6 we were released and set off for Amsterdam with orders to recapture, on the way, the Dutch royal palace, Soestdijk, in the village of Baarn. The armoured cars were first there but we rounded up the Germans in the area and the minimum damage was done.

During the day my brigade was ordered to take the surrender of our old enemies from the beachhead, the German Sixth Parachute Division. I talked to the divisional commander and his three staff officers, and with Brigadier Henry Wood we arranged that the whole of the division would pass through a series of fields, handing in their equipment. Each field was designated for a particular purpose.

Early in the evening I left my jeep and driver on the road while I crossed to the fields. Suddenly there was the worst explosion I have ever exper-



A POW RETURNS HOME

by John Casson

Prisoner-of-war



Lieutenant Colonel Denis Hamilton, above. Top, the Czechoslovakians believed the war-time alliances would last after they welcomed the Red Army into Prague on May 9.

enced. Rather the worse for wear, I rushed back to my jeep and radioed for ambulances and doctors as it was clear there were dozens of men killed from both sides.

On talking to the German commander a day afterwards, I discovered that the German engineers had been making a pile of antipersonnel glass mines. Stupidly, they had allowed the pile to grow larger, with the result that those at the bottom had exploded and the whole field of mines and ammunition ignited. I went back to my own headquarters and sat down to write letters of condolence to the families of my dead who, no doubt, had already sent their own letters home saying they had survived. I felt sick and angry.

Next morning I ordered the battalion to put on their best turnout and shine their boots for the first time in a year and they marched past while every citizen of Baarn turned out to cheer. It was VE Day but soon we were making plans to escort another convoy of 300 trucks carrying food to the starving people of Amsterdam.

I had been captured in Norway on June 13, 1940, while commanding 803 Squadron in *Ark Royal*. Together with 800 Squadron we had dive-bombed the *Scharnhorst* anchored at Trondheim. I was shot down and had made a crash landing in Orkdal fjord.

After nearly five years in various POW camps I was with a bunch of RAF prisoners (being an RN flyer, I was with the RAF) just outside Lübeck. On, I think, the last day of April we were picnic breakfasting in a farmyard when a Churchill tank trundled in and we were liberated. A day or two later a whole crowd of us were put into lorries and taken down the line to Lüneburg, where we spent a couple of nights. Then by lorry again we were

My youngest daughter, aged six, obviously didn't know who the hell I was... Vast anti-climax!

taken to some barracks in a place called Boghorst.

By May 7 there were some 1,500 to 2,000 flyers gathered in. The British major in charge of our "camp" at Boghorst told us that we could not be flown out for a couple of weeks. I was one of the senior people so I wandered into the town and found an RAF officer with a jeep, which I borrowed. I drove the few miles to Rheine airfield that had been taken over by the RAF, found the CO and said, "There are nearly 2,000 RAF officers ex-POW in

Boghorst and the major says he can't get us out for a fortnight."

"Oh," said the CO (a very young Wing-Commander), "we'll see about that." He picked up the phone and called "Bomber" Harris, head of Bomber Command, who said that Bomber Command would be at Rheine the next day to pick us all up. The CO then said to me, "Why don't you stay the night here, and we'll fly you tomorrow to Dunsfold [in Surrey]".

I got to Dunsfold with two other RAF chaps at mid-day on VE-Day. A whole hangar was filled with a banquet for hundreds of returning POWs. I was grabbed by a naval petty officer (after we had been deloused—we were clean anyway) and put on a train to Portsmouth. There I was met by a naval officer of the guard and taken to the RN barracks—a ration book, clothing and petrol coupons were provided—and I was put on the train to London.

My wife and children were at Ashted, Surrey. I knew the address but not the phone number and everyone at phone inquiries was as high as a kite so I couldn't phone. I finally arrived at Ashted station in khaki trousers, a very dirty naval jacket and cap and started to walk the last mile home. I was given a lift by a jovial celebrating family and was taken to "my" front door to be met by my sister, Mary, who said my wife and two elder children were out at a thanksgiving service on the village green. My youngest daughter, aged six, was at home but obviously didn't know who the hell I was (she had been one year old when I had seen her last). Vast anti-climax!

Half an hour later home they came and we all fell over each other. My parents, Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson, were acting on tour in the north somewhere and we phoned them that evening. It was a great day indeed.

ON THE ROAD TO PRAGUE

by Stanley Baron

The News Chronicle war correspondent

Even while the German surrender was being signed, there was still the sound and smell of war in Czechoslovakia. There was no question there of a German standstill. A huge defeated army was in full flight from the east in the desperate hope of reaching the sanctuary, as they saw it, of the American military zone. With three others including our driver, I started on May 9 on what was a rather absurd attempt to get into Prague 60 miles ahead of the American standstill line running through Carlsbad and Pilsen 50 miles inside the Czech border.

A hint of what was to come occurred in the yard of the building in Pilsen where the American General Huebner (V Corps) had set up his HQ. Three

German colonels, mistaking me for an American officer, presented themselves with heel-clicks and offered me the surrender of the German First Tank Army "and all other German soldiers on this front". With unbelievable effrontery and optimism they said we would all then be able to fight the communists. I directed them to the general.

That is when I saw Konrad Henlein's body stretched out on a table. This puffy Sudetenlander's political activities and collusion with Hitler had provided the excuse for the invasion of 1938. In the American prison cage he had learned that he, like others, would be handed back to the Czechs or Russians and had thereupon committed suicide. His cadaver had been brought here to Pilsen for identification.

In the next room the tall, hollow-eyed SS General Karl Hermann Frank attempted to curry favour with all who would listen. This was the monster of Lidice. He had ordered the shooting of some 200 people, including seven women, in this Czech village on the pretext that they harboured the assassins of Reinhard Heydrich, Hitler's deputy in Prague. The other inhabitants had been deported to concentration camps—Ravensbrück was the most notorious—and all the houses in the village razed.

Now he claimed it was the Czech "communists" whom he had sadly been obliged to kill at Lidice. In fact Hitler had demanded the slaughter of 30,000. He, Karl Hermann Frank, Protector of Bohemia and Moravia,

had averted it. Opening his jacket, he pulled out holiday snapshots of his wife and children, proving he was a good family man.

He was not there on my return that night. The three colonels had also gone, their pleas rejected. And on the roads some 400,000 German soldiers and German Czech (Sudeten) refugees were tramping fruitlessly westwards.

Near the town of Beroun we ran into a long gap in their ranks. The reason was soon clear: a Russian tank blocked the entrance under a banner stretched from side to side of the street, welcoming "Our American Liberators". It was too optimistic. Marshal Konev had detached a task force from the encirclement of Prague in order to cut the Pilsen road, along which, he must have surmised, General Patton would have advanced if allowed.

At one sinister moment we looked down from a rise on a group of black-uniformed horsemen.

An excited Czech guided us around the as yet ungarded outskirts of the town. At the far end another banner welcomed "Our Russian Comrades". A Russian sentry hesitantly waved us on. A mile or two beyond came the first of more stragglers, not knowing the trap into which they were marching. Now and again there was the glint of a weapon, but no one threatened.

And then we were running into the suburbs of Prague, to be stopped by a Russian patrol who allowed us to talk to the one English-speaker in a milling crowd of citizens. Yes, there was still fighting in the city centre, where some SS soldiers had attempted to hold the railway station. No, it would not be wise to go on, and the radio station, from which we had optimistically hoped to broadcast, had been in Soviet hands for three days. We conferred.

Our driver said, "Can I join in? I'm thinking of what my old Granny in Brooklyn would say. She'd say, 'There's that silly Sammy goes and gets himself killed the day after the war is over.' I vote we go back." So we did.

We passed a young nurse leading a file of wounded men with bandages over their eyes, blindly walking, each with a hand on the shoulder of the man in front. We passed men on crutches and men who just sat by the road, vacantly watching.

At one sinister moment we looked down from a rise on a group of black-uniformed horsemen. They alone, among the late enemy, appeared to have maintained some sort of discipline. They, too, did they know it, were heading into captivity at Beroun or, attempting to escape, would be caught sooner or later by Czech partisans.

At Pilsen a drunken American cook waved a bottle of slivovitz in welcome.

It was May 10, time to go home. That good family man, General Karl Hermann Frank, by the way, was handed over to the Czechs and hanged.

VE DAY BRIEFING

EVENTS

May 5, 7.30pm. Princess Anne attends A Royal Celebration of 40 Years of Peace. Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (437 6834). £4-£25 in aid of Army Benevolent Fund, King George's Fund for Sailors and RAF Benevolent Fund.

May 5, 6pm. Stage Door Canteen. Wear uniform or 1940s dress for an evening of dancing and entertainment to the music of Syd Lawrence and the Herb Miller orchestras. Many stars are expected to attend. Lyceum, Wellington St, WC2 (388 1382). £11.50 in aid of UNICEF.

May 8, 11.30am. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a service at Westminster Abbey to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the end of the Second World War. Seats by invitation only.

May 4-15. Imperial War Museum 45-85 Festival. Events include a chamber opera, *The Emperor of Atlantis*, composed in Theresienstadt concentration camp in 1944 by Viktor Ullman (May 7, 8, 9, 7.30pm); an entertainment of poetry, prose and music performed by Virginia McKenna, Joss Ackland and Elizabeth Counsell (May 5, 7.30pm); a

jazz concert by Humphrey Lyttelton (May 4, 7.30pm); a specially commissioned play by Roger Stennett about 1945 called *Tomorrow, Just You Wait And See* (May 14, 15, 7.30pm); a fashion show of wartime clothes by the London College of Fashion (May 4, 2.15pm); a demonstration of wartime economy cooking (May 12, 3.30pm); talks, films and activities for children including a VE Day party workshop (May 4, 10am); and When They Sound the Last All Clear, an exhibition featuring life at home and abroad in 1945 (May 4-Dec 31). Further details can be obtained from Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Road, SE1 735 8922.

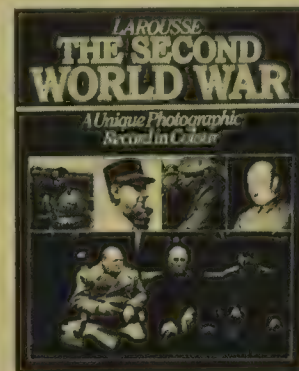


BOOKS

Victory in Europe by Max Hastings; Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95, April 29.

The World We Fought For by Robert Kee; Hamish Hamilton, £12.50, May 8.

VE-Day: Victory in Europe 1945 by Robin Cross; Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95, May 8.



Larousse: The Second World War, A Unique Photographic Record in Colour; Hamlyn, £15, May 8.

Poems of the Second World War: The Oasis Collection edited by Victor Selwyn; Dent, £10.95, May 8.

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MOTORING

Lotus's chequered career

by Stuart Marshall

For a company that in terms of the motor industry is still young, Lotus has packed a lot into its 30 years. It all began in a lock-up garage in North London, where kits of parts for the home assembly of stark two-seaters were prepared by that genius of the motoring world, Colin Chapman.

He had engineering knowledge and was a good businessman, so his little firm prospered at a time when many similar enterprises went rapidly to the wall. By 1960 he was making Formula 1 racing cars; two years later he introduced the Elan two-seater, a car whose handling and roadholding are still spoken of with bated breath by drivers of sporting machinery.

In 1963 he joined with Ford to produce the Lotus Cortina, a modified family saloon with the Elan's engine, starting a trend for "hotted-up", high-volume cars that is stronger than ever today. The mid-engined Europa, first powered by Renault, then by Ford, appeared in 1966; the Elan 2+2 coupé, the first car with a stress-bearing body shell made of reinforced plastics, followed. In the mid 1970s Lotus, by now making its own engines and transmissions, went a long way up-market, introducing a four-seat sports saloon, the Elite. The next new model was the mid-engined Esprit, used by James Bond on land and under water. It was pure fantasy, but the Esprit, especially in its turbocharged version, is still one of Britain's fastest road cars.

At about this time things began to go wrong for Lotus. The company was involved with the ill-fated and misconceived de Lorean project. As designed, the rear-engined, stainless steel-clad sports car would have been a very odd machine to drive, due to its excessively tail-heavy weight distribution. Colin Chapman and his team made it work, but the whole project foundered amid financial and political scandals that still rumble on. And three years ago Chapman suddenly died.

The company's fortunes were at a low ebb and for a time its survival seemed doubtful. But a year or two

previously Colin Chapman and his board had negotiated an agreement with Japan's largest motor manufacturer, Toyota, for co-operation in engineering, manufacturing and "other areas". As sales of the expensive Lotus sports saloons and coupés were hit by the world-wide recession of the early 1980s, Lotus's eventual salvation lay in undertaking engineering development work for other companies, as Porsche does in Germany. New finance was made available from various sources, not least from British Car Auctions, whose multi-millionaire chairman, David Wickens, has unbounded faith in Lotus's future as a high-performance car producer and as a research and development powerhouse.

At the 1984 International Motor Show at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, two new Lotus cars were revealed. One, an in-the-metal prototype, was the Etna, a mid-engined, V8-powered Ferrari challenger with a top speed of 180 mph. The other, named the Eminence, is still on the drawing board but is scheduled for production in 1988. It has the same V8 high-efficiency engine producing 360 horsepower (580 horsepower with twin turbochargers) and such high-technology features as optional four-wheel drive, computer control of all major operating systems and active suspension.

If these limited-production and clearly very expensive cars are the peak of the Lotus pyramid of the 1990s and beyond, the base will be the X-100, a new sports two-seater making considerable use of Toyota technology and components. It will have the 1.6 litre, 16-valve, twin overhead camshaft engine already used in the Toyota Corolla GT and mid-engined MR2 cars, and will be combined with front-wheel drive and a Toyota five-speed gearbox.

The X-100—Lotus is looking for a proper name but has ruled out calling it the Elan—will make its debut at the Birmingham motor show in October, 1986, and go on sale shortly afterwards. A price of between £10,000 and £12,000 according to specification has been mentioned and total output is unlikely to be more than 3,500 a year.



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Japan's ancient gardens

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

The Japanese were creating gardens more than 1,000 years ago. These photographs capture the subtle symbolism of the lovingly preserved gardens, still an important part of the country's culture.



The Enman-in temple garden at Otsu on Lake Biwa, top, established in the early Heian period (784-1183), was laid out in its present form in 1647. It follows the *kansho* style, designed to be appreciated from the house, and is framed by sliding, paper screens. Rocks are a feature of the garden, the one photographed which is called Horai Jima (Happiness Isle) among them. Above left, a stone tied with a cord shows the path is out of bounds. Above centre, a woman works in the outer garden of Ryoan-ji, a Kyoto temple famous for its dry garden. Above right, stepping stones echo the lily pads in the garden of the Heian Shrine, Kyoto.

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Top, Priest Nakajima in the temple garden of Saikyō-ji, designed in the 17th century by Japan's most famous landscape designer, Kobori Enshū. Centre, a pine tree in the shape of a ship at the Golden Pavilion, Kinkaku-ji. Above, school children visit Kenrokuen Park, Kanazawa. Studying the old gardens is part of their education. Kenrokuen was started in 1675 but completed in its present form only about 150 years



ago. Top, a private garden in Kyoto showing the influence of 16th-century tea house gardens which introduced the garden path, stone lanterns and stepping stones. Centre right, calm simplicity in a combination of lantern, moss and trees beside a lake. Right, rocks and raked gravel suggest a mountain torrent in a few square yards in the dry garden at Daisen-in, Kyoto, completed in 1512.





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TRAVEL

Set fair for a holiday in the Azores

by Liz Hulme

If a yachtsman set out from New York, hoisted sail and was washed overboard, his vessel might well be borne by prevailing winds across the Atlantic to the Portuguese archipelago of the Azores, one of several legendary sites of the submerged empire of Atlantis. Had he remained at the helm, he might have seen a sight as rare as it is controversial: even today a handful of the 300,000 islanders still harpoon whales from open boats. Their dangerous practice of close-range harpooning has an obscure history: "It is not known why," wrote Herman Melville in 1851 in *Moby Dick*, "but the best whalers come from among these islands."

The Azores are still an unfamiliar holiday destination. Situated some 900 miles west of Lisbon and 2,500 miles east of New York, suspended between the continents, this volcanic archipelago comprises nine islands and is the farthest point west in Europe. The islands' historic role has been as a stepping-stone for travellers from the time of Columbus to the age of Concorde. Now cruise liners ride briefly at anchor off the island of São Miguel before pressing on, and yachtsmen find refuge in the harbour of Horta, Faial island. Few, however, arrive with the intention of staying longer than is necessary to refuel, refit or recuperate.

Reluctance to linger in the Azores may derive from their reputation as a vortex of bad weather. The British view has been coloured by BBC shipping forecasts: fronts of high pressure over the islands meant mowing the lawn was on, while low pressure signalled the approach of a wet weekend. But while the Azores may be a focus of meteorological activity, the weather there is generally benign; despite sudden squalls conditions on these delightful and varied tropical islands are temperate and ideal for tourists as well as the plants which flower in abundance all year round. On the island of Faial banks of blue, pink and white hydrangeas are used to mark the divisions between fields. Exotic and commonplace vegetation grow side by side: jacaranda trees from Brazil and Australian paper trees next to Mediterranean planes and limes.

A very different picture presented itself to the earliest settlers in the 15th century when dense vegetation hindered exploration by Prince Henry the Navigator's seafarers. On Pico island the surface crust of volcanic ash had to be cracked open before vines could be planted.

Henry the Navigator's men had been charged with finding an ocean route to India from Portugal. They landed first at Santa Maria in the south

Azores, setting in train discovery of the eight remaining islands, which was completed by 1452. However, few Portuguese enrolled for the grim life offered by the new territory (the fact that *azores* in Portuguese means "vultures" no doubt increased their misgivings) so the way was opened for other colonists. French and Flemish settlers were brought in, the latter sent by the Duchess of Burgundy, the navigating Prince Henry's sister. One legacy of the Low countries is seen today on Graciosa, an island of windmills.

Flying from Lisbon, Portugal, most travellers arrive at São Miguel, at 40 miles long the largest of the group. In Ponta Delgada, the main town, traffic lights have yet to be introduced: untouched by the worst effects of modern architecture, the most developed of the Azorean islands retains a colonial atmosphere somewhere between continental Portugal and South America. Handsome squares and avenues are lined with black-and-white mosaic pavements and elegant mansions. The Georgian-style São Pedro hotel overlooking the port is a former residence of the American consul and contains a homely and inexpensive restaurant.

Hire cars are easily obtained and relatively cheap (prices start at around £10 a day for a small saloon) though drivers on São Miguel should beware of horses galloping along cobbled roads with milk churns lashed to their flanks. Watch out, too, for the diminutive yet potentially fierce cattle-dogs whose tails and ears are cropped, and which resemble tiny bears.

In the north-west of the island lies the crater of Sete Cidades (Seven Cities), where two interconnected lakes stretch out across the vast basin. Oddly, one is emerald green, the other midnight blue, a phenomenon resulting from the different species of algae which lie under the waters' surface.

Following the north road round the coast to the south of the island brings you to Furnas, and to one of the most remarkable features of the Azores' geology: 22 gushing, popping and bubbling thermal springs and mud-baths which give off clouds of dense sulphurous steam. Sunday lunch *alfresco* is popular here. Holes dug into the ground provide natural ovens in which stews are left to cook slowly. Behind the Art Deco-style Terra Nostra hotel, hot spring waters are collected into a naturally tepid swimming pool.

The explosive geysers are a reminder of the Azores' subterranean life, for the islands are blistered by craters. Joined at a depth of 5,000 feet below the sea by a basalt plinth, the archipelago forms part of the Mid Atlantic Ridge, a weak point in the earth's structure stretching from Iceland to Tristan da Cunha in the south Atlantic. In 1957 the Cape-

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Above, hydrangeas mark the divisions of land on the Azores island of Faial. Left, the northern coastline of São Miguel, the largest of the islands.

linhos volcano off the coast of Faial island erupted, devastating houses and crops. Many islanders emigrated to the United States as a result. In 1980 an earthquake shook the island of Terceira, destroying 70 per cent of Angra do Heroísmo, the main town. Ignoring this hazard, I visited a surviving building, the 17th-century library, which proved to be well supplied with old numbers of *The Illustrated London News*. Also available—recalling the strategic role played by Allied bases on the Azores in the Second World War—were dog-eared editions of *Atlantic Echo*, a paper produced by British forces stationed on the island.

Air travel is a prerequisite if you are short of time. In a week which started on São Miguel, I managed to visit four islands out of nine. The most inaccessible are Corvo and Flores in the far west, reached only by supply boat. For the remainder, inter-island flights are operated by the airline SATA. There are stupendous views, particularly when flying over Mount Pico, which at

7,613 feet is the highest point in Portugal. Pico boasts the last active whaling station in Europe, and is linked with Faial by boat. For anglers after smaller fry, these two islands typify the range of aquatic sports available in the Azores. Whether scuba-diving or fishing from open boats is preferred, there are ample supplies of swordfish, tuna, barracuda and merlin. Lakes on Flores island contain trout, perch and carp. Local tourist offices will advise on where to hire windsurfing and diving gear. Beaches are rare, and of black volcanic sand.

A holiday on the Azores is as active as you care to make it, and for those who favour long-distance hiking the archipelago offers a wide choice, from nature reserves to a stroll around the 7 kilometre rim of a crater. Fitness counts for much on the vertiginous terrain. In the villages night-life is confined to outdoor promenades, though the towns have succumbed to the disco. Eating out is rewarding, since local dishes feature seafoods and fresh

cheeses—no danger there of the bland flavours of international tourist cuisine. Azorean delicacies include varieties of shellfish (*mariscos*) and tartlets filled with cream cheese flavoured with almonds or spices (*queijadas*). Of the local wines the most famous is the *vinho verde* from Pico's black soil, which is reputed to have graced the table of the Tsars of Russia.

A good time to arrive in the Azores would be the first week in August, when the annual Sea Week is celebrated with gusto in the harbour of Horta on Faial island. The Azores may remain a haven for seafarers, but landlubbers are welcome, too.

Our Travel Editor writes:

For the independent traveller TAP Air Portugal flights from London (Heathrow) to Lisbon on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays connect with direct services to São Miguel (Ponta Delgada). On other days an overnight stay is required in Lisbon. Flights on services to the Azores are one-class. Current economy class return fares London-Azores (services also go to Terceira) range from £195 to £223 according to date of travel. TAP Air Portugal also have services from Madeira and New York. Inter-island air travel linking Terceira, São Miguel, Faial and Santa Maria are operated by the local airline SATA using turbo-prop aircraft. All the islands are also connected by boat.

There are no regular passenger sailings to the islands although a number of cruise liners call at Ponta Delgada in the summer months.

The climate is mild throughout the year, with a low temperature of around 14°C (57°F) in winter to a pleasant 22°C (72°F) in August. Best months are May to October. Rain showers can be expected at any time, as can winds.

The greatest number of hotels is on São Miguel, mainly in or close to Ponta Delgada. Largest is the Avenida with 160 beds, rated four-star. There are also comfortable *pensions*, two motels and an "aparthotel". On Terceira there are two hotels and an *estalagem* (a quality guest house). On Faial there is a three-star hotel, two *pensions* and an *estalagem*. On Pico a *pension* and an *estalagem* on Flores. And at the airport at Santa Maria there is a two-star hotel. All the above provide either full or half board. There are also bed-and-breakfast establishments.

Self-drive cars are available for hire on São Miguel, Terceira and Faial, and there are taxis on these and other islands. Golf, tennis and shooting are available. Sea fishing is popular, and boats are for hire at main centres. There is big game fishing throughout the islands: season is from April to October with June to August the best period. Embroidery, wickerwork and various forms of wood carving are worthwhile souvenirs.

The most convenient way to visit the islands from the UK is by an inclusive holiday package. Here are three all operated by reliable companies.

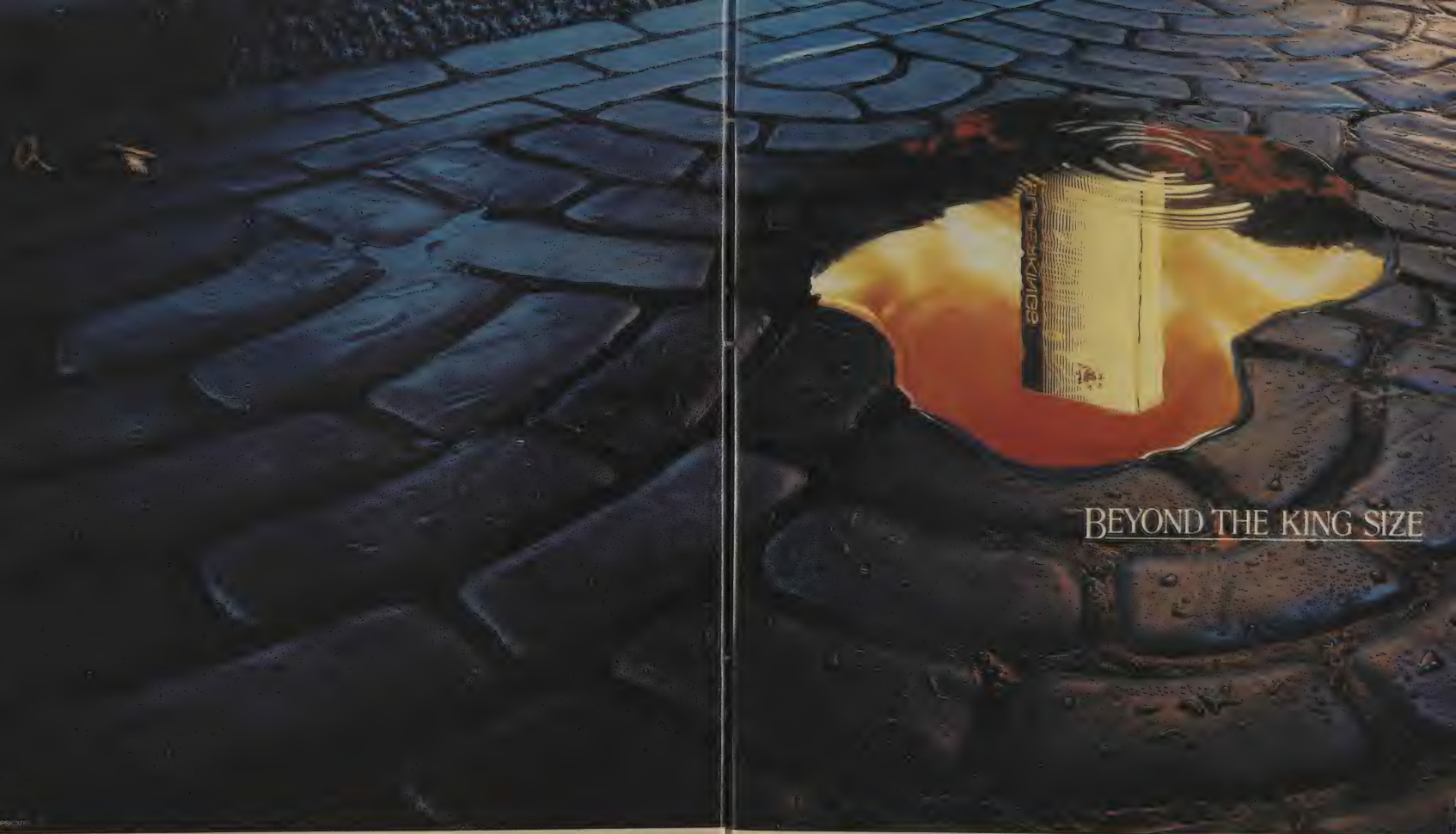
Grand tour of the Azores: an eight-night holiday with four nights in Hotel Avenida, Ponta Delgada, full-day tour of São Miguel, tour of Terceira and three nights on Faial with an excursion by boat to Pico. Last night in Lisbon. £679 to £699 from London (Caravela Tours).

A week in Ponta Delgada: choice of bed-and-breakfast accommodation, £358 to £409 from London. On Faial, with choice of hotel or *estalagem*, £451 to £482, again from London. Also inter-island holidays (Suntours).

Madeira and the Azores: two nights in Funchal, then São Miguel (three nights), Faial (three nights), Terceira (one night), and again Funchal (five nights)—14 nights in all with half-board and sightseeing, £655 to £675 from London (Enterprise).

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On the pilgrim road from Baghdad to Mecca

by John Herbert

The second of two articles on Saudi Arabia describes the uncovering, by a team from King Saud University, Riyadh, of the early-Islamic site of Al-Rabadhah, on the ancient desert road linking Iraq with the holy city of Mecca.

The strong light is softening in the late afternoon as the small group of people reach the top of the *jebel* (hill). The air is clear. It is hard to judge distance and scale. Out across the plain a flock of sheep are being driven towards the low brown tents of a Bedu family. Beyond are the mountains, the foothills of the Hijaz.

Small stones disturbed by the archaeologists' feet tinkle and echo as the group gathers around a slab which appears to have been dislodged from a scarp face. It is roughly engraved with an inscription, of which the name Duraid ibn 'Abd-Rabbih is legible, but little else. Dr Saad bin Abdul Aziz al Rashid, the leader of the group from the Archaeology Department of King Saud University, is its Associate Professor and has a particular interest in Islamic archaeology. The early-Islamic inscriptions that he is recording are scattered liberally on the rocks and *jebels* which surround this great plain.

In the seventh century AD (in the 16th year after the Revelation of Islam) this entire area had been designated as a *hima*, or state-controlled pasture specifically for feeding the horses and camels of the Islamic armies during the periods of rapid expansion of Arab-Islamic influence outwards from the peninsula. Even now the plain is green by Saudi Arabian standards, and this area, some 200 miles south-east of Al-Madinah, has attracted the Bedu over many generations to migrate south from the border areas near Jordan and Syria in order to graze their sheep, goats and camels.

As the influence of Arabia spread outwards to other lands, the establishment of Islam in the peninsula led to an increase in the number of pilgrims travelling to Mecca (Makkah) and Al-Madinah. In most cases they used the same routes which for thousands of years had carried trade, particularly frankincense and myrrh, to the lands surrounding the peninsula.

During the early years of Islam the Caliphate, and therefore a major focal point for Muslims, was established in Baghdad. Soon tens of thousands of pilgrims were making the journey to Mecca from Iraq, but were faced with a daunting prospect: more than 700 miles of hostile desert including a section of the Nafud, the northern sandy desert of Arabia, lay between them and

Mecca. This area was not well supplied with food and water, and had never been one of the great trade routes of antiquity. The solution was the construction of a purpose-built road.

This was established in the reign of Abul Abbas al-Saffah in the second century of Islam and improved by succeeding generations. It is now known simply as the Darb Zubaidah—or Zubaidah's Road—in memory of the wife of the great Abassid Caliph Harun al-Rashid. Zubaidah was the principal of many benefactors who endowed the route and funded its works. The road was one of two which eventually linked Iraq with Mecca enabling pilgrims to make the journey from Kufah to the Holy City or, via a spur, to Al-Madinah. A great chain of artificial oases were strung across the desert: according to early Muslim geographers there were 54 stations and halting places on the route.

At least 100 reservoirs were dug and lined with stone and mortar. They were square, rectangular or round and sometimes terraced. These cisterns, with their canal systems and dams, gathered scarce rainfall for the teeming hordes of pilgrims, merchants, scholars and travellers who used the road every year. They also provided for the local inhabitants and their flocks.

The road was cleared to a width of 18 metres and paved in muddy or unstable areas. Where it crossed the *harra*, or lava fields, the track was smoothed and covered with soft sand. Rock pillars were constructed at regular intervals to mark the way, and milestones indicated distances between the stages of the route. At night, during the *hajj*, or major pilgrimage, fire beacons were lit on the mountain peaks to guide the faithful.

The route is the most impressive engineering achievement in the ancient Islamic world and rivals the great roads of the Roman Empire. It continued in use until the advent of paved roads and the aeroplane.

The archaeological team from King Saud University in Riyadh has since 1979 been excavating one site on the Darb Zubaidah—the early Islamic town of Al-Rabadhah. Many of the sites were small villages or overnight stopping places; Al-Rabadhah was clearly something more. In appearance and size it probably resembled the early



Left, general view of the main excavation area at Al-Rabadhah. Above, an ancient well, still used by the local Bedu, beside the excavated ruins of the main mosque. Below left, a green glazed jar unearthed from the site.

Islamic cities of Jordan, Syria and Iraq. Al-Rabadhah had an advanced system for containing floodwater during the infrequent rainstorms and the size of its reservoir, or *birkah*, indicates that Al-Rabadhah had a year-round population and was once a major town.

In the early years of Islam it was said that up to 40,000 camels could graze near Al-Rabadhah. A camel which fed in this area was said to be able to cover two consecutive stages of the route without exhaustion and with little further food. An early writer warned that a man who turned his camel out to graze in Al-Rabadhah should keep his eye on it in case it was lost among the trees.

However, after only three centuries Al-Rabadhah had disappeared beneath the desert. It was described in the works of early-Islamic geographers but, unlike other locations of similar size on the Darb, until very recently Al-Rabadhah was known to modern scholars only by name, not by location.

The site has been re-identified as a result of work carried out in recent years by geographer and historian, Shaikh Hamad al-Jasir, and also by Dr Saad al-Rashid who had travelled along most of the 700 mile road documenting its many features, but without positively identifying Al-Rabadhah. It was by a process of academic detective work that he subsequently located it.

References in contemporary historical and geographical works had described some local landmarks, particularly the distinctive mountains near the town of Al-Rabadhah, and the major feature of the settlement, its two reservoirs. When the site was identified these were the only visible remains.

Early Muslim geographers such as Al-Harbi, Ibn Rustah and Ibn Qudāmah, writing in the ninth and 10th centuries AD, had described Al-Rabadhah as being abundant in water.



The reservoirs were fed by carefully placed dams and flood-diversion walls which gathered floodwater from the *wadis*. The largest of the reservoirs is circular and more than 200 feet in diameter, 20 feet deep, is stone-lined, and has a large filter bed. The other, smaller, reservoir is square and also stone-lined. In addition to this supply the town had a number of wells and, an intriguing feature, subterranean water tanks beneath almost every group of dwellings. The tanks were supplied by rainfall collected on the flat roofs of the mud-brick houses and sometimes also by a system of gullies and stone water pipes connecting them to an outside well-head or reservoir. Thus the town was able to continue to supply water during short periods of exceptional demand.

The town provided a temporary resting place for pilgrims and a permanent home for the herdsman of the *hima*. We know it also had a population of religious men and scholars from the recorded fact that Abu Dhar al-Ghifari, one of the companions of the Prophet Mohammed, made the town his home for the last years of his life and established a mosque there.

Excavations under the direction of Dr Saad al-Rashid are now in their

seventh season and have uncovered much of the ancient town including what was almost certainly Abu Dhar's mosque outside the town. It was large by the standards of the time, built of stone and mud-brick and capable of holding a congregation of 600. It had a number of pillars supporting the roof, a well-defined semi-circular *qibla*, or niche, indicating the direction of Mecca (and in this case the continuing route to be taken by the pilgrims) and evidence that the walls were plastered and decorated with paintings.

There is another mosque site clearly identifiable in the walled township itself. With the exception of the mosques and underground water tanks, the architecture and construction of the buildings have many similarities with those of the pre-Islamic site at Qaryat al-Fau, also being excavated by the University.

The main site at Al-Rabadhah was surrounded by a solid, stone-faced wall, reinforced with acacia-wood bonding courses, and broken only by heavy wooden doors or gates. Beside the main township was another complex, known to the archaeologists as the *qasr* or palace-fortress of Al-Rabadhah. This was heavily fortified, like the township, with the addition of circular and semi-circular stone towers, and had its own separate water supply and storage tanks. An important discovery here was the glass furnace, identified by the slag and molten glass attached to its walls. Many delicate perfume or spice bottles have been found on the site and this was clearly a major industry, perhaps designed to provide what would now be described as souvenirs for the pilgrims, as well as catering for the everyday needs of the town.

Pottery was also manufactured on a scale which suggested that the pilgrims took much away with them, as well as

bringing in and leaving behind examples from many parts of the early-Islamic world. Wood, ivory, bone, stone, iron and bronze have also been excavated, with jewelry and coins made of copper, silver and gold. An industrial area existed on the northern edge of the town, and its many ovens, water-tanks, storage pits and chambers suggest that the inhabitants of Al-Rabadhah practised dyeing, tanning, weaving and other trades designed to supply the needs of the pilgrims.

The inscriptions found on the hills around the site are a record of the passage of some of these pilgrims. "Duraid ibn 'Abd-Rabbih" would have stood on the *jebel* overlooking the broad plain at some time in the eighth century AD and seen a prosperous township, typical of many in the area which have often remained comparatively unchanged until a few decades ago. For some pilgrims Al-Rabadhah became the final resting place, as the graveyard on the edge of the town testifies.

Why did the town disappear from sight, and off the map of Arabia? Dr Saad al-Rashid has determined that a people called the Qarmatians who sacked the Holy City of Mecca in AD 930, killing many pilgrims, then turned their attention to the Darb Zubaidah. In one incident alone, 20,000 pilgrims were killed. Al-Rabadhah was attacked and left in ruins. For a long time the pilgrims took another route which by-passed the area.

Dr Saad al-Rashid and his team are just beginning the task of exploring and investigating this great early-Islamic route. The Saudi Arabian Department of Antiquities, under its director Dr Abdullah Masry, has already carried out a detailed survey of all the sites on it. The excavation of other sites will eventually enlarge our view of this important period in early-Islamic history ●

Painting with light

by Ursula Robertshaw

The roundel in stained and painted glass illustrated here and depicting Ulysses and Circe is by Patrick Reyntiens, foremost practitioner of that most difficult and subtle art. It is one of a series of 13 interpretations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* which, together with a portrait and a landscape from Theocritus and a Temptation of St Anthony, are exhibited at the Bruton Gallery, Bruton, Somerset, until May 11. The panels—some are lunettes, some rectangular—range in size between 14 inches by 12½ inches and 39½ inches by 35½ inches and are priced between

£2,000 and £3,000.

Reyntiens relates the stained glass of the great age, the ninth to 11th centuries, to the illuminated manuscripts or enamelled reliquaries of the same period: they were a means of presenting "significant visions" in a larger form for the attention of a wider audience, to tell stories and encourage a state of exaltation.

There was a renaissance of stained glass art in the 19th century, with fine works by such artists as Burne Jones working on private commissions as well as public; and the fashion for stained glass filtered down through the social strata to adorn many a front door panel or hallway screen in semi-

detached *des res* throughout the land in the early 1900s. By this time it was mere embellishment and no longer art.

Now there is another true revival, as architects are again eager to use stained glass; and important commissions are coming in for universities and civic buildings as well as from churches. Reyntiens, justly, has had his share of these: windows in the Great Hall at Christ Church, Oxford; and, in co-operation with John Piper, in Coventry and Liverpool cathedrals for example.

The *Metamorphoses* panels use in the main a palette of cold colours, together with a creamy yellow for emphasis. The subtle shading is obtained by using at times two fused

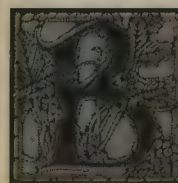
layers of glass of different colours, or glass of varying thickness, and by painting, staining and etching. Reyntiens has developed a technique which obviates the need for thickish lines of leading, giving the panels a remarkable freedom from the usual geometric constraints. It is as though they had been painted with light.

They are unashamedly figurative works. "Literary" and "illustrational" are, says Reyntiens, "terms considered pejorative only by a culture that itself is illiterate and unilluminated" and he discerns signs that "the present mechanical winter is drawing to a close and first shoots of a humanist spring are visible". I do hope he is right. ●



Fashion flower show

by Christine Knox. Photographs by Christos Raftopoulos.



Blue cabbage roses printed on cotton by Byblos for a short jacket, £135, over a finer cotton skirt, £135, from a selection at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, SW1. Straw hat with pale chintz trim, £45, from Jane Smith Hats, 131 St Philip Street, SW8. Cream linen shirt with dropped collar and faggoted front, £149, by Cerruti at The Beauchamp Place Shop, 37 & 55 Beauchamp Place, SW3.

Flower power is with us again. The Paris shows were a riot of flowers: Dior featured them, and so did most of the London designers. We saw sprigged Liberty prints combined with a contrasting larger flower print by Wendy Dagworthy, bright bold chintz patterns on matt cotton by Strawberry Studio. Betty Jackson not only used crewel embroidery but had her own

"larger than life" flower design splashed on tee shirts. Salmon & Greene embroidered them on velvet waistcoats, John MacIntyre showed large, bright flowers on primary-coloured cotton clothes and Artwork knitted flowers into cotton sweaters.

Some designers teamed stripes with flower prints for a crazy and contrived look, others used washed-out minia-

ture flower prints for silk dresses with a more feminine touch.

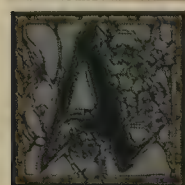
Perhaps only the brave or the young will mix, match or muddle the larger and bolder designs, but there is a print to suit everyone. The flowers come in many forms, embroidered, crewel work, cut work, printed and embossed. The big, bright and brilliant designs are more suitable for casual or



beach wear: those which are rich but muted with an antique air, for evening dressing; or the faded, faintly "granny-ish" and "blown" for outdoor occasions on summer days. Even our very English chintz is creeping off arm-chairs and sofas to be transformed into dresses, trousers and coats. We may all take after Scarlett O'Hara yet and rip down the curtains to make a dress ●



ight, Liberty silk chintz pyjama-style shirt, £90, worn over cream linen gauchos, £115, both by Margaret Howell. Cream leather gloves, £18. All available at Margaret Howell, 27 Bruton Street, W1.



bove faded pink and beige flower-printed shirt, worn as a jacket, £250, over a matching full, gathered skirt, £170, and self-patterned pink shirt, £198, all in 100 per cent cotton by Ralph Lauren. Tan plaited leather belt, £58, also from Ralph Lauren, 143 New Bond Street, W1. Hat with pink ribbon, £39.95, by Jane Smith for Laura Ashley.



ight, rough straw hat, £15, wrapped with a white silk chiffon scarf, £30, both from Kenzo, 17 Sloane Street, SW1, and 27-29 Brook Street, W1. Flowered Liberty silk shawl-collared blouse in turquoise and blue, £90, and cream leather gloves, £18, both from Margaret Howell.



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WINE

Value in burgundies

by Peta Fordham

Burgundy is probably the most complex wine region in the world. History, a system of inheritance resulting in a multitude of small properties, a unique soil, a difficult and fastidious grape, are all inherent parts of the wine's tradition. The Burgundy region itself is small, compared, for instance, with Bordeaux; and the amount of wine produced is consequently relatively small. The result is that there are never enough of the finest wines to meet the growing worldwide demand for them. As Arlott and Fielding, in their book *Burgundy*, say: "If the total production of Burgundy is considered as a single bottleful, less than a generous glass would be from the finer areas of the Côte d'Or and Chablis."

For those who want to replenish their cellars with wines from Burgundy, the present situation is complex indeed. The strength of the dollar has upset market forces at a time when there was a good deal of confusion anyway; and some growers have felt that they can take advantage of this and charge whatever they like, with the scarcely credible result, for instance, that Pouilly-Fuissé is currently higher in price than Meursault. It is not really the moment to think of restocking with the finest wines of the region unless one is prepared to pay unrealistic prices.

However, there is an abiding consolation in the fact that the whole of Burgundy, not just the delimited areas, can produce very good wine if one knows where to look, and for this one must always rely on the grower and the *négociant* or shipper (supremely important in this region). Labels, districts, even vineyards can mean nothing whatever without their knowledge. In Bordeaux a château is one unit; in Burgundy the name may be shared by possibly 20 or more growers. This means you should seek merchants who specialize in generic and lower *appellation* wines which they always buy for themselves, as well as for their customers, at reasonable prices.

Of all the grape varieties, the small, blue-black Pinot Noir—source of all the great Burgundian reds—undoubtedly provides the grower and wine-maker with the most problems. Burgundy is near the northern limits of the vine, so it is subject to late frosts, frequent rain, and erratic sunshine and summer warmth. The Pinot Noir hates frost—but it buds early, catching the late frosts; and it forms tight cylindrical bunches resembling pine-cones—hence its name—which make them susceptible to rot, so that they remain green and do not ripen. It is a strange grape, prone to sudden unaccountable mutations; and it has comparatively little pigment in the skin, except when stimulated by hot sunshine. As the

climatic conditions for the grape are very unreliable, perhaps only one year in three makes a great vintage.

The wise merchant finds he gets the best value in this grape's generic wines. The appellation "Bourgogne" in red wines itself denotes quality, as they must be made from the Pinot Noir. Exceptions are those made in the Beaujolais area, where the Gamay grape may be used, and in the Yonne, where two others are allowed; but in any case, they will be good quality wines.

I tasted a Bourgogne Pinot Noir made in Meursault from Tanners of Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury (0743 52421) which was quite outstanding: rich, almost prune-like in its flavour and costing only £3.73. Like a 1982 Bourgogne Pinot Noir from Parent at Pomard, stocked by Gerard Harris of Aston Clinton, Buckinghamshire (0296 631041), it had its origins in the renowned Côte d'Or region, so no wonder they were good. Louis Jadot sells a straight Bourgogne Rouge, a trifle lighter, but with very good fruit, at under £5 (available from Victoria Wines) and Sainsbury have one at £2.95, an amazingly good bargain. It has true Pinot Noir taste but lacks a little on the finish.

Having assured myself that there was indeed value to be found for the true burgundy-lover at realistic prices, I went slightly upmarket, finding at Laytons (20 Midland Road, NW1; tel: 388 5081) two 1980 wines: a fragrant, rather pale Savigny Marconnets, from Chanson with enormous nose and very long finish, at £5.75; and Monthélie Duresses, from Ropiteau Frères. It is reckoned to be from the best vineyard in that commune, the vines averaging 20 years in age. It is worth every penny of its £6.13. I finished with a £6.95 Chanson Beaune Premier Cru 1979, from Sainsbury. A lovely, honest wine, lightish in colour yet deceptively full. Some of the fine wines from Rully would also be good buys, but these are rather scarce at the moment.

Other useful merchants include Loeb, 15 Jermyn Street, SW1 (734 5878); Lay & Wheeler, Culver Street, Colchester, Essex (0206 67261); Adnams Sole Bay Brewery, Southwold, Suffolk (0502 722424); Corney & Barrow, 12 Helmet Row, EC1 (251 4051). Green's, 34 Royal Exchange, EC3 (236 7077).

Wine of the month

If you have not tried any of the new generation of Australian wines, you could be interested in a fine Allandale Cabernet Sauvignon 1980, a rich, full wine, ready but still developing with a little tannin there, the nose blackcurrant, slightly vanilla spiced, with definite oak. A most individual wine, which has already received considerable attention. £7.20 from Alex Findlater, 77 Abbey Road, London NW8 (624 7311) ●

Remembered for his failings

by Robert Blake

Hugh Dalton
by Ben Pimlott
Jonathan Cape, £25

The prospect of more than 600 pages on Hugh Dalton made my heart sink. Would it really be possible to write a readable book of that length on a character who was not only unlikeable but also unsuccessful, and whose impact on his times has long been forgotten? The answer is that although the book could have done with cutting it is nevertheless of great interest. The author writes admirably and his scholarship is impeccable. He is anything but starry-eyed, or unaware of his subject's defects, and he throws fresh light upon much in Dalton's career which most of us had forgotten.

Dalton is best remembered for two things. The first is the last-minute switch in 1945 when Attlee was forming his government and, allegedly at the King's suggestion, moved Dalton from the Foreign Office to the Exchequer. The second is the indiscretion which cost him that office two years later. On the first matter Mr Pimlott has discovered facts which are certainly interesting but may or may not have been decisive. In 1951 George VI told Hugh Gaitskell, who had followed Dalton's successor, Cripps, as Chancellor, "There is really only one of your people that I cannot abide." When Gaitskell guessed "Bevan", the reply was "No, I can manage him. It is your predecessor but one." The reason is not entirely clear. Dalton's father, Canon Dalton, had been the King's father's tutor, and very close to him. The Canon had the same loud voice and condescending manner as Hugh, and he was not liked by the sons of George V. There seems also to have been trouble about Hugh selling some royal gifts inherited on his mother's death. His radical politics, contempt for hereditary privileges (especially those of royalty), his support for equality, though common to many Labour politicians, may have been particularly resented in an upper-middle-class product of Eton and King's.

That George VI greatly disliked him is indisputable. Nor is there any doubt that monarchs from Queen Victoria onwards have been concerned about the personality of the Foreign Secretary, because the office brings its holder into more frequent contact with them than any except that of Prime Minister. But it is not certain that the King's attitude was decisive, nor does Mr Pimlott say that it was. Attlee had only just become fully aware of the hatred between Morrison and Bevin whom he had originally intended for the Exchequer. To have them both on

the home front was a recipe for disaster. He would probably have made the switch anyway.

The second famous episode in Dalton's career was his indiscreet remarks just before entering the House to make his Budget speech. He gave away his main proposals with incredible folly in conversation with John Carvell, Lobby Correspondent of the *Evening Star*, and it appeared as an obviously inspired "leak" in the stop press of a few copies shortly before the Chancellor announced his plans to the House. No one made a penny out of it, but Dalton proffered his resignation and Attlee accepted it. He need not have done so. Mr Pimlott surmises that he was glad to get rid of the Chancellor for other reasons, which may well be true. Dalton's career never recovered.

Like his father, Dalton had marked homosexual leanings, though probably platonic. In the homo-erotic world of Eton and King's he was neither sufficiently good-looking, amusing or agreeable to get elected to "Pop" or the Apostles, and the failure rankled. Nor did he get a First, although his ability enabled him to secure a teaching post at the London School of Economics. His personal life was unhappy—a rather loveless marriage and the death of their only daughter aged four in circumstances that strongly suggest parental neglect. His wife lived apart from him for most of the war, rejoining him in 1945 when he became Chancellor. He was on the worst possible terms with his sister who remembered him as a childhood bully. But he inspired affection among younger men, especially those whose good looks attracted him. His first love was Rupert Brooke, his last Tony Crosland.

Dalton was a gunner officer on the Italian front in 1917-18 and always admired the country and its people—to the extent of being taken in by Mussolini, though unlike Oswald Mosley he soon recovered. He was uncompromisingly anti-German all his life. For this reason he was far more prescient than most of his colleagues about Hitler. He had little use for those who postured romantically about the Spanish Civil War, rightly reckoning that it did not signify much to Britain which side won. What mattered was rearmament against Germany. Perhaps his main contribution to his nation was the conversion of the Labour Party in 1937 to a policy of deterrence and defence. His other effort was less convincing. Inspired by Soviet Russia in the 1930s he made state planning of industry one of the main party planks. The failure of post-war planning makes this now seem a dubious achievement.

Dalton was an able, ambitious man and, until his fall in 1947, one of the leaders of his party. It is impossible to like him and the Conservatives hated him. But his part in history should not be forgotten. Mr Pimlott has analysed it with sympathy and realism.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

The Tenth Man
by Graham Greene
The Bodley Head and Anthony Blond, £6.95
Beef Wellington Blue
by Max Davidson
Heinemann, £8.95

The Tenth Man, written in 1944 as a short novel rather than as a film treatment, was discovered after 40 years in the MGM archives, quite forgotten by its author. It is to be hoped that there are many other such delights hanging about in the archives of doxy film companies. Graham Greene takes as his subject the one that concerns most people at some time in their dreams or awakening: at the moment of testing, when that fire breaks out and you have to risk yourself or let a loved one die, or at your execution, or whatever scene it is that nags at your own mind, how would you behave?

The first part of the novel, set in the prison where 30 Frenchmen are detained by the Germans during the war, is masterly. Greene captures deftly the slow tension of the days leading up to the afternoon when a German officer enters their cell and informs them that as Resistance workers have killed two German officers one prisoner in every 10 must die, and that they may choose which three of them it shall be. The prisoners draw lots, with three marked pieces of paper indicating the three who shall be killed. We are taken into the troubled mind of the wealthy Paris lawyer Louis Chavel as, in unnerving and moving detail, we watch the men of lower social status—clerks, a tobacconist, a barber—draw lots for life or death with dignity.

But when Chavel picks the last remaining marked piece of paper, close to the end of the draw, he panics and snaps the nobility of the scene.

"No," Chavel said, "No." He threw the slip upon the ground and cried, "I never consented to the draw. You can't make me die for the rest of you. . ."

In his terror Chavel begs someone, anyone, to change places with him in exchange for all his worldly goods, including a beautiful country house; to everyone's astonishment a usually silent young clerk called Janvier accepts the deal because he always wanted to die rich, and to allow his mother and sister to live in style.

After the war Chavel, desperately ashamed of his cowardice, finds himself returning to his home, now lived in by Janvier's mother and sister. Impersonating an odd-job man he falls in love with the sister, who hates Chavel for, as she sees it, taking the life of her beloved brother. Chavel, in his role as

odd-job man Jean-Louis Charlot, defends Chavel:

"He acted like a coward, of course, but, after all, anybody's liable to play the coward once. Most of us do and forget about it. It was just that the once in his case proved—well, so spectacular."

"She said, 'You can't tell me he was unlucky. It's as you say. That thing happens to everyone once. All one's life one has to think: Today it may happen . . . When it happens you know what you've been all your life.'"

"He had no answer: it seemed to him quite true. He asked her sourly, 'Has it happened to you yet?'"

"Not yet. But it will."

"So you don't know what you are. Perhaps you are no better than he is."

This conversation lies at the core of the book, and at the centre of Graham Greene's life, spent travelling and putting himself in danger in order at least in part to test himself, to find out who he really is by seeing how he acts in extreme situations.

The areas of the novel not concerned with this theme are weaker, and more hurried, although the whole of this odd, arresting work enters the mind like a disturbing dream.

The most powerful image of the second half of *The Tenth Man* is that of Chavel returning as a stranger to the house where he grew up, and which he owned until he sold it for his life. At night he sometimes wanders round the house which by day he has to pretend not to know. It is dilapidated now except for the rooms where Janvier's mother and sister Thérèse camp out like gypsies rather than the owners of the estate. Chavel feels he has taken two lives, that of the brother and that of the sister, contorted with hate and grief.

When the fat, devilish actor Carosse turns up at the door pretending to be Chavel, the real Chavel gradually sees a way in which, by sacrificing himself in an act of bravery, he can save Thérèse.

Beef Wellington Blue by Max Davidson is a comic Fleet Street novel by a young writer, and very entertaining it is. The hero, or rather anti-hero, of the title is the 22 stone writer of a column on politics for one of the down-market dailies which specializes in nudes.

After 20 years of hanging about the Houses of Parliament he is bored, but his interest is reawakened when he scents a scandal involving a beautiful blonde and a respectable Member of Her Majesty's Parliament.

The author of this novel and his creation, the narrator Beef Wellington, both have a fine sense of the ridiculous. Beef Wellington's account of his trials and tribulations is written with freshness and verve and a good, insider's knowledge of the workings of the lobby and of tabloid newspapers. Journalists in particular will enjoy Max Davidson's hilarious portraits of a Fleet Street editor and his healthy disdain for the journalistic profession—or perhaps they won't.

Behind the dazzle of Mountbatten

by James Bishop

Mountbatten
by Philip Ziegler
Collins, £15

So much dazzle surrounded the name of Mountbatten during his lifetime that it was often hard to distinguish when fantasy took over from reality. He was a most persuasive man and seems to have had no difficulty at times in convincing himself as well as others that things had happened as he thought they ought to have happened. The task for a biographer was thus immensely complex, for the subject was already part legend and it was by no means certain that anything like the truth would emerge from unrestricted access to Mountbatten's personal archives, which even when intended for private consumption were too vain to be historically reliable, nor from the free-ranging recollections of those who worked with him, many of whom were left with positions to defend. Philip Ziegler has admirably coped with an abundance of such equivocal material to produce an "official" biography that would probably not have been acceptable to its subject but which undoubtedly presents a fair and balanced portrait of a man who worked hard to achieve greatness, and who also had it thrust upon him.

His social connexions, particularly those with royalty, and the wealth that accompanied his marriage to Edwina Ashley, gave him a head start in his chosen career in the Royal Navy.

Yet his first experiences in command of the destroyer *Kelly* might have wrecked the career of a less determined or less well connected officer. He drove the ship like a sports car, sailing too fast in a storm so that the vessel nearly foundered, and because of a series of misfortunes it spent more time undergoing repairs than at sea. But there was no doubting the heroism of its commander and crew when the ship was in action, and the making of Noël Coward's film *In Which We Serve* made Mountbatten and the *Kelly* famous. It also attracted the attention of the Prime Minister, who made Mountbatten Chief of Combined Operations at a time when some offensive action against Germany was regarded as imperative, if only to maintain morale. Though the raids against Europe, including the disaster at Dieppe (for which Mountbatten had to accept some—though not all—responsibility), had no significant effect on the course of the war they certainly helped achieve Churchill's aim of boosting spirits at home and confidence abroad, and they provided valuable experience for the subsequent D-Day landings.

By this time Mountbatten had

moved to south east Asia as Supreme Commander. It was a surprising appointment (Mountbatten was in fact fourth choice for the job), but a most successful one, for Mountbatten proved to be the ideal man to restore the morale of Britain's "forgotten army", and to restore British control once the final victory had been won.

His plans to return to a naval career after the war were rudely shattered by Clement Attlee's decision to send him to India as the last Viceroy, with instructions to transfer power, if possible to unitary government within the British Commonwealth. The result—partition and the massacre of hundreds of thousands—was not Mountbatten's fault, and it is probable that had he not quickly recognized the inevitability of partition and insisted on the swiftest of transfers the chaos and slaughter would have been worse. Mr Ziegler's lucid account confirms that Mountbatten carried out the British government's instructions as effectively, sympathetically and efficiently as anyone could have expected. India established Mountbatten's claim to greatness.

His subsequent career, as Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet, First Sea Lord and Chief of Defence Staff, is well documented, disclosing internal battles, including a revealing chapter on his opposition to the Suez episode, over which he all but resigned, the fight against the Macmillan government's defence cuts, and the growing concern about the dependence on nuclear weapons, culminating in his retirement and sudden death by the bomb planted on his boat by Irish terrorists—an end he might well have settled for, had it not also involved members of his beloved family. As his biographer records, he was buried "with all the pomp and ceremony he could have desired" (and had planned for himself).

Mountbatten is a long book about the long and active public and private life of a man who was once described by the Prime Minister of Singapore as "the greatest fixer of all time". At its conclusion his biographer lets his hair down about some of the faults of his subject which were, like everything else about him, on the grandest scale: "His vanity, though child-like, was monstrous, his ambition unbridled. The truth, in his hands, was swiftly converted from what it was to what it should have been. He sought to rewrite history with cavalier indifference to the facts to magnify his own achievements. There was a time when I became so enraged by what I began to feel was his determination to hoodwink me that I found it necessary to place on my desk a notice saying: REMEMBER, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, HE WAS A GREAT MAN."

There certainly was more than a touch of greatness about him, and if he lived a charmed life he has in death been fortunate in his biographer.

Other books of the month

The Thames & Hudson Dictionary of Art and Artists
Edited by Nikos Stangos
Thames & Hudson, £10.50

This is a revised, expanded and updated edition of material first published in the encyclopedia of the arts, whose consulting editor was Herbert Read, in 1966. It is short, often quite sharp, and comprehensive, with more than 2,500 entries ranging from Aalto (a "major force in Finnish sculpture") to Zurburan (a 17th-century Spanish painter whose work was "the embodiment of mysticism and spiritual composition" and to whom the Realists of 19th-century France owed a great deal). This is an essential quick reference book for anyone who finds difficulty at times in keeping afloat in the deep and murky waters of the fine arts.

Forests of Britain
by Thomas Hinde
Gollancz, £10.95

When the last Ice Age retreated from most of Britain in about 8000 BC the history of our forests began. The study of tree pollens suggests that the first trees to spread northwards were junipers, followed by birch, pine, hazel, elm and oak. For several thousand years the country, when it became separated from Europe, was virtually covered by a single forest. This fascinating book records what has happened since, describing in detail the major forests, including those old royal forests that survive as unenclosed but mainly treeless countryside, such as Dartmoor and Exmoor, and relating their present state to their history. This is a valuable handbook with elegance added in the form of old illustrations by Thomas Bewick and many others.

The Right of the Line
by John Terraine
Hodder & Stoughton, £14.95

The Royal Air Force has had a short but dramatic history. John Terraine's book covers the years of the European War of 1939-45, painful years for the nation and equally painful for the RAF, for they were years when the junior service, though claiming the right of the line—the place of greatest danger and also of greatest honour—in that struggle for human freedom, had to awaken itself from false dogma and learn the practicalities of war. How this was done is described here in detail and with detachment with a fair account of The Battle of Britain, the decisive battle of the war, and some hard truths about the bombing raids, which were far from being as decisive as the RAF imagined they would be.

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CHESS

Homework rewarded

by John Nunn

Top-class chess depends a great deal on home study. This applies particularly to the analysis of openings, since an advantage gained early on can have a decisive effect. It is often said that contemporary players lay too much emphasis on the opening, with the result that there are few today with the endgame artistry of a Rubinstein or a Capablanca. Unfortunately, so long as it is the generally accepted practice to pay close attention to the early phases of the game, players are obliged to follow suit or be outclassed.

Sometimes the homework reaps a rich reward, as in the following game from the recent tournament at Wijk-aan-Zee in Holland. Timman won the event ahead of Belyavsky and myself, but I picked up the brilliancy prize.

A. Belyavsky J. Nunn
White Black

King's Indian

1 P-Q4 N-KB3
2 P-QB4 P-KN3
3 N-QB3 B-N2
4 P-K4 P-Q3
5 P-B3 0-0
6 B-K3 QN-Q2
7 Q-Q2 P-B4
8 P-Q5 N-K4?

A new move which I had analysed at home several months before this game was played. Black's aim is to prevent the normal development of White's kingside. White cannot play KN-K2 or N-R3, while 9 P-B4 is bad because of 9...N(4)-N5 forcing the exchange of the important bishop at K3.

9 P-KR3

I played the same line again in a later round against Timman, but the Dutch grandmaster had prepared an effective antidote and after 9 B-N5! P-QR3 10 P-B4 N(4)-Q2 11 N-B3 he gained the advantage. In top-class chess it is rare for an innovation to be effective more than once, since news of a fresh idea travels round the world all too quickly. Belyavsky had to work it out over the board and chose a natural but less effective move threatening P-B4.

9...N-R4

10 B-B2

White must waste time preventing...N-N6, but now Black can seize the initiative with a surprising sacrifice.

10...P-B4

11 PxP RxP

12 P-KN4 RxP!

13 PxN Q-B1

I had reached this position in my home analysis and concluded that Black has sufficient compensation for the piece. White's king will be pinned down in the centre for several moves and Black's forces are extremely active. After giving the position lengthy consideration Belyavsky found the best defence, which I had unfortunately overlooked at home.

14 N-K4!

14 Q-K2 N-Q6ch 15 QxN RxQ 16 BxR results in material equality, but White's exposed king causes problems after 16...B-B4 17 R-Q1 BxB 18 RxB Q-B4 19 R-B3 BxNch 20 PxB Q-N8ch etc.

14...B-R3

15 Q-B2?

Black gains the advantage after this error. 15 Q-K2 was better, leading to a roughly level position after 15...N-Q6ch 16 QxN RxQ 17 BxR Q-B5 18 R-Q1 B-B4 19 N-K2 Q-B6 20 N(2)-N3 B-K6 21 R-KB1! BxN 22 NxR BxBch 23 RxR QxP(R4).

15...Q-B5

16 N-K2

16 NxR NxNch 17 K-Q1 B-B4 18 B-N3 (18 B-Q3 N-Q5! 19 BxN Q-B6ch wins too much material) Q-K6 19 B-B2 QxN 20 QxQ BxQ favours Black, since his active bishops are more than a match for White's clumsy rooks.

16...RxB!

17 NxR N-B6ch

18 K-Q1 Q-R5

19 N-Q3

The only way to avoid losing a piece, for example 19 N-B3 N-Q5 and the queen must abandon the knight at KB2.

19...B-B4

20 N(2)-B1?

White's last chance lay in the variation 20 N-B3 N-Q7 (still the best move) 21 P-N3 NxR 22 RxN QxP(R4)ch 23 N-K2 QxP 24 RxR QxR, although even here Black has three pawns and an attack in return for a piece.

20...N-Q7

The main purpose of this move is to prevent the White queen swinging across to defend the kingside. White must meet the threat of 21...Q-K5 22 R-KN1 Q-K6 23 R-R1 Q-B6ch.

21 PxP PxP

22 B-N2

After 22 B-K2 the White queen's path to the kingside is blocked so Black can play 22...NxP with the devastating threat of...N-K6ch.

22...NxP

23 Q-B2

23 R-K1 is no better since 23...Q-R4ch forces White to interpose at K2, whereupon...N-K6ch wins.

23...N-K6ch

24 K-K2 Q-QB5

Just when White has succeeded in covering the kingside avenues of attack, Black switches to the other side.

25 B-B3 R-KB1

White is virtually paralysed, so Black has time to bring up his last reserves.

26 R-KN1 N-B7

It is impossible for White to meet the twin threats of...NxR and...N-Q5ch.

27 K-Q1 BxN

28 Resigns

After 28 NxR QxNch Black delivers mate next move.

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Differing viewpoints

by Jack Marx

It never ceases to astonish that players of well established and comparable reputations for skill at the game will evaluate the same hand quite differently and accord it marked variation of treatment. This often becomes apparent in multiple team events or in matches with eight or more a side. On the hand below, for instance, the "absolute par" is Six Clubs Doubled played by West, losing 300 in exchange for the 650 available to North-South at a vulnerable game in hearts. It was never reached, the four North-Souths respectively estimating their combined values as worth nine, 10, 11 and 12 tricks at a heart contract. It is fair to say that they were not entirely free agents, being subject to varying degrees of pressure from their opponents.

♠AK93	Dealer South
♥KQ10876	North-
♦A53	South Game
♣void	
♠8	♠Q107652
♥AJ	♥4
♦QJ62	♦1074
♣AKQ965	♣J103
♠J4	
♥9532	
♦K98	
♣8742	

One team of eight scored heavily, since at the two tables where they sat North-South they played at sensible and successful contracts of Four and Five Hearts. In the first case the power of West's club suit was not sufficiently emphasized, with the result that East-West never rose above the two level and made no sustained attempt to harass opponents who had advertised themselves as decidedly powerful.

South	West	North	East
No	1♣	2♣	2♠
No	2NT	3♥	No
4♥	All Pass		

Here North's cue-bid of Two Clubs was his strongest available weapon of counter-attack, though it was not unconditionally forcing to game. But at the second table North began less aggressively with a take-out double instead of a cue-bid. He made up for it later and alarmed the enemy into driving him to the five level that turned out to be just within his capacity.

South	West	North	East
No	1♣	DBL	No
1♥	3♣	4♥	4♠
No	5♣	5♥	All Pass

It is to be noted that West trusted East for club support when the latter, who had neglected an earlier chance of bidding, had volunteered a spade bid at the four level.

The North-South of the other team diverged remarkably in their estimates. One of them stopped short of game, while their counterparts bounded impetuously to slam.

South	West	North	East
No	1♣	2♣	No
2♥	3♦	6♥	All Pass

As weak hands go, South's in the context of this auction was quite a good one. It included a key diamond honour and a doubleton in North's secondary suit length, but it was still inadequate for the task to which North had harnessed it. There was no play for more than 11 tricks.

By contrast the remaining North remained obstinately gloomy. Even when West did his best to jolly him along, he declined to be helped.

South	West	North	East
No	1♣	DBL	1♠
No	1NT	2♥	No
No	3♣	No	No
3♥	All Pass		

More surprisingly he would not even move when South eventually bestirred himself.

The following hand, from the final of the Open Event of the 1984 World Team Olympiad held last autumn at Seattle, presents a contrast of a different kind. The East-West pair who played at what seems a normal, almost routine, Three No-trumps, went down; their counterparts, seeking perfection in a four-four major-suit fit, made game even with these two very scrawny heart suits. The closing stages of the event were not without drama. Poland, the eventual winners, had won their semi-final against Austria by only 4 IMPs, having faced a really daunting deficit of 37 IMPs with only 16 deals to go. In the final they mopped up France, the defending champions, by no fewer than 80 IMPs.

♠8752	Dealer East
♥K2	Love All
♦9653	
♣1082	
♠J64	♠AK10
♥J973	♥10654
♦A	♦Q1084
♣KQJ97	♣A4
♠Q93	
♥AQ8	
♦KJ72	
♣653	

The Polish East-West, using what is best termed a subdued club system, bid thus:

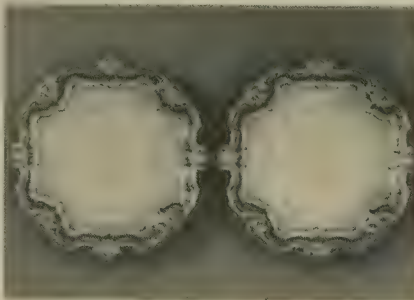
East	1♣	2NT	3NT
West	2♣	3♥	No

A diamond was led and East, unwisely it seems, promptly took a losing spade finesse. A spade came back and, without some active assistance from defenders, East could take only eight tricks.

The French East-West, within the orthodoxies of their own approach system, managed to get by without mentioning their principal suit, clubs:

East	1♦	2♥	No
West	1♥	4♥	

With the clubs breaking evenly, even a spade lead from North could not harm declarer.



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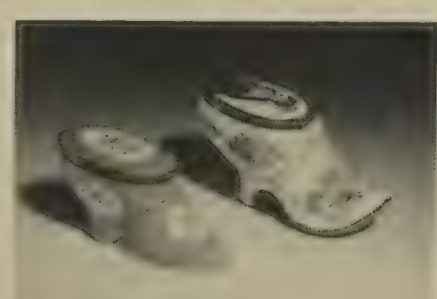


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The Grange On this much feted exclusive development abutting the Heath and built to an exacting design by Barratts, are two fine unfurnished houses, each with over 2,000 square feet of living space: each house is of different interior layouts but principally consist of five bedrooms, three/four reception rooms, magnificent 'Siematic' fitted kitchen/breakfast room, three bathrooms, utility room and double garage and landscaped gardens. Available immediately for terms of six months or longer at rents of £1200 a week, company tenancies are required. We highly recommend these houses for the Business Executive or Diplomat wishing to live in highly secure surroundings with all the convenience of the 1980's.



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Hampstead. Renovated just over a year ago this larger than average ground floor flat would suit a family wishing to have a home with a classical atmosphere. Furnished with some fine antiques it comprises two double and two bedrooms, bathroom, shower room, 24ft x 16ft living room, dining room and newly fitted and equipped kitchen with all appliances. Additionally there is a delightful rear garden and terrace ideal for summer entertaining. Available in July for two/three years at £425 a week to a company tenant.

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US culture crosses the Atlantic

by Paul Wright

The American Festival, taking place in London, Glasgow and Cardiff between May 8 and 31, will be the greatest celebration of the arts and entertainment of the USA ever held outside that country. More than 70 items will feature in the programme of music, dance, painting and sculpture, crafts, literature and film. The variety of the art forms is matched by the geographical spread of their sources, reflecting the vastness of the USA and the diversity of its cultures.

One would expect New York, New Orleans and Hollywood to be represented at such a festival—but not necessarily Oklahoma, Wisconsin and North Carolina. We are familiar with the excellence of the major orchestras of the United States of which three will be here in May. We are less familiar with the Wisdom Bridge Theatre from Chicago and the Margaret Jenkins Dance Company from San Francisco, not to mention the Electro-Acoustic Music Association.

The festival was the brainchild of Sir Ian Hunter, the impresario and former director of the Edinburgh Festival, and of Jennifer Williams, the American who runs the fledgling British American Arts Association. This association

put together much of the programme of the seminal transatlantic arts jamboree of 1983 called Britain Salutes New York. The American ambassador in London, Charles Price, and his wife gave enthusiastic support to the idea, and an overall sponsor was found in the promisingly named Endless Holdings Ltd.

The project gathered steam when the Duke of Edinburgh became patron and Lord Harlech the festival's chairman. Expert and willing helpers were generating the enthusiasm and drive essential for success when the organization was severely shaken by the tragic death of Lord Harlech in a motor accident in January. Evelyn de Rothschild, the merchant banker, generously agreed to fill the gap left by the loss.

Most festivals are born poor, and few end up rich. In this case solid financial support built up slowly but surely from a cross-section of industry and commerce, in the main from companies with interests on both sides of the Atlantic. In all, about 80 have contributed a total of more than £500,000 in direct sponsorship of individual events or as Festival Founders. It is the

largest amount of private capital raised for a single arts event in this country, reflecting the growing awareness of the value of arts sponsorship.

The festival is not just a return match for Britain Salutes New York, or "Son of Salute", as the organizers put it. It embraces more than one city—Cardiff and Glasgow as well as London; and while the programme of "Salute" tended to give New Yorkers what they expected to see, even a red double-decker London bus trundling around Manhattan and parking, often illegally, outside the main venues, this festival aims to convey a fresh view of American achievements, worlds away from soap operas or Westerns and indeed from mandarin East Coast culture. There will be, for example, a major survey of post-war American photography. Eskimos and Indians will show their crafts at the Museum of Mankind, where an Indian will carve a totem pole. A storyteller will tell stories in the traditional Southern manner. Drawings and watercolours of some of the first recorded native American plants will be shown.

The saying that Britain and the USA

are two nations divided by a single language contains a good deal of truth. But how much more there is that unites than divides us. The abstract language of the arts such as music, painting and dance is universal. But the English language derived from our common ancestors gives the two countries a special relationship which extends to all the arts, not just to literature, the theatre and song, though in these it is particularly strong; there are, for example, folk songs still sung in the Kentucky mountains which have hardly changed since they were carried across the Atlantic by Englishmen in frail Elizabethan ships. Even New Orleans jazz, whose roots lie in such different traditions, has become so familiar as to seem almost British. In many subtle and exciting ways the traffic has been two-way, and the American Festival will give us a chance to explore afresh what we have in common and to savour the shared heritage which has given us so much ●

Sir Paul Wright, a former diplomat, is chairman of the British American Arts Association and a vice-chairman of the Festival Committee.



Hard Hat Rally, New York, 1969, by Garry Winogrand, appears in American Images: Photography 1945–80, a major exhibition at the Barbican from May 10 to June 30. Further details of American Festival events can be found in Briefing.

MAY BRIEFING

CALENDAR



Left, *Study of Isabel Rawsthorne*, 1966: Francis Bacon's works, 1944 to present day, at the Tate from May 22. Right, Tom Conti in *American Dreamer*: opens May 17.

Wednesday, May 1

Charles Sargeant Jagger's war sculptures go on show at the Imperial War Museum (p94)
Chichester Festival opens with Noël Coward's *Cavalcade*; *Look to the Rainbow*, a musical about lyricist E. Y. Harburg, opens at the Apollo (p87)
Abbey Opera perform Handel's *Flavio* at St John's Smith Square (p90)

Thursday, May 2

Bankside Gallery shows Peter de Wint, Commonwealth Institute treasures of the sea & Whitford & Hughes show pictures of seductive females (p94)
Anthony Hopkins & Tim McInerney open in *Pravda* by David Hare & Howard Brenton at the Olivier (p87)
Wigmore Summer Nights concerts start (p91)

□ The Duke of Edinburgh presents the 1985 Design Council Awards at the National Motor Museum, Beaulieu

Friday, May 3

First Festival of the Spirit begins at the Royal Horticultural Halls (p93)
New films: Francis Coppola's *The Cotton Club*; *Falling in Love*, with Meryl Streep & Robert de Niro (p88)
New Sussex Opera perform *Benvenuto Cellini* in Brighton (p92) on opening day of the Brighton Festival (p98)

Saturday, May 4

Imperial War Museum Festival celebrates VE Day, until May 15 (p55)
□ Full moon

Sunday, May 5

Photographica '85 photography fair (p93)

Princess Anne attends 40th Anniversary of Peace celebrations at the Palace Theatre (p55)

□ The Duke of Edinburgh attends the Dunkirk Veterans' Association Annual Parade & Service of Thanksgiving at St Lawrence Jewry-next-Guildhall, EC2

□ The Queen Mother attends the Combined Cavalry "Old Comrades" Parade & Memorial Service in Hyde Park

Monday, May 6

□ May Day Holiday

Tuesday, May 7

Winner of the Yehudi Menuhin violin competition performs with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Festival Hall (p90)

Wednesday, May 8

American Festival opens in London, Cardiff & Glasgow (p84)

London Transport Museum shows London Transport at War (p94)

Scottish Opera perform Handel's *Orlando* in Glasgow (p92)

Newbury Festival begins (p98)

□ The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a service in

Westminster Abbey to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the end of the Second World War

Thursday, May 9

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet perform triple bill of *Les Sylphides*, *Choros* & *Petrushka* at Covent Garden (p90)

□ The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, unveils the statue of Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis at Wellington Barracks, SW1

□ First day of Royal Windsor Horse Show

Friday, May 10

Reading by Susan Sontag at the Barbican (p93)

Film opening: John Carpenter's *Starman*, with Jeff Bridges (p88)

Saturday, May 11

Cycling in London exhibition opens at the Festival Hall as part of National Bike Week (p93)

Biggin Hill Air Fair today & tomorrow (p98)

Sunday, May 12

Elisabeth Söderström recital at the Royal Opera House (p90)

□ Rogation Sunday

Monday, May 13

Isaac Stern recital at the Festival Hall; Lontano at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p91)

□ The Queen Mother names the British Railways locomotive "The Royal Anglian Regiment" at Liverpool Street Station

Tuesday, May 14

Lecture: photography in Victorian India at the RSA (p93)

Merce Cunningham & his dance group open at Sadler's Wells (p90)

Elton Gallery, Ironbridge, shows the early days of the Great Western

Railway (p95)

Wednesday, May 15

New exhibitions: Edgar Degas at the Hayward Gallery; Abstract Expressionism at Warwick Arts Trust; Native American Arts at the Museum of Mankind (pp94,95)

ISS Spring Fair (p93)

Antony & Cleopatra opens at Chichester (p87)

The Midsummer Marriage at the Coliseum (p91)

Thursday, May 16

Henry V opens at the Barbican with Kenneth Branagh as the king (p87)

□ Ascension Day

Friday, May 17

Film opening: Rick Rosenthal's comedy thriller, *American Dreamer* (p88)

The Rothschilds in retrospect at

Gunnorsbury Park Museum (p94)

Samson et Dalila at Covent Garden (p92)

Saturday, May 18

Dallas Symphony Orchestra play Mahler's Symphony No 1 at the Barbican (p91)

Civil War reconstruction at Lincoln Castle (p98)

Football: FA Cup final at Wembley Stadium (p92)

Sunday, May 19

Antique & Collectors' Fair at Alexandra Pavilion (p93)

For children: Mad Hatter's tea party at the Festival Hall (p93)

□ New moon

Monday, May 20

First night of *The Corn is Green* with Deborah Kerr at Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford (p87)

Glyndebourne Festival opens with *La*

Cenerentola (p92)

Tuesday, May 21

Carmen at Glyndebourne (p92)

□ Ramadan begins

Wednesday, May 22

Chelsea Flower Show opens to the general public at Chelsea Royal Hospital (p93)

New exhibitions: Francis Bacon at the Tate Gallery; Cecil Beaton & His Friends at the Parkin Gallery (p94)

Cricket: MCC v Australia at Lord's (p92)

Spitalfields Festival starts (p91)

□ The Queen presents new colours to the 1st & 2nd Battalions Coldstream Guards on Horse Guards Parade

Thursday, May 23

Sea Finland exhibition opens at the National Maritime Museum (p95)

Hal Holbrook in *Mark Twain Tonight* at the Bloomsbury Theatre (p87)

Friday, May 24

Film opening: Peter Weir's *Witness* starring Harrison Ford (pp88,89)

Preservation Hall Jazz Band at the Barbican (p91)

Bath Festival opens (p98)

Saturday, May 25

Motor 100—a century of world motoring at Silverstone (p98)

Sunday, May 26

First of two piano recitals by Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli at the Barbican (p90)

□ Whit Sunday

Monday, May 27

□ Spring holiday

Tuesday, May 28

The Negro Ensemble Theatre Company open in *Home* at the Shaw Theatre (p87)

Wednesday, May 29

Kneller Hall season of open-air military music starts (p93)

□ Oak Apple Day

Thursday, May 30

New York Philharmonic Orchestra give the final concert in the American Festival at the Festival Hall (p91)

Fine Arts & Antiques Fair opens at Olympia (p93)

New exhibition: Streeton in France at the National Army Museum (p95).

Cricket: Texaco Trophy, England v Australia at Old Trafford (p92)

Friday, May 31

Philharmonia Orchestra play Bruckner's Symphony No 7 at the Festival Hall (p91)

Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Penny Watts-Russell

Information is correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers when calling from outside the capital.

IT IS PLEASANT now to think that *Cavalcade*, the opening play at the Chichester Festival, would not have been written if Noël Coward had not happened to see an old copy of *The Illustrated London News* which had in it a photograph of a troopship leaving for the Boer War. At once, he said, "the whole scheme fell into my mind's eye", a pageant-play of 20th-century history that began at midnight on December 31, 1899 and ended in 1930. The piece had an extraordinary press and enjoyed a run of 405 performances. It has been done very seldom since, owing to its uncommon demands which include a cast of over 200. A few years ago there was a brave and complete performance at Farnham, but David Gilmore's Chichester revival on May 1, with a cast led by Joanna McCallum, Lewis Fiander and Elizabeth Estensen, will be the first major return to the stage of a play much spoken about but seldom seen.

□ On May 15, *Cavalcade* will be joined in the Festival programme by *Antony and Cleopatra*. Robin Phillips returns as director at Chichester, with Diana Rigg as Cleopatra ("whose every passion fully strives/To make itself . . . fair and admir'd") and Denis Quilley as Antony, great soldier in his autumn. Norman Rodway speaks Enobarbus's famous "barge" speech about the lovers' journey upon the River Cydnus.

□ *The Corn is Green*, at the Old Vic from May 22, is a birthday present for its dramatist, Emlyn Williams, who will be 80 on November 26. If, in date and setting, this richly textured piece does not exactly dramatize Williams's own early life, it is certainly his tribute to a dedicated teacher who sent him on his path to an Oxford scholarship. Deborah Kerr now plays the part of the teacher which Sybil Thorndike created superbly in 1938.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

After the Ball is Over

There is no valid excuse for William Douglas-Home's new piece, a baffling light comedy-cum-farce with a dash of polemics. The place is a stately home (seat of the Duke of Drayton MFH) on the night of both the hunt ball & a government debate on the abolition of fox-hunting. Eventually we learn that, long ago, the Duke & his lifelong friend had chosen the wrong wives, so that when the friend, a caricatured drunken Major, & the elderly Duchess fall to their deaths from a minstrels' gallery at the end of Act 1 we ought to be prepared for the immediate engagement of Duke & Major's widow. But we are not . . . A sad business indeed, though Anthony Quayle & Patrick Cargill (the butler) do strive to the last. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until May 4.

★ Barnum

I doubt whether Michael Crawford is in any way like the real Phineas Taylor Barnum; still, he is as assured as he was when he first played the part at the Palladium. He leads us from 1835 to 1881—not noticeably aging in the progress—ready as required to walk a tightrope, to hurtle down from the flies, or to perform some other appropriate evolution. Even if, as a biography of "the prince of humbug", freak-show man, circus wizard, & so on, this American musical is simply ramshackle, something preposterous is usually happening on stage & no one round Mr Crawford lets up for a moment. The "preliminary diversions inside the theatre", with their ranging clowns, can be

trying; fortunately these do not go on long before we are transported, more or less, to the major capitals of the world. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

★ Jumpers

At the centre of this extraordinary philosophic farce, Tom Stoppard conducts a debate between moral absolutism & logical positivism; but we think first of his wit & his ability to decorate a narrative (if it really is one), by no means easy to recall in sequence.

In Peter Wood's revival, it has not waned as an intellectual entertainment, though some of it can still go on too long. If Paul Eddington as the professor in the toils is much more direct than Michael Hordern used to be, he is extremely amusing, & he has the aid, among others, of Felicity Kendal & Simon Cadell to carry us forward to the wild dream sequence or coda. The "jumpers", philosophic acrobats, are in the best of form. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233).

★ The Merry Wives of Windsor

If this had to be done in modern dress—I confess I can see no special reason for it—then Bill Alexander's production is as good as any. The year is approximately 1958, & within under three hours the play crams as many relics of the period as it can into Falstaff's amorous adventures round Windsor. As Peter Jeffrey presents him, he is now a bar-parlour knight humiliated by the acutely suburban wives of Janet Dale & Lindsay Duncan—but the richest performances are by David Bradley, intimately more French than the usual firework-Caius, & Nicky Henson in Ford's furious obsession. Sheila Steafel adds her own brand of craziness to Quickly. The same cast, I think, would do very well in Shakespearian late-Tudor, but no doubt the production will be popular. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

★ Other Places

Harold Pinter's three short plays are set, successively, in a nursing home where a victim of sleeping sickness wakes after 29 years; in the office of a distraught minicab



Sheila Steafel and Peter Jeffrey in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: see new reviews.

controller; & in one of the opulent torture chambers of some imagined police state. The first & second, as we realized at their recent National Theatre productions, are exceptional in their different moods. *A Kind of Alaska*, has an impact that familiarity does not lessen (I say this after seeing a television performance as well). The girl in the bed was 16 when she fell asleep; now she is a woman of 45. Awakened by a remarkable new drug—it was a narrative of this that inspired Pinter's play—she has to face a world where much she knew, & remembers as if it were yesterday, has gone for ever or been radically changed. The sight of her bewildered, disbelieving, finally just acquiescent response, is immensely touching. Dorothy Tutin, if she does not quite match Judi Dench who created the part, keeps our wondering pity, & she has Susan Engel & Colin Blakely as her sister & the doctor who have stood by across the years.

That is Pinter at his finest; &, in another vein, the second play, *Victoria Station*, is something only he could have devised. Here is a minicab controller progressively distraught as he seeks to get one of his drivers—observed at the side of the stage—to answer an urgent call from a client at Victoria Station. The trouble is that the driver has no idea where this is; he is otherwise engaged somewhere down near Crystal Palace. Nothing the controller can say, from cajolery to threats, can rouse "No 274" from a single-minded rhapsody of his own. Colin Blakely does all but throttle the microphone while Roger Davidson is a calm & unhelpful voice somewhere in SE26.

Despite Mr Blakely's last performance in a protean evening, the final play, *One For the Road*, is a superfluous piece of what once would have been called Grand Guignol: the verbal torturing of prisoners in a police state. In conception, & often in language, it is degrading, & even if it is argued that this is a thing that can, & does, happen, there is no reason to put it upon the stage. It makes an unhappy end to a previously exciting night. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

Up'n' Under

Coming from a city where Rugby League football is idolized (the theatre company is the Hull Truck), author/director John Godber had the idea of putting on the stage a game in a seven-a-side amateur tournament. True, a more-or-less farcical game; six players on one side, seven on the other, & all—if you follow me—acted by a company

of six people. Here the imagination has never had more chance to boggle. A desperate Rugby League enthusiast has gambled his house on what appears to be an impossibility: that in a short time he can train any given team to beat the ferocious & fancied champions. The cast (Jonathan Linsley in particular) acts with so much vigour as a team apparently hopeless that at first it can almost undermine our disbelief. Alas, not for long; & when, after elaborate miming, the team loses by a single point—19 to 20—there is little more to be said, for the moment, anyway: Mr Godber is preparing a sequel, *The Story Continues*, & we must hope for the best. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Why Me?

In effect, the civil engineer in early middle life who is the central figure of Stanley Price's comedy complains: "When I lie down, I say when shall I arise & the night be gone?" He sees himself as another Job, all because, unexpectedly, he has been made redundant. Certainly, through a long series of rebuffs, he learns what unemployment can be until, at the very end of the night, he joins his wife (formerly a success in a pizza business) in her new cheesecake venture. Presumably this will be the equivalent of Job's 14,000 sheep & 6,000 camels.

Because the actor is Richard Briers we do not take things as gravely as we should, & indeed the dramatist has written a West End comedy rather than a stern piece of propaganda for the Fringe. But is unemployment a proper subject? Mr Price has been told he is treating it in quite the wrong fashion, an objection that seems to me to be humourless. Though it is not a particularly memorable comedy, it is often amusing to watch Mr Briers imagining himself as Job (boils & all); the narrative is put together competently, & everybody in the cast gathers round: Diane Fletcher is an ultimately loyal wife & a very good businesswoman, & Polly Hemingway is another good businesswoman who, here, does allow herself to do more than a kindly neighbour should. Liz Smith offers a useful variation on the mother-in-law theme. Still, the night depends upon Mr Briers; when he looks wryly at the world, even contemplating a post "in manganese" as far away as Lusaka, he is never less than endearing. No playgoer must expect a propagandist depth-charge, an anxiously detailed study of a social problem. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

ILN ratings

- ★★ Highly recommended
- ★ Recommended
- Not for us

NEW PRODUCTIONS

Antony & Cleopatra

See introduction. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781 312). May 15-July 20.

As You Like It

Juliet Stevenson plays Rosalind, with Nicky Henson as Touchstone, Fiona Shaw as Celia, Alan Rickman as Jaques & Joseph O'Connor doubling as Dukes Senior & Frederick. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Cavalcade

See introduction. Chichester Festival Theatre. May 1-June 29.

The Corn is Green

See introduction. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). May 20-June 29.

Gertrude Stein & a Companion

Win Wells's play celebrates the famous literary friendship between Gertrude Stein (played by Miriam Margolyes) & Alice B. Toklas (played by Natasha Morgan). Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301). Until May 11.

Hamlet

Roger Rees is a clear & likeable Hamlet in Ron Daniels's straight production, from last year's Stratford season. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Henry V

Last year's Stratford production, with Kenneth Branagh's young, clear Henry. Barbican. Opens May 16.

Look to the Rainbow

Musical, by Robert Cushman, based on the life & writings of E. Y. Harburg. Jack Gilford, plays the American lyricist who wrote songs for *The Wizard of Oz* & *Finian's Rainbow*. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). Opens May 1.

Martine

Jean-Jacques Bernard's play about the tragic romance of a peasant girl, played by Wendy Morgan. A new translation by John Fowles, directed by Peter Hall. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Old Times

Revival of Harold Pinter's 1971 play. Liv Ullman plays a woman who calls on some old friends, acted by Michael Gambon & Nicola Pagett. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until June 22.

Pravda

A new Fleet Street comedy by two leading contemporary writers, David Hare & Howard Brenton. With Anthony Hopkins, fresh from Schnitzler at the Old Vic, & Tim McInerney, recently seen in David Hare's film *Wetherby*. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Opens May 2.

Richard III

It is not easy to accept Richard as the hop-skip-&-jump goblin Antony Sher makes of him: still, he leads vigorously a cast that Bill Alexander directed with invention at Stratford. Barbican.

The Seagull

John Hurt plays Trigorin, with Samantha Eggars as Madame Arcadina in a new translation of Chekhov's play, directed by Charles Sturridge. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until June 1.

Strippers

New play by Peter Terson about housewives who strip in pubs & clubs to earn extra cash. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 379 6433). Opens May 29.

ALSO PLAYING

★ Benefactors

Michael Frayn's closely argued variation on the theme of change. With Polly Adams, Clive Francis, Jan Waters & Glyn Grain. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty, with Eric Lander & Richard Todd. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

★★ The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial

One of the best "trial plays" in existence, this revival of Herman Wouk's drama brings Charlton Heston to the West End in a thoroughly persuasive performance. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). Until June 30.

Cats

Andrew Lloyd Webber's version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

★ Coriolanus

Peter Hall's exciting production, with Ian McKellen as Coriolanus & Irene Worth as Volumnia. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

★ Daisy Pulls It Off

Gabrielle Glaister now plays the new girl in Denise Deegan's parody of 1920s girls' school stories. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

★ 42nd Street

An American musical that is a benign example of show business at its self-conscious best. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

The Government Inspector

Gogol's broadly satirical comedy, under Richard Eyre, has some excellent ensemble playing. Rik Mayall, despite his pleasing personality, is not yet fully the actor for the young clerk mistaken as the feared inspector. Olivier.

Intermezzo

In Schnitzler's play, Sheila Gish is the opera singer, whose unfaithful composer husband, Jonathan Kent, proposes a trial separation. Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc). Until May 11.

Little Me

This American musical has seven parts for Russ Abbot. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). Until May 25.

● Little Shop of Horrors

Musical about a plant, a blend of cactus & octopus, that grows into a terror. An acquired taste. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

★ Me & My Girl

Back to the Lambeth Walk, with such good players as Robert Lindsay & Frank Thornton to revive our memories of a loved pre-war musical. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358).

The Mousetrap

Though now in its 33rd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

★ Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, the kind of wild touring business that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

★ On Your Toes

A grand musical, now with Doreen Wells dancing at all performances. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Road to Mecca

Athol Fugard in semi-poetic strain, a portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress that comes spasmodically alive. She is acted by Yvonne Bryce-land. Lyttelton, National Theatre, Southbank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Until June 1.

★ Run For Your Wife

Robin Askwith, Geoffrey Hughes & Bill Pertwee in Ray Cooney's hurricane farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole Aged 13½

An uninspiring piece by Sue Townsend, based on her best-selling diaries of a boy about to enter adolescence. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

★★ She Stoops to Conquer

Goldsmith's comedy as it should be acted. After many routine performances through the years, this is a great relief. Lyttelton.

Singin' in the Rain

Tommy Steele takes us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 734 8961).

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber & director, Trevor Nunn, play amiably at trains, & the roller-skaters flash up, down & round the theatre. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262).

Stepping Out

Richard Harris's delightfully organized study of an amateur tap-dancing group is acted (& danced) with enthusiasm. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837).

Trumpets & Raspberries

Griff Rhys Jones in a slap-happy farce—hardly Dario Fo at his richest. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 379 6433). Until May 11.

★ Two Into One

Ray Cooney's grand farce, with Michael Williams, Anton Rodgers & Kathy Staff. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999).

West Side Story

Bernstein's gang-war musical returns as freshly as though it had never been away. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, cc 930 4025).

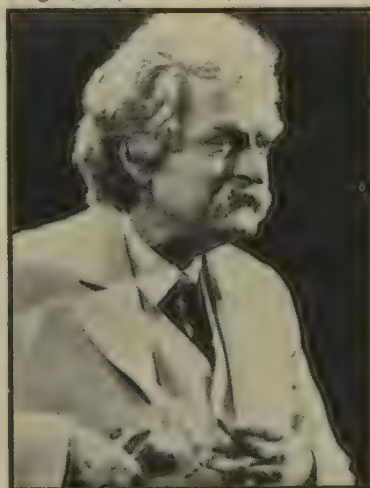
★★ Wild Honey

Michael Frayn's version of Chekhov's earliest play. Ian McKellen gives to the womanizing schoolmaster, Platonov, an irresistible sense of wild comedy. Lyttelton.

AMERICAN FESTIVAL

In the Belly of the Beast

The Wisdom Bridge Theatre Company in a play based on the life of a convicted murderer, Jack Henry Abbott, & his letters from prison to Norman Mailer. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until June 1.



Mark Twain Tonight

Hal Holbrook (above), in an award-winning performance based on Mark Twain's writing, transforms himself into Twain, the man who coined the phrase (in a cable to Associated Press who had mistakenly reported his demise) "The report of my death was an exaggeration". Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1 (388 3363). May 23, 24.

Home

The Negro Ensemble Theatre Company, acclaimed at last year's Edinburgh Festival for *A Soldier's Play*, has pioneered black theatre in the United States. This play, by Samm-Art Williams, is about a young man's odyssey from farm to prison to city & back home to the farm again. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394). May 28-June 15.

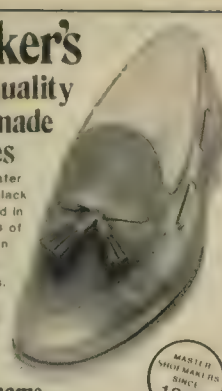
Full details of the Festival programme from the Festival office, 49 Wellington St, WC2E 7BN (379 5874). Feature on p84.

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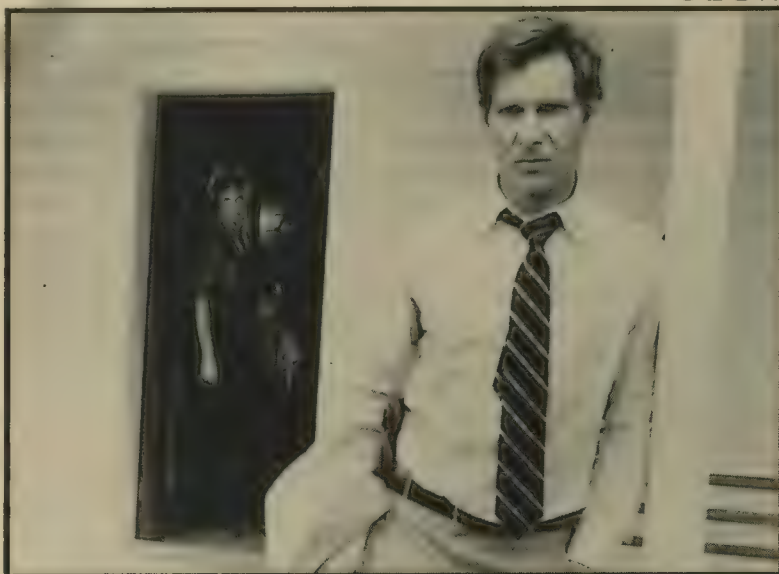
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CINEMA
GEORGE PERRY

Harrison Ford: a tough American cop trying the Amish way of life in Peter Weir's *Witness*.

HARRISON FORD made his film debut 21 years ago, playing a small part in a thriller called *Dead Heat on a Merry Go Round*, the first of many minor performances. George Lucas gave him his break with *American Graffiti*, and then made him Han Solo in *Star Wars*. Then Spielberg cast him as the indestructible Indiana Jones. These two comic-strip roles, between them accounting for five of the most successful movies ever made, never provided him with the acting challenge of portraying a fully-rounded character. But his new film, Peter Weir's *Witness* (reviewed below), clearly delineates him as a major star, an actor who, like Newman and Redford, has an indefinable, compelling presence.

□ The Museum of London has started its ninth season of films under the Made in London umbrella. These early-evening shows on Tuesdays and Fridays have presented superb opportunities to catch up on rarely seen British films. In May, for instance, the programme includes the 1947 production of Daphne Du Maurier's *Hungry Hill*, Maurice Elvey's 1920 *Bleak House*, Herbert Wilcox's 1928 *Madame Pompadour* with Dorothy Gish, Paul Czinner's 1935 film *Escape Me Never* and the amazing, virtually unknown, Korda film *Conquest of the Air*. Full details from the Museum, London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

American Dreamer (PG)

After a terrible opening, with cardboard characters battling with each other on a European express roaring through the night, cliché piles upon cliché & we realize that what is at work is the imagination of a middle-class Ohio housewife. She is hammering out her entry in a competition to find the best pastiche of a series of best-selling thrillers which feature a fur-swathed, polylingual heroine called Rebecca Ryan. The first prize is a trip to Paris. Our aspirant wins & insists on accepting, to the annoyance of her boring husband.

On her way to the celebratory lunch she is involved in an accident &, coming round,

imagines that she really is Rebecca Ryan. In Paris she invades the Hotel Crillon suite occupied by an amused Englishman who ghosts the Ryan stories for his mother. He initially goes along with the joke before it becomes deadly earnest, & strange political assassins turn their lethal intentions on the two of them.

Rick Rosenthal's comedy thriller is scarcely plausible, but JoBeth Williams & Tom Conti, both working extraordinarily hard, manage to hold the enterprise together, & even raise a few laughs. Opens May 17. Royal charity première in the presence of the Duchess of Gloucester in aid of King's Medical Research Trust, May 16. Classic, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527).

★ The Cotton Club (15)

Francis Coppola's exhilarating film bears all the signs of something cut from a much larger canvas, & suffers from a diversity of styles. On one level it is a standard gangster film, in some ways reminiscent of *The Godfather*, but it is also a fascinating slice of forgotten social history, examining the attitudes of whites in Harlem at the tail end of the Prohibition era. Most of all, it is a vivid reconstruction of the Cotton Club's contribution to American entertainment, with superbly re-created dances.

The Cotton Club was a Harlem nightspot

where the greatest black entertainers performed for white Manhattanites—coloured customers were barred from entry. Coppola uses astonishing look-alikes to play Duke Ellington & Cab Calloway. He runs two plots in tandem, one about a white entertainer, played by Richard Gere, who overcomes his mob connexions to become a big Hollywood star, & the other concerned with two brothers in a black tap-dancing act. One of them, Gregory Hines, takes off for the Broadway bright lights. Bob Hoskins is excellent as Owney Madden, the Cotton Club's shady proprietor, with James Remar as a chilling Dutch Schultz, the bootlegger who ran the numbers racket on which Harlem gangland was based, both of them real-life characters.

Music abounds, & the best sequence is the finale in which a vigorous number on the Cotton Club dance floor is intercut with events at Grand Central Station until they both flow as one breathtaking harmonious entity. Opens May 3. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

Falling in Love (15)

Could Meryl Streep & Robert De Niro both be boring in the same film? Alas, it is so. We have here the *Brief Encounter* situation, two married people meeting casually & having a short, desperate affair around a railway timetable. The 40-year-old British film made up for its paucity of plot with distinguished Cowardesque dialogue, & the difference is palpable in comparison. Streep is a Westchester housewife, still vaguely working as an advertising illustrator, while De Niro is a structural engineer commuting to a New York building development from the next station down the line. Their meeting takes ages to occur &, when it does, both communicate in grunts & shrugs, which is strange since the screenplay is by a Pulitzer-winning playwright, Michael Cristofer.

It is one of those films in which the main characters behave so foolishly that one wants to get up there & shake them. It also contains too many implausible coincidences. Dianne Wiest & Harvey Keitel can do little with the supporting roles as the respective best friends, & Ulu Grosbard's direction is flat & disappointing. Opens May 3. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234); ABC, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990).

★★★ A Love in Germany (15)

The setting is one of those picturesque southern German villages, close to the Swiss border, lazing in the hot summer. A mother with an absent husband is attracted by a

much younger man. The affair causes an outrage in the tiny community & dreadful consequences. The reason is that it is 1941, & the man is a Polish prisoner-of-war. The law decrees that a foreign non-Aryan having relations with a German woman must be hanged by someone of his own nationality. The Gestapo Untersturmführer attempts to "Aryanise" his prisoner, but the Pole resists & goes to his doom.

Andrzej Wajda presents a carefully observed view of life in the German heartland in wartime, particularly the way the population came to terms with Nazism & adapted their traditional way of life, with its inbuilt xenophobia, to accommodate the loathsome doctrine. The great central performance in this film is given by Hanna Schygulla, an extraordinary actress who brilliantly conveys the detachment & serenity of a woman in love, heedless of all other considerations. Her lover is Piotr Lysak & the Gestapo man Armin Müller-Stahl. Other creditable members of the cast include Marie-Christine Barrault as an envious neighbour, Elisabeth Trissenaar as a bereaved friend & Bernhard Wicki as the doctor. Wajda's film, from a book by Rolf Hochhuth, is a penetrating view of the Second World War from a rarely-observed position. Opens May 9. Chelsea Cinema, 206 King's Rd, SW3 (351 3742, cc); Camden Plaza, 211 Camden High St, NW1 (485 2443).

Parker (15)

Bryan Brown is found wandering in a German wood, a businessman who has been turned loose 11 days after being kidnapped. It is the start of a murky thriller, in which the man becomes obsessed with solving the crime, only half-believed by his wife & the Bavarian policeman in charge of the case.

Jim Goddard, who directed the excellent television mini-series, *Kennedy*, makes an auspicious feature-film debut, handling the quirky atmospherics, violence & darkness with a sure touch. Bryan Brown is excellent as the brooding, fixated hero, with able support from Cherie Lunghi as his wife & Kurt Raab as the detective. Bob Peck & Phil Smeaton are perhaps the slimiest killers since the *films noirs* of the 1940s. Opens May 3. Classic, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527).

Protocol (PG)

Goldie Hawn plays a cocktail waitress in a sleazy Washington bar who inadvertently saves a visiting Arab ruler from an assassin's bullet. The politicians, making the most of her success as a media celebrity, give her a government job, hoping the Arab will add her to his wife collection & allow the United States to build a military base in his country.

The promisingly astringent satire, especially at the expense of television journalism, at the beginning of this Herbert Ross film is unfortunately not sustained, & it goes inexplicably soft. In fact, the climax is quite embarrassing with Goldie Hawn spouting populist nonsense in front of a Senate committee as though we are having a distaff re-run of *Mr Smith Goes to Washington*. Opens May 3. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791).

★ Starman (PG)

Jeff Bridges is an extra-terrestrial being of superior intelligence who simulates Karen Allen's late husband, & appears one night in her country cottage. He persuades her to help him travel 2,000 miles across America so that he can rendezvous with his mother ship & escape, with the usual military knuckleheads in pursuit.



Hanna Schygulla: outstanding performance in Andrzej Wajda's *A Love in Germany*.

ILN ratings

★★★ Highly recommended

★ Recommended

● Not for us

It is not exactly an original plot, but Bridges plays his part wittily, capturing the strangeness of an alien inhabiting a human body. John Carpenter, the director, somehow manages to sustain the interest even when we know exactly what is going to happen next. Opens May 10. Leicester Sq Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc).

Wild Geese II

Richard Burton died a few days before he was to start work on this sequel & the screenplay had to be hurriedly rewritten to accommodate Edward Fox as his younger brother. Such last-minute scrabbings can scarcely have helped, although the plot was probably beyond redemption anyway.

An American TV tycoon wants Rudolf Hess liberated from Spandau, presumably to appear on his network talk shows, & is willing to pay anything to a bunch of mercenaries who can pull it off. It is hard to find the right people, but Fox knows a man who is crazier than himself. He is Scott Glenn, playing a Lebanese-American who, judging from the way he can pose as a Berlin workman or an Austrian football supporter, can also speak perfect German.

Hess turns out to be Laurence Olivier with one of his funny accents & a bizarre set of dentures. The joke is that when they've got him out, in the face of appalling loss of life, he says he would rather be back in Spandau, the only place he can call home. Peter Hunt directs this lunatic nonsense unabashedly. Opens May 24. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791).

Witness (15)

The Australian director, Peter Weir, makes his American debut with an excellent thriller

in the best Hitchcockian tradition of contrasting good & evil in head-on collision. A young Amish widow from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is with her eight-year-old son in Philadelphia's Union station. The boy sees a savage murder in the men's room. An uncorrupt police captain on the case discovers that the victim was another policeman, killed by his superiors to prevent him unmasking a drugs racket in which they are involved.

The officer whisks the boy & his mother back to hide out in their pacifist community, which still clings to an 18th-century way of life, where he must appear to be Amish & wear the buttonless black clothes of the sect. He "finds himself", working as a carpenter, & becomes attracted by the woman & the simple peace of her people, their rugged virtue as far removed from the everyday violence of his city beat as it is possible to be. That is, until the day the men with guns come out to find him.

Harrison Ford, although he has starred in five of the most profitable films of all time, has never had to act an ordinary, vulnerable man before. Kelly McGillis is excellent as the widow, & the Amish are shown with sympathy & dignity, even suggesting to the audience that their form of retreat from the pressures of the 20th century may not be so wrong. Above all, the film is an astonishing essay on the nature of violence, & Weir has presented it in the form of an unusual, gripping & often tender thriller. Opens May 24. Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1 (437 1234); ABC, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990); ABC Bayswater, Queensway, W2 (229 4149).

ALSO SHOWING

Baby... Secret of the Lost Legend (PG)

Patrick McGoohan, William Katt & Sean Young rediscover dinosaurs in the African jungle & disagree as to whether they should be brought back for display in America.

Beauty & the Beast (PG)

A new print of Cocteau's first full-length film made in 1946. Jean Marais plays the Beast in this French version of the well-known fairy tale.

The Falcon & the Snowman (15)

John Schlesinger's new film is the true story of a young man (excellently played by Timothy Hutton) who, having given up the priesthood, works in a top-secret centre. Disgusted by evidence of CIA involvement in Australian politics, he peddles American secrets to the Russians with disastrous results. Not vintage Schlesinger, but accomplished enough to overcome deficiencies in the screenplay.

Flashpoint (15)

William Tannen's film mingles criticism of modern America with standard conspiracy theories over Kennedy's assassination. Kris Kristofferson & Treat Williams play a pair of disgruntled US border patrolmen who become involved with sinister people from Washington after discovering a wrecked jeep in the desert.

Micki & Maud (PG)

Dudley Moore is back on form in Blake Edwards' comedy about a happily-married television reporter who has an affair with a cellist. When wife & mistress become pregnant, he bigamously marries the cellist & maintains a hectic double life.

Number One (15)

Les Blair's fast-moving film suggests that bigtime-snooker is riddled with corruption & bitter enmity. Bob Geldof stars as a small-time player who turns professional & aims for the World Championship, in the face of orders to lose.

A Passage to India (PG)

David Lean superimposes his view of India on

almost every frame of his screen version of Forster's novel examining India's relationship to its declining Raj. Best performances are from Peggy Ashcroft as the chief magistrate's mother & James Fox as a non-conformist teacher.

The Return of Captain Invincible (PG)

Alan Arkin plays the super-hero, brought back from retirement to save America from threatened destruction by Mr Midnight (Christopher Lee).

The River (PG)

Mark Rydell's oddly worthy film has Mel Gibson & Sissy Spacek as Tennessee farming folk leading the fight to keep their valley unflooded.

A Soldier's Story (15)

Charles Fuller's screen adaptation of his own play, directed by Norman Jewison, is one of the best films about black Americans for many years. Howard E. Rollins Jr plays a black army captain in 1944, sent to investigate a murder on a black army base in Louisiana, where he receives little co-operation from the white officers.

The Times of Harvey Milk (15)

Documentary by Robert Epstein & Richard Schmiechen about the rise & assassination of a San Francisco city councillor.

Utu (15)

Compelling performance by Anzac Wallace as a Maori leader setting out on a policy of Utu, or retribution, when he finds the people of his village massacred by whites in the 1870s. Geoff Murphy's film is one of the best to come out of New Zealand.

Wetherby (15)

In his first feature, David Hare brilliantly holds together the fragments of a story of a Yorkshire schoolteacher (Vanessa Redgrave) who befriends a man whose suicide releases a flood of flashbacks.

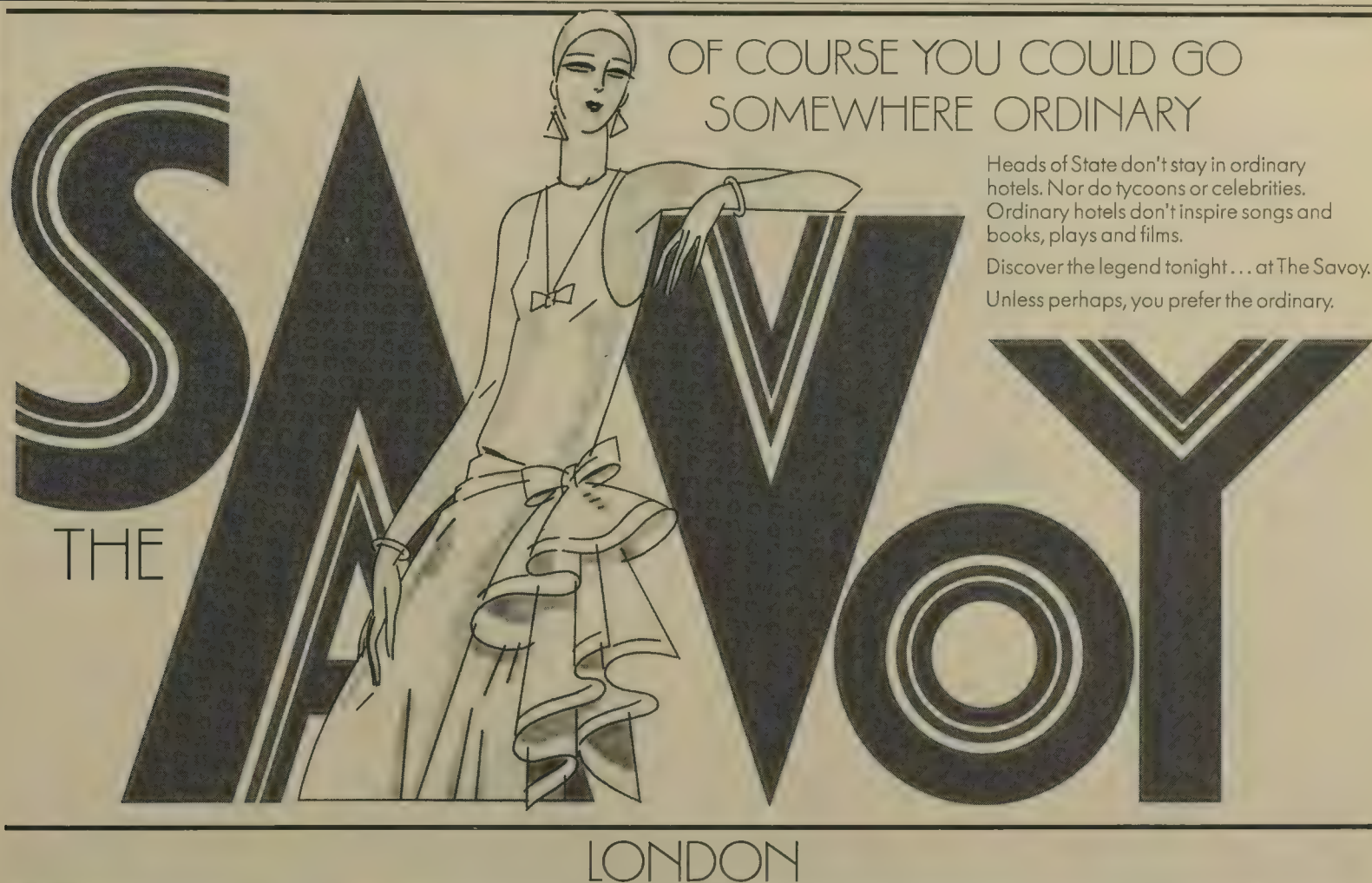
Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.



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LONDON

CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES

THIS MONTH's American Festival, which runs from May 8 to 31, brings a number of distinguished orchestras, soloists and conductors to Britain for concerts in Cardiff and Glasgow as well as London where the bulk of the programme takes place. The St Louis Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, respectively, give the opening and closing concerts at the Festival Hall. The Dallas Symphony Orchestra, under their music director Eduardo Mata, appear at both the South Bank and the Barbican as well as in Cardiff, and in the course of their visit they will also be heard in Nottingham and Portsmouth.

□ Britain's major opera festival, Glyndebourne, embarks on its second half-century and breaks new ground by staging *Carmen* for the first time. There will be a new production of *Albert Herring*, which had its world première at Glyndebourne in 1947, and revivals of *La Cenerentola*, *Arabella* and *Idomeneo*. The season ends with an Oliver Knussen/Maurice Sendak double bill of *Higglety Pigglety Pop!* and *Where the Wild Things Are*.



Antal Dorati: conducts RPO at the Festival Hall in the American Festival, May 28.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. May 2, 16, 7.45pm. Geoffrey Simon conducts the London première of the 1872 version of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 2 (Little Russian) (May 2); Myung Whun Chung conducts Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Boris Belkin as soloist, & Prokofiev's Symphony No 6 (May 16).

City of London Sinfonia. May 3, 8pm, May 5, 7.30pm. Emma Johnson, clarinet, BBC Young Musician of the Year, 1984, joins the orchestra in an all-Mozart programme conducted by Lionel Friend to play the solo part in the Clarinet Concerto in A; the other works are Eine kleine Nachtmusik & the Symphony No 40 (May 3). "Happy Birthday Mr Handel" is a repeat of the birthday concert given with the Westminster Singers;

Nicholas Cleobury conducts extracts from operas, oratorios, the Water Music & the Music for the Royal Fireworks (May 5).

John Ogdon. May 15, 1pm. Piano recital devoted to Beethoven, Scriabin, Debussy, Rachmaninov & Elgar.

City of London Choir. May 20, 7.30pm. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, conducted by Donald Cashmore, with Elizabeth Lane, Catherine Wyn Rogers, Adrian Thompson & Ian Caddy as soloists.

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli. May 26, 7.30pm, May 28, 7.45pm. The only London appearance this year of the eminent pianist who repeats one programme of works by Chopin & Debussy's *Préludes* Book 2.

IVEAGH BEQUEST, KENWOOD Box office: Royal Festival Hall, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Sundays in the Orangery. May 5, 12, 19, 26,

June 2, 7.30pm. A Bach & Brahms series given in the Orangery of the mansion remodelled in 1764 by Robert Adam. The soloists are: Philip Martin, piano (May 5); Roman Jablonski, cello, & Krystyna Borvincinska, piano (May 12); Erich Gruenberg, violin, & Anthony Goldstone, piano (May 19), all of whom play mixed Bach & Brahms programmes; the Music Group of London give all-Brahms recitals, with Alan Civil, horn (May 26), & Keith Puddey, clarinet (June 2).

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Recitals. May 12, 21, 29, 8pm. Elisabeth Söderström, soprano, accompanied by Christoph Eschenbach, sings Schubert lieder & songs by Britten, Tchaikovsky & the Swedish composers Sjogren & Rangstrom (May 12). Hermann Prey, baritone,

accompanied by Helmut Deutsch, gives a programme of German songs (May 21). Frederica Von Stade, mezzo-soprano, with Gillian Cookson at the piano, includes lieder by Mahler & songs by Ravel, Debussy, Argento, Copland & Thompson in her programme (May 29—a Covent Garden Prom).

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Abbey Opera. May 1-4, 7pm. Handel's *Flavio*, directed by John Eaton, conducted by Antony Shelley, is given its first London production in modern times.

Markus Stocker. May 9, 16, 7.30pm. The Swiss cellist, on his second public appearance in London, plays Bach's six unaccompanied Suites for Cello during two evenings.

BBC Lunchtime Concerts. May 13, 20, 1pm. The Chilingirian String Quartet play quartets by Elgar & Tippett (May 13); John Williams, guitar, plays Ponce's Variations & Fugue on La Folia, & the BBC Singers under John Poole sing Three Motets from the *Liber cantorum* by Holmboe (May 20).

Contemporary music. May 15, 18, 23, 28, 7.30pm. The Music Ensemble, directed by Keith Williams, give first performances of works by Anthony Powers & Roger Briggs (May 15). The Ionian Singers, conducted by Timothy Salter, give first performances of works by Salter, Gabriel Jackson & J. Dale Roberts, along with music by Musgrave, Maconchy, Bax & Elgar (May 18). Capricorn, conducted by Lionel Friend, give first performances of music by Colin Griffith, Andrew Vores, Rhian Samuel, Theo Leovendie, Steven Kings & James Clarke (May 23). Dreamtiger give first performances of music by Richard Steinitz, Olivier Messiaen, Douglas Young & Henri Pousseur (May 28).

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Festival Hall:

London Philharmonic Orchestra. May 1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 7.30pm. Under their principal conductor & music director, Klaus Tennstedt, the LPO end their South Bank series with three Beethoven programmes: with the French pianist Cécile Ousset they play the Piano Concerto No 4 (May 1); the Symphonies No 6 & No 7 (May 5); with Radu Lupu as soloist the Piano Concerto No 3, followed by Janáček's Glagolitic Mass (May 12). On May 10 Georg Solti conducts a programme of Stravinsky, Schumann & Brahms.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. May 7, 7.30pm. The winner of the 1985 Yehudi Menuhin violin competition, as yet to be announced, plays the solo part in a violin concerto under Menuhin, who also conducts the orchestra in Beethoven's Choral Symphony.

Philharmonia Orchestra. May 9, 14, 16, 19, 23, 26, 31, 7.30pm. A busy month for the Philharmonia who play Bruckner's Symphony No 6 under their newly appointed principal conductor Esa-Pekka Salonen of Finland (May 9); Beethoven's Missa Solemnis under Giulini (May 14 & 16); Bruckner's Symphony No 3 (May 23) & Shostakovich's Symphony No 15 (May 26), both under Kurt Sanderling; Bruckner's Symphony No 7 under Giuseppe Sinopoli (May 31).

London Choral Society. May 22, 7.30pm. For their contribution to Handel's tercentenary the Society is performing his oratorio *Solomon*, with the English Chamber Orchestra, under the baton of Charles Mackerras. The soloists will be Margaret

BALLET



Merce Cunningham dances at the American Festival: Sadler's Wells, May 14-25.

Ballet Rambert will perform, in the course of two different programmes, Glen Tetley's *Pierrot Lunaire*, to the Schönberg *songspiel*, specially restaged for the Festival. There will also be a new ballet by Robert North and performances of *Dangerous Liaisons* by Robert Alston which will have had its première in Southampton only a week earlier. Christopher Bruce's *Sergeant Early's Dream*, danced to British, Irish and American folk songs, which was so popular with audiences at Rambert's March season at Sadler's Wells, is also in the repertoire.

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet are in residence at the Royal Opera House until May 18. Their repertoire for the season is Peter

Wright's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake*, and a triple bill consisting of *Les Sylphides*, Bintley's attractive *Choros*, set in a gymnasium and speculatively based on Greek dances (no one knows what they were like in reality) and *Petrushka*. Go for the triple-bill performance on May 9, in which Bintley dances the sad puppet and gives renewed and poignant life to a role that I believed could not work.

Scottish Ballet is touring with Peter Darrell's version of *Swan Lake*, first produced for the centenary of the ballet's première in 1977. In it the Prince appears as a decadent junkie, rebelling against the strict Victorian court and under the malign influence of his "close companion" Benno, the Rothbart figure, who introduces him to the evil Odile. Odette is an opium-induced vision, and the evening ends with the Prince's suicide, after another pipe to see him on his way. It is at the Hippodrome, Bristol, May 1-5; Empire, Liverpool, May 7-11; Playhouse, Edinburgh, May 15-18; and Theatre Royal, Glasgow, May 22-25.

URSULA ROBERTSHAW

Box offices:

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20, cc). **Theatre Royal, Brighton** (0273 28488). **Royal Opera House,** Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). **Hippodrome,** Bristol (0272 299444, cc 0272 213362). **Empire,** Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). **Playhouse,** Edinburgh (031-557 2590). **Theatre Royal,** Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc).

The American Festival provides the major dance event of the month: **Merce Cunningham** and his dance group are at Sadler's Wells from May 14 to 25 in a season which provides seven British premières. It is the 21st anniversary of the company's London début in 1964, and the inimitable Merce himself, incredibly 66 this year, will be dancing in each of the four different programmes. He is one of those rare performers you cannot take your eyes off when they are on stage. He has an enormously attractive, expressive, ugly face, a body that can convey any nuance, and his feet, knubbly and knotted as a troll's, bear witness to a hard lifetime of dance (he was a soloist with Martha Graham as long ago as the 1940s). Cunningham's favourite composer, John Cage, will appear with the company.

The theme of the Brighton Festival this year is clowns, clowning and the *commedia dell'arte*. To this Lindsay Kemp and his company contribute **Mr Punch's Pantomime**, which will not be seen elsewhere in Britain this year. It is a rethink of the performance seen at the Roundhouse in 1973 and has designs, by Emanuele Luzzati, adapted from the pre-1914 Brighton ones he did for Kemp's *Façade*. Kemp warns that *Mr Punch* is "an adult show and not intrinsically suitable children's entertainment"—this applies to most of his works—and it will be performed on May 20-22 at the Theatre Royal, followed there from May 23-25 by his high-camp version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

At the same venue but earlier (May 6-11)

Marshall, Isobel Buchanan, Paul Esswood, Philip Langridge & Petti Salomaa. Queen Elizabeth Hall:

Hanover Band. May 3, 16, 7.45pm. Eight concerts based around the life of Beethoven in the years 1770 to 1827 will be given by the Hanover Band, starting on May 3 & continuing until June 23. The group was formed in 1980 by the cellist Caroline Brown, who is now the artistic director, & specializes in playing the music of Beethoven & his contemporaries as they would have heard it. The musicians play on period instruments & are directed from the violin by Monica Huggett. The first programme is made up of Beethoven's Symphony No 8 & the Fantasia for fortepiano, chorus & orchestra (soloist Mary Verney), combined with Haydn's Harmoniemesse in B flat major. The second combines the Symphony No 1 with Mozart's Concerto for flute & harp & Haydn's Symphony No 100.

English Chamber Orchestra. May 17, 30, 7.45pm. Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, & Thea King, clarinet, are the soloists in the final two concerts of the ECO series. In the first, conducted by Raymond Leppard, the orchestra plays extracts from Purcell's *The Indian Queen* & his Fantasia in G as well as Haydn's Symphony No 83 (The Hen). They are joined by Janet Baker for arias by Cavalli & Monteverdi & Haydn's cantata *Arianna a Naxos*. At the second concert Edward Downes conducts Stravinsky's Dumbarton Oaks & Schönberg's Verklärte Nacht & the UK premiere of Anthony Halstead's Concertino Elegiaco. Howard Blake takes over to conduct the world premiere of his Clarinet Concerto.

SPITALFIELDS FESTIVAL

Christ Church, Commercial St, E1. May 22-31. Booking office: Flat 3, 6 Mareschal Rd, Guildford, Surrey (0483 575274).

Founded to heighten public awareness of the musical potential of Hawksmoor's great church—now undergoing major repairs & restoration to the architect's original designs—the festival has reached its ninth year. The opening & closing concerts, given by the Richard Hickox Singers & the City of London Sinfonia, celebrate the Handel tercentenary with performances of his *Dixit Dominus* & *Messiah*. The programme also marks the anniversaries of Schütz, Tallis, Saint-Saëns, Berg, Butterworth & Barber.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Wigmore Summer Nights. From May 2, 7.30pm. The pianist Moura Lympany launches the series & celebrates the 50th anniversary of her first London recital at the Wigmore Hall on May 2, 1935. Her programme includes works by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin & Rachmaninov. There will be six recitals by the Greek pianist Martino Tirimo during which he will play the complete piano sonatas of Schubert (May 5, 15, 25). The Consort of Musicke, under the direction of Anthony Rooley, with the alto Mary Nichols explore the repertoire for female alto from the period 1500 to 1700, including works by Dowland & Handel (May 9). The Songmakers' Almanac present a biography in song & readings of Eduard Mörike, the Swabian pastor whose poems furnished lyrics for Brahms, Schumann & Wolf (May 11). The distinguished horn player Barry Tuckwell gives a joint recital with the soprano Sheila Armstrong, accompanied by Roger Vignoles (May 18). The Czechoslovakian-born harpsichordist Stanislav Heller contributes to the Bach tercentenary with a perform-

POPULAR MUSIC

The tercentenary of Johann Sebastian Bach's birth this year has had one surprising outcome: the renaissance of French pianist/composer Jacques Loussier (below). For several years Loussier has concentrated on composing and on other musical forms such as what he calls "pulsion" music, a kind of jazz-rock fusion; he is back with the imaginative "Play Bach" interpretations which first won him fame in the 1960s. At that time, in company with bassist Pierre Michelot and drummer Christian Garros, Loussier turned out five albums of Bach compositions interpreted with jazz feeling, which sold more than six million copies—an almost unheard-of statistic for jazz records. Few of the new generation of listeners, perhaps, will realize that the music—Bach's Air on a G String—in the entertaining TV cigar advertisement is played by Jacques Loussier's trio from two decades ago.



Loussier, with new partners in jazz-rock session drummer André Arpino and classically-trained bassist Vincent Charbonnier, may give new twists to his old material, so the revival is welcome. He begins near-London concert appearances this month—at the Brighton Dome (0273 682127) on May 19, Southampton Guildhall (0703 32601) on May 20, Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury (0227 67246) on May 31, and continues next month at the Oxford Apollo (0865 244544) on June 2, Royal Festival Hall (928 3191) on June 6, the Slough Fulcrum (0753 38669) on June 7 and Greenwich Borough Hall (858 7424) on June 14. A new television-merchandized record

label, Start Records, has put out a selection of the best "Play Bach" tracks, newly recorded by the 1985 trio as a two-album set and costing no more than the average single album. You can also get a single of that "G String" music; it could be Top 20 stuff.

Major mainstream singing event of the month—if you ignore the last 11 days of Nina Simone at Ronnie Scott's (439 0747)—is undoubtedly the tour of **Vic Damone** who, although 13 years younger than Sinatra, was a rival of his in the late 1940s. Damone's voice has lasted very well and he is singing with more feeling and depth than ever. Touring with the backing of the National Youth Jazz Orchestra (who will have the chance to play some outstanding melodies), he is at Fairfield Halls, Croydon on May 1, the Hexagon, Reading (0734 591591) on May 5, Eastbourne's Congress Theatre (0323 36363) on May 6, the Winter Gardens, Margate (0843 292795) on May 8, and at the Albert Hall on May 21.

Jazz fans can expect a couple of interesting nights at the Barbican Hall (628 8795), when the **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** from New Orleans—most of its members aged 101, or so it seems—plays there on May 24, 25. Their performances are part of the American Festival, whose wide-ranging musical events in London include concerts by country singer **Ricky Skaggs** at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road (580 9562) on May 18, 19.

A British tribute to Joe "King" Oliver, one of the great New Orleans jazz pioneers, is paid by **The New Dixie Syncopators**, directed by Keith Nichols who, with blues singer **Beryl Bryden**, play a King Oliver centenary concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (928 3191) on May 11.

Ronnie Scott's Club has the great flautist and saxist **James Moody** with his quartet, May 20-25, and then the flamboyant young guitarist **Birelli Lagren**, who is often compared with Django Reinhardt (May 21-June 1). Over at the nearby Pizza Express, Dean Street (437 7215) you should not miss the fine American group, **The Blue Three** (Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood and Jake Hanna) on May 10, 11; or Elaine Delmar's short season at Pizza on the Park (235 5550) May 9-11.

Jazz non-event of the month is the failure of the National Jazz Centre in Covent Garden to open after its February postponement. More news when it comes.

DEREK JEWELL

as soloist in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Dvořák's Symphony No 8 follows. **Isaac Stern**, violin; **Jean-Bernard Pommier**, piano, May 13, 7.30pm. The eminent violinist plays Fauré, Beethoven, Copland & Brahms.

Dallas Symphony Orchestra. May 17, 7.30pm. James Galway is the soloist in the Poem for flute & orchestra written in 1918 by the American composer Charles Tomlinson Griffes, & in a transcription of Rodrigo's Fantasia para un gentilhombre.

Philharmonia Orchestra. May 21, 7.30pm. In addition to Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, with Shlomo Mintz as soloist, Andrew Davis conducts works by Copland, Colgrass & Rachmaninov.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. May 28, 7.30pm. Antal Dorati conducts the first British performance of his own Night Music & works by Barber, Bach & William Schumann.

Murray Perahia, piano, May 29, 7.30pm. Bach, Beethoven, Bartók, Chopin.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra. May 30, 7.30pm. Zubin Mehta, the orchestra's music director, conducts the final concert of the festival which is made up of works by Bach, Crumb & Mahler.

Queen Elizabeth Hall:

Lontano. May 13, 7.45pm. The ensemble directed by Odaline de la Martinez plays music by three American composers: Conlan Nancarrow, now in his 70s, who lives in Mexico & devotes himself to making player-piano rolls for his compositions, his music being too difficult for human fingers to encompass; William Kraft, composer in residence to the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; & Roger Reynolds. The concert also includes a new British work, George Newson's O My America, whose title derives from Donne & Lorca & the text from Nabokov's *Lolita*.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

In celebration of Sir Michael Tippett's 80th birthday ENO are mounting a new production of **The Midsummer Marriage**, conducted by Mark Elder, directed by David Pountney & designed by Stefanos Lazaridis. Helen Field & John Treleaven sing the young lovers Jennifer & Mark (May 15, 18, 24, 30).

The Bartered Bride continues its run in Elijah Moshinsky's new production & John Bury's delightful Impressionistic village-green setting, peopled by bicycling, picnicking, dancing, drinking crowds whose enjoyment of their village saint's day is infectious—the polka is the climax of the festivities. Mařenka & Jenik & their parents are very much part of the community: the parents representing the staid, older generation excellently drawn & sung, the young lovers at the first performance lacking spontaneity. The conductor, Herbert Prikopa, has the measure of Smetana's music & infuses the performance with vitality (May 3, 8, 11).

There are further performances of Jonathan Miller's production of **The Marriage of Figaro** with Richard Van Allan singing Count Almaviva for the first time (May 1, 4, 10, 16, 22, 25). This season's new **Madam Butterfly**, which explores the work's darker aspects, also returns with Janice Cairns as Butterfly & Rowland Sidwell as Pinkerton (May 2, 9, 14, 17, 23).

➡➡

ance of the Goldberg Variations (May 22). The Lindsay String Quartet will give four concerts devoted to Tippett, Haydn & Schubert (from May 29).

AMERICAN FESTIVAL

BARBICAN

London Concert Orchestra. May 17, 8pm. With John Ogdon as solo pianist, Bramwell Tovey conducts a programme of American popular music by Sousa, Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers & Copland.

Dallas Symphony Orchestra. May 18, 7.45pm. The programme opens with the first London performance of the Concerto for Brass Choir & Orchestra by the American composer Benjamin Lees, who will give a pre-concert talk on his work at

6.15pm. John Williams plays the solo guitar in Ponce's Concierto del Sur, & the concert ends with Mahler's Symphony No 1.

London Symphony Orchestra. May 19, 7.30pm, May 23, 7.45pm. Both concerts under the baton of Myung Whun Chung & with an American soloist. At the first David Golub plays Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F, which is followed by Dvořák's New World Symphony. At the second Wynton Marsalis plays Purcell's Trumpet Overture from *The Indian Queen* & Hummel's Trumpet Concerto in E flat.

SOUTH BANK

Festival Hall:

St Louis Symphony Orchestra. May 8, 7.30pm. Opening concert of the American Festival, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, the orchestra's music director, with Isaac Stern

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUED

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA
Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). May 20-Aug 14.

The festival opens with Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, conducted by James Judd, in a revival of John Cox's 1983 production, with Perrault-inspired sets by Allen Charles Klein placing the action in the realm of pantomime with concomitant visual distractions. Carolyn Watkinson sings Angelina, Robert Gambill Ramiro & Alessandro Corbelli Dandini. Sesto Bruscantini, who sang regularly at the festival in the 1950s, makes a welcome return as Don Magnifico (May 20,22,24,26,28,31).

Carmen will be staged for the first time at Glyndebourne on the following day under the baton of Bernard Haitink, the festival's musical director, produced by Peter Hall, the artistic director, & designed by John Bury. Maria Ewing, who has given outstanding performances as Dorabella & Rosina at Glyndebourne, sings Carmen. Warren Ellsworth, an American tenor who has sung with Welsh National Opera, is Don José; another American, David Holloway, is Escamillo; Marie McLaughlin is Micaela. All four are singing their roles for the first time (May 21,25,29).

KENT OPERA

Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 63362). May 28,29.

In the context of the Bath Festival, Kent Opera are reviving their production of *Agrippina*, Handel's version of the story of Nero & Poppea, written for the Venice carnival of 1709-10. The title role is sung by Felicity Palmer, with Eirian James as Nero, Meryl Drower as Poppea & Ulrik Cold as Claudius. Ivan Fischer conducts.

NEW SUSSEX OPERA

Dome Theatre, Brighton (0273 682127). May 3,6,8.

As the opening event of the Brighton Festival, New Sussex Opera are presenting Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* in the Dome Theatre. Peter Ebert, the company's recently appointed artistic director, will stage the opera as an arena production, which will involve a major extension to the existing stage, & the removal of some stalls seats to accommodate an orchestra of 70 players. "The chorus & soloists will literally flow in & around the audience", who will find themselves participating in a Roman carnival. The conductor is Bryan Balkwill, former musical director of Sadler's Wells Opera, who has also worked with Peter

Ebert in Wexford. The title role will be sung by David Johnston. The opera will be performed in a new English translation by Arthur Jacobs.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc). Plácido Domingo appears in two roles new to London this month. He sings the title role in the first revival of last season's new production of *Andrea Chénier*, with Anna Tomowa-Sintow as Maddalena & Giorgio Zancanaro as Gérard. Giordano's romantic melodrama needs a tenor of his stature to bring it to life (May 1,4,7). He returns 10 days later with Agnes Baltsa in *Samson et Dalila*, a revival of Elijah Moshinsky's production in Sidney Nolan's atmospheric sets, conducted by Colin Davis (May 17,22,25,28,31).

With the house still reverberating to the acclamations that greeted the return of Joan Sutherland in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, it falls to Lucia Aliberti, who is making her house debut, to don the blood-stained bridal robe of poor, mad Lucia & match the consummate artistry of "La Stupenda" for the final two performances (May 20,23).

There are further performances of Tippett's *King Priam*, in Sean Kenny's sets, marking the composer's 80th birthday (May 2,8,10). The month ends with yet another revival of John Copley's 11-year-old, highly successful production of *La Bohème*, with Gabriela Benácková singing Mimi for the first time & the Hungarian tenor Dénes Gulyás making his debut as Rodolfo (May 24,27,30). Performances in the week May 27-June 1 are Proms, for which the stall seats are removed & 700 £3 tickets are sold one hour before curtain-up.

SCOTTISH OPERA

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041 331 1234, cc 041 332 9000). May 8,11,14,16,18.

The company's contribution to the Handel tercentenary celebrations is a production of his *Orlando*, which is based on an incident in Ariosto's poem *Orlando Furioso*, a rich source of texts & plots for composers, among them Lully & Vivaldi. Handel's work is both an *opera seria* & a romantic fairytale, in which the magician Zoroastro drives Orlando mad before finally restoring him to sanity. It will be conducted by Richard Hickox, directed by Christopher Fettes, & the title role sung by this country's most eminent operatic counter-tenor, James Bowman.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle (0632 322061, cc 0632 323380). May 21-25.

A week of repertory including *Orlando*, a new production of *Don Giovanni*, with the Russian baritone Sergei Leiferkus making his British debut in the title role, & a Rossini double-bill made up of *The Marriage Contract* & *The Silken Ladder*.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130). May 14-25.

The company's summer season opens with *Rigoletto*, conducted by Richard Armstrong, in a new production by Lucian Pintilie (who was responsible for WNO's revolutionary *Carmen*) with Dennis O'Neill as the Duke, Anne Dawson as Gilda & Donald Maxwell as Rigoletto. *Tosca* follows, with Josephine Barstow singing the title role, Kristian Johansson as Cavaradossi & Anthony Baldwin as Scarpia. There will be one performance (May 23) of the new *Norma*, produced by Andrei Serban, with Suzanne Murphy as Norma.

The same repertory at Swansea Grand Theatre (0792 475715, cc). May 28-June 1.



Plácido Domingo: sings *Andrea Chénier* & *Samson* for the first time at Covent Garden.

SPORT FRANK KEATING

I WAS IN Belfast for England's World Cup soccer match against Northern Ireland on February 25. Within an hour of the crucial game being won, however tamely, Bobby Robson's victorious team were showered, blazered and already on the bus to the airport. Then, far too close for comfort, came one terrifying blast, like a peal of thunder. Windows splintered and garden gates were blown off their hinges in a street adjoining the stadium. Mercifully, none of the throng attending the match at Windsor Park was injured, because a bomb warning, telephoned to a local newspaper during the match by the Irish National Liberation Army, had given police time to clear the area. The terse, telephoned threat was ominous: "You have been warned. Sports teams from England are no longer a protected species here. Next time we will aim to kill." In those three sentences, the message wiped out the harmony and presumed immunity from the civil war that sport in the province had grown to enjoy. How sportsmen from over the water will react has yet to be seen, and the crucial test seems to be the weekend of May 25 and 26 when both the prestigious UK National Athletics Championships and hockey's European Cup are due to be held in Northern Ireland. At the time of writing, a number of young people are having to make very difficult personal and collective decisions.

HIGHLIGHTS

ATHLETICS

HFC Championships of the UK, Antrim Forum, Northern Ireland. May 25, 26.

See introduction.

CRICKET

Lavinia, Duchess of Norfolk's XI v Australia, Arundel, W Sussex. May 5.

MCC v Australia, Lord's. May 22-24.

Texaco Trophy: England v Australia, Old Trafford. May 30.

A nice touch to warm the opening of a keenly anticipated cricket season is the Duchess of Norfolk's decision (sponsored, I fancy, by her "cricketing adviser" Colin Cowdrey) to nominate Bob Willis, the former England leader, to be captain of her XI. They will take on the Australian tourists in their traditional opening match at the blissful Arundel Castle ground in West Sussex on May 5.

Fascinating pointers to the summer will be seen in the MCC's choice of team to take on the tourists at Lord's from May 22 to 24 or England's one-day side at Manchester on May 30. Will they, for instance, prove that the "rebels", banned for three years in 1982 after touring South Africa, have genuinely been forgiven, by including a couple of them—Gooch, for instance, or Emburey?

CROQUET

Peel Memorials, Cheltenham, Glos. May 13-18.

Great Britain v US: Nottingham, May 25, 26; Hurlingham Club, SW6, May 31 & June 2; Roehampton Club, SW15, June 1.

The United States have spent a long time learning about croquet, so it will be good to see what they are made of on this visit. The game, rather unfairly, has always seemed to inspire either a patronizing giggle or a smug smile at the image of dodderers in straw hats having a clink or two on the lawn after tea. But there is more to it than that.

The Croquet Association will celebrate its centenary in 11 years' time. It was formed at Maidstone in 1896 on the inspiration of Walter Peel, the game's leading Victorian player & like cricket's W. G. Grace, a man of Gloucestershire, where he was lord of the manor at Aylesmore. The game, however, had been played long before 1896, though no one quite knows where it originated or how codified rules came to be handed down. Certainly it flourished all through the last century in Ireland, where O'Callaghan, Corbally & Matthews were renowned champions. The Irish always presumed that



Croquet: did this quintessentially English game originate in France?

it was "invented" by the English—but the English, if they are honest, admit the game must have been started by the French, on account of all the French words associated with it. They say Louis XIV liked a game. Now, however, it is as English as cricket, or cucumber sandwiches at tea.

FOOTBALL

FA Cup final, Wembley Stadium, May 18.

England's new "national game" annually encroaches even more upon the "old" territory. Soon, I fancy, soccer will be played round the year, with a month's holiday at Christmas for shopping & rough weather. Once upon a time—indeed less than 30 years ago—the footballers of Britain never even bothered to enter the World Cup, & disdained even more haughtily to take part in any European competition. In those days they rang down the curtain on the winter on the last Saturday in April at Wembley—leaving ample time to "blanco" their boots & begin the cricket season on the following Wednesday. (The last man to be a "double international" for England—capped at both soccer & cricket—was Arthur Milton, in the 1950s. He was Arsenal's outside right & Gloucestershire's opening bat & demon fieldsman. He is now a Bristol postman.) Cricket will have been under way for a month exactly before Wembley's FA Cup final on May 18. Football continues into the summer with the European Championships final in Brussels. Soccer is now an all-the-year-round business.

HOCKEY

European Cup, Belfast. May 25, 26.

See introduction.

LONDON MISCELLANY

PENNY WATTS-RUSSELL



Detail from Hogarth's *Noon, 1738: Huguenots emerging from the Eglise des Grecs in Soho*.

THE HUGUENOTS' peaceful and successful incorporation into the life of London and the nation is celebrated in an exhibition called *The Quiet Conquest* at the Museum of London from May 15 to October 31—it is part of a national commemoration, Huguenot Heritage 1685-1985. The rich legacy of the 40,000 French Protestants who fled religious persecution in France following the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685 includes the establishment of the Bank of England, the development of glass- and paper-making and textiles, the best of "English" Georgian silver, watchmaking and jewelry. The Museum's exhibition catalogue, booklet *The Huguenots in London* by Robin Gwynn, and lecture programme (see below) give an account of these refugees in the capital.

One of a number of points of Huguenot interest in London is the French Church of London in Soho Square where at noon every first Tuesday in the month until October Huguenot psalms will be sung. Details are to be found in the English Tourist Board's *Huguenot Heritage Trail 1985* which, with information of 1985 activities, can be obtained from Huguenot Heritage, Queen Anne's Chambers, 3 Dean Farrar Street, SW1, by sending a large, stamped (24p) addressed envelope.

The Huguenot Heritage is the subject of a Radio 4 broadcast on Saturday, April 27 at 3.30pm, repeated on Friday, May 3 at 11.02 am.

EVENTS

May 3-6. **1st Festival of the Spirit.** Spiritual & healing groups & individuals put on four days of lectures & workshops (Heal yourself to health, The spiritual benefits of a good laugh, Tai-chi & the spiritual path, etc) covering alternative healing methods, mysticism, clairvoyance, religion & philosophy. One exhibitor, Brian Snellgrove, provides the visitor with a photograph of the hand's aura & an interpretation of its implications for health & personality. Royal Horticultural Halls, Vincent Sq, SW1. Fri 2-9pm, £1, Sat-Mon 11am-7pm, £2. Children under 14 free. (London's former Mind-Body-Spirit Festival is now to be held at Brighton Metropole, Brighton, from May 25 to 27.) May 4, 10.15am-5pm. **A Day out in Medieval London.** From Magna Carta to the death of Richard III, London was a place of great wealth & terrible squalor. This fascinating period in the capital's growth can be glimpsed at a morning session of talks at the Museum of London & during an afternoon of walks round the City. The making of medieval London, everyday life there, its fortress, trading, activities on the waterfront

& objects in everyday use are illustrated. Details from Citisights of London, 102a Albion Rd, N16 (241 0323). £5.50, inclusive of tea, coffee & medieval snacks. May 4, 7.30pm. **A Man of Many Parts.** An evening of Indian music & dance, with readings from the prose & poems of Harold Elvin, in tribute to the memory of this poet, author, organist, ceramic artist, painter on steel & traveller, by his widow, South Indian dancer-singer-actress Surya Kumari, & others. Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). £2.50-£3.50. (An exhibition of Harold Elvin's paintings will be on show in the foyer.) May 5, 11am-5pm. **Photographica '85.** The Photographic Collectors' Club of Great Britain aims to promote the study & collection of historical photographic equipment & images. Here the club's organizers provide a marvellous opportunity for all those who collect photographica to browse, buy, sell & swap at 100 stalls. Porchester Centre, Queensway, W2 (inquiries: 0727 64125). 50p, accompanied children free. May 11-19. **Cycling in London.** The 100th

anniversary of the safety bicycle is celebrated nationwide during this National Bike Week. An exhibition on level five at the Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (daily 10am-10pm) provides the focus for events in the capital. As well as illustrating the history of cycling & the developments in bicycle technology since those early beginnings, the displays show something of the schemes of the GLC Cycle Project & London Cycling Campaign to improve the lot of the cyclist in London. For further details of activities that include mass rides, commuter races, demonstrations of the health, fitness & fun aspects, send large sae to National Bike Week, Tress House, 3/7 Stamford St, SE1 (928 7220).

May 15, 11am-6pm. **ISS Spring Fair.** This bazaar with an international flavour offers crafts, curios & culinary delicacies from all over the globe displayed & for sale: leather goods from Morocco, bark paintings from Mexico, cheeses from the Netherlands—the countries represented range from Algeria to Zimbabwe. Manning the stalls are its organizers, the wives of ambassadors & high commissioners in London, whose efforts at past fairs have raised as much as £50,000 for the International Social Service. Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8. 50p.

May 19, noon-6pm. **Antique & Collectors' Fair.** More than 500 stands, 5,000 visitors & an enormous range of small articles—books, glass, toys, bottles, vintage wireless sets—vouch for the mass appeal of this fair that takes place on five Sundays in the year. There is no dateline, but reproduction or contemporary items are not allowed. Alexandra Pavilion, Wood Green, N22. £1, accompanied children free.

May 22-24. **Chelsea Flower Show.** This annual display—of flowers of every season, miraculously coaxed to their best for these few days, gardens galore, floral arrangements & advisory bureaux—once more blooms in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, SW3. May 21, RHS Members only; May 22, 8am-8pm, £10, after 3.30pm £8; May 23, 8am-8pm, £8, after 3.30pm £6; May 24, 8am-5pm, £6.

May 29, 8pm (gates open 6.30pm). **Kneller Hall Summer Concert.** The first of a season of 12 open-air concerts of military music by 200 musicians of the Royal Military School of Music, in the grounds of the palatial country house in Twickenham built in the early 18th century by portraitist Sir Godfrey Kneller. Concerts every Wed evening until Aug 14 in front of audiences of 5,000. Details from Concert Booking Secretary, Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Whitton, Twickenham (898 5533). 50p (grand concerts with fireworks, June 26, July 17, 31, Aug 14, £1); season ticket £6.

May 30-June 8. **The Fine Art & Antiques Fair.** Strict vetting procedures & adherence to specific datelines are applied: all items must be pre-1930 & in some sections earlier. Exhibits on the 280 stands include furniture, paintings, clocks & jewelry. Olympia, W14. May 30, preview day 2-9pm, £10; May 31-June 7 (closed Sun), 11am-8pm, June 8, 11am-5pm, £2.50; catalogues £1.

FOR CHILDREN

May 19, 3.15pm. **The Mad Hatter's Tea Party.** The London Concert Orchestra & conductor Fraser Goulding extend an invitation to meet the Mad Hatter, Alice & surprise guests during a musical entertainment that includes Tubby the Tuba, the Russian Dance from *The Nutcracker* & the Cuckoo

Polka. There is tea afterwards in the Music Box, with chocolate rolls, butterfly cakes & fondant fancies. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). Tickets £5, if you wear your best party hat £3.80.

LECTURES

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Apr 26-June 21, 1.10pm. *The Quiet Conquest—The Huguenots in London*, see introduction. Apr 26, *The Huguenots in England*, Robin Gwynn; May 10, *Why did the Huguenots flee from France?* Roger Mettam; May 17, *London in 1685*, Tim Burnett; May 31, *Luxury craftsmanship of the Huguenots*, Tessa Murdoch; June 7, *The Huguenot contribution to science*, Rosemary Weinstein; June 14, *Huguenots & the silk industry*, Natalie Rothstein; June 21, *The story of Spitalfields*, Chris Ellmers.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

May 2-30, 1.10pm. *Art & Culture in the Age of the Stuarts*, a series of lectures & room talks to mark the reopening of the Stuart Galleries. May 2, *Charles I—family, friends & allies*; May 7, *Sir Kenelm & Lady Venetia Digby—Van Dyck & a love story*; May 16, *Oliver Cromwell—family, friends & allies*; May 18, *Charles II & his Court*; May 23, *Van Dyck—studio & influence*; May 30, *Lely—"a mighty proud man..."* The beauties & aristocrats of the Cavalier courts & Commonwealth are all there in the portraits by Rubens, Mytens, Van Dyck, Lely & Kneller, & provide the memorable images behind the story of Charles I's conflict with Parliament following his marriage to Henrietta Maria of France in 1625, of Oliver Cromwell, Puritan country gentleman turned Lord Protector of England, & of the pleasure-loving Charles II whose reign (1660-85) saw great commercial expansion & advances in science.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

8 John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

May 14, 6pm. *Photography in Victorian India*, Ray Desmond. The genesis & development of photography in India, in the years from the 1840s to 80s before the Kodak camera & the beginning of widespread amateur photography. Mr Ray, of the India Office Library, will talk of the early pioneering photographers in India, their work, & the problems caused by primitive equipment & climate, using illustrations from the world's largest collection of photographs relating to the sub-continent. Admission by ticket, free in advance from Assistant Secretary (Lectures).

AMERICAN FESTIVAL

The art of storytelling is experiencing a revival in the United States, helped by the performances of Jackie Torrence—"The Story Lady" who, with flashing eyes & a multitude of facial expressions, gestures & voices, stirs the imagination of her listeners with Uncle Remus stories & Appalachian folk tales learnt during a childhood spent in North Carolina. She is in London, May 20-26, at venues to be arranged. Also on the literature programme, reading their own works, are novelist & critic Susan Sontag (at the Barbican on May 10) & Georgian-born author & poet Alice Walker (at Lewisham Theatre on May 12, the National Poetry Centre on May 14). Details of all literary events & lectures from the Festival office, 49 Wellington St, WC2 (379 5874).

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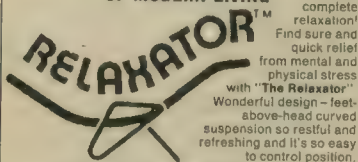
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BRIEFING

EXHIBITIONS EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH



Maid Combing Hair, c 1891: Degas's prints show his obsession with the human figure.

THE ARTS COUNCIL, which nearly let the Hayward Gallery slip from its grasp, is now putting its best foot forward there with Edgar Degas: The Painter as Printmaker from May 15. Degas's prints are too little known, perhaps because so few of them were commercially published. This exhibition, originally put together last year by the Boston Museum for the 150th anniversary of Degas's birth, gives an intimate view of one of the greatest artists of the 19th century. A number of Degas's monotypes and small bronzes have been added for the London showing.

□ The last Francis Bacon retrospective held in Britain was at the Tate Gallery in 1962—nearly a quarter of a century ago. From May 22 the Tate is showing Bacon (born 1909) again in a comprehensive exhibition which spans his career since 1944. It concentrates on the most ambitious part of the artist's work—the series of major triptychs—and aims to reveal Bacon as a European Existentialist who has retained Existentialism's essential values.

GALLERIES

AUDUN GALLERY

Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Rd, SW10 (352 4080). Mon-Sat 10.30am-7pm. **Naïve Haitian Paintings.** Carnivals, cockfights & voodoo. May 15-June 15.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Peter de Wint (1784-1849).** A celebration—a little late—of the bicentenary of one of England's greatest watercolourists. This show has previously been seen in the north of England but this is its only showing in the south. May 2-26. £1, OAPs & children 50p.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Tuck-Chee Phung.** paintings. From this Malaysian artist, now resident in Scotland, miniatures that integrate his early training in Chinese brushwork with his later education in western art as a Fulbright Scholar in the USA. May 3-June 2. **Commonwealth of Oceans: Treasures of the Sea.** Focuses on the riches of the underwater environment & the need to conserve its ecology, & includes a display of objects retrieved from the seabed. May 2-July 21.

DELOMOSNE

4 Campden Hill Rd, W8 (937 1804). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm, Sat until 12.30pm. **The Baluster Family of English Drinking Glasses.** Made in the early 18th century, the heavy, brilliant baluster glasses are rarely seen outside museums. Here, more than 50 pieces from a Canadian collection go on show, at prices ranging from £100-£2,500. May 1-31.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL

Foster Lane, EC2 (606 8971). Mon-Fri 10.30am-5pm. **Recent Acquisitions by the Goldsmiths' Company 1975-1985.** The Goldsmiths' Company,

patrons of silversmiths & jewellers throughout their long history, show 300 pieces—commissioned works from contemporary craftsmen—collected over the last decade. May 7-17.

HAMILTONS

13 Carlos Pl, W1 (499 9493). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 5pm. **Louis Vuitton: A Journey through Time.** A history of Louis Vuitton, makers of luggage & accessories, founded in Paris in 1854. Their contribution to travelling in style in the heydays of the railways & ocean-going liners includes an explorer's folding bed-trunk & a conductor's travelling desk. April 30-May 10.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Edgar Degas: The Painter as Printmaker.** See introduction. **1985 Hayward Annual.** The seventh Hayward annual exhibition of new British art, & only the second in the series to have just one selector—this year, dealer Nigel Greenwood—occupies the half of the gallery not given over to the superb show of Degas prints. Both May 15-July 7. £2.50, OAPs, students, unemployed, children & everybody all day Mon & 6-8pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

MORTON MORRIS

32 Bury St, SW1 (930 2825). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. **Landscapes, Conversation Pieces & Paintings of Country Houses: Recent Works by Julian Barrow.** Some 75 oils, at prices from £150 to £750, record the artist's travels to Italy, the Middle East & New York, while closer to home they show views of London, country houses & other historic buildings, & informal family scenes. May 2-17.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Masterpieces from the National**

Gallery of Ireland. Until May 27.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **The Sporting Thirties.** A decade of British sports photography 1930-40. Until May 19. **Charlie Chaplin 1889-1977: in close-up.** Portraits, photographs & video film. Until Oct 13. **Gordon of Khartoum 1833-85: A Centenary Exhibition.** Marks the 100th anniversary of Gordon's death when Khartoum was stormed by followers of the Mahdi. Until June 9.

MICHAEL PARKIN FINE ART

11 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 8144). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. **Cecil Beaton & Friends.** A show that draws on the talents of the great photographer, costume designer & caricaturist Cecil Beaton (1904-80) & his friends such as Lady Diana Cooper, Lord Berners, Rex Whistler, Jean Hugo & David Hockney. May 22-June 21. **Michael Wishart,** recent paintings from the youngest of the post Second World War British Group that included Francis Bacon & Lucian Freud. Until May 17.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **Edward Lear 1812-1888.** A comprehensive survey of the work of Lear, famous for his nonsense verses & drawings as well as for being a gifted landscape painter & natural-history draughtsman. Until July 14. £2, OAPs, students, unemployed & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £1.40, children £1. **Royal Academy Schools Finals Exhibition.** A brief glimpse of what the young generation is up to. May 29-June 7.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. **Francis Bacon.** See introduction. May 22-Aug 18.

WARWICK ARTS TRUST

33 Warwick Sq, SW1 (834 7856). Wed-Sun 10am-5pm. **Abstract Expressionism,** summer exhibition. The work of contemporary British abstract expressionists, with an emphasis on younger painters of outstanding talent. May 15-June 16.

WHITFORD & HUGHES

6 Duke St, SW1 (930 5577). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. **Moments et Folies de la Femme Fatale.** Exotic & mysterious images of seductive females from the period 1880-1920, among them an important Symbolist painting, *La Bourrasque*, by Lucien Lévy-Dhurmer. May 2-June 7.

CHRISTOPHER WOOD GALLERY

15 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 9141). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **From Manor to Cottage.** This showing of more than 50 Victorian paintings & watercolours depicting gardens & flowers opens to coincide with the Chelsea Flower Show. May 22-June 22.

MUSEUMS

GUNNERSBURY PARK MUSEUM

Gunnery Park, W3 (992 1612). Mon-Fri 1-5pm, Sat, Sun 2-6pm. **The Rothschilds at Gunnersbury.** In the house bought in 1835 as a country residence by N. M. Rothschild, founder of the English branch of the famous merchant bank, is an exhibition that reflects the family's influence & philanthropic work locally. Also illustrated are its gardens (now a public park), which were greatly developed & became renowned for exotic & rare fruit. May 17-Sept 1.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. **Charles Sargeant Jagger: War & Peace Sculpture Centenary Exhibition 1885-1985.** A retrospective of work by the creator of the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park who in his lifetime (d 1934) was regarded as one of Britain's leading monumental sculptors. Bronze maquettes, photographs & casts capture the size of his reliefs. May 1-Sept 29. **When They Sound the Last All Clear.** A celebration of the 40th anniversary of the end of the Second World War in Europe (opens as part of the Imperial War Museum Festival, see p55). May 4-Dec 31.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. **London Transport at War.** In the First World War London buses were used as troop transport on the Western Front (videos show interviews with veteran bus drivers); in the Second, London Transport kept services running

despite the blackout & the Blitz & provided shelter for Londoners in Underground stations. The exhibition covers every aspect of LT in both wars, with displays of blackout lamps, uniforms, photographs & posters. May 8-Nov 27. £2, OAPs & children £1, family ticket £4.80.

MUSEUM OF GARDEN HISTORY

St Mary-at-Lambeth, SE1 (261 1891). Mon-Fri 11am-3pm, Sun 10.30am-5pm. **In Praise of Gardens: watercolours & drawings by Rosemary Simmons.** Delphiniums in Regent's Park, cottage gardens in Derbyshire, 18th-century Rousham Park—the exhibition contains large & small studies of historic English gardens. May 1-19.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **The Quiet Conquest: the Huguenots 1685-1985.** See p93. May 15-Oct 31.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **Streeton in France 1918.** A loan exhibition of 58 watercolours by Sir Arthur Streeton (1867-1943) from Canberra's Australian War Memorial. As an Australian official war artist in the six months leading up to the Armistice, Streeton recorded war's destruction, & his work depicts images of damaged guns & ruined buildings. May 30-July 31.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Sea Finland—Finnish Seafaring from Early History to the Future.** Among the displays that cover very early boat building up to the modern icebreakers & cruise liners that come out of Finnish shipyards are the oldest surviving diving suit & a church boat, 48 ft long & propelled by 9 pairs of oars. May 23-Dec 31. Museum & Old Royal Observatory £1 each, OAPs, students, unemployed & children 50p; combined £1.50 & 75p; family £4.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **Watercolours by R. P. Bonington & his Associates; & Samuel Prout.** This second exhibition in the British watercolours series shows the tradition of town-view painting in the early 19th century. Bonington has been described as "the English Giorgione" because of his early death & widespread influence over other artists. May 22-Sept 15. **Masterworks of Contemporary American Jewelry: Sources & Concepts.** A survey which is part of the American Festival. May 11-July 25. **Louis Vuitton: A Journey through Time.** See Hamiltons above. May 15-Sept 29.

Out of town

BRIGHTON MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Church St, Brighton, E Sussex (0273 603005). Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Norman Hartnell (1901-79).** The first major exhibition devoted to the life & work of Britain's most celebrated couturier. May 3-July 21. **Comedy Characters: Harlequin, Punch & Pierrot in England.** The history of these characters from Italian & French comedy, as part of English popular entertainment, early 18th century to present day. May 4-June 30.

FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

Trumpington St, Cambridge (0223 69501). Tues-Sat 10am-4.55pm, Sun 2.15-4.55pm. **Tolly Cobbold/Eastern Arts Association Fifth National Exhibition.** First stop for this biennial show of UK artists' recent works, including drawings & watercolours. A major first prize of £6,000 has been donated by Vladivar Vodka. May 18-June 23.

IRONBRIDGE GORGE MUSEUM

Elton Gallery, Ironbridge, Telford, Salop (095 245 2751). Daily 10am-6pm. **The Great Western Railway.** The early days of the GWR depicted in prints, drawings (including a pencil sketch by W. Frith for his famous painting *The Railway Station*) & ephemera. May 14-Nov 17.

STOKE-ON-TRENT CITY MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Bethesda St, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent (0782 273173). Mon-Sat 10.30am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. **Tin-Glaze & Smoked Lustre—Pottery by Alan Caiger-Smith & Aldermaston Pottery 1955-1985.** A celebration of 30 years of this co-operative pottery workshop, with 200 examples of earthenware produced by Alan Caiger-Smith, using the ancient pottery technique of tin-glaze & reduction-fired lustre. Brushwork includes images of fruit, flowers, animals & people. May 20-Sept 7.

AMERICAN FESTIVAL

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. **American Images: Photography 1945-80.** See below. May 10-June 30. £1.50, OAPs, disabled, students & children 75p.

BOOKWORKS

No 3 Arch, Green Dragon Court, Borough Market, SE1 (378 6799). Wed-Fri 1-6pm. **Three American Book Artists.** The work of Kay Hines, Jenny Leimert & Susan Share. May 9-June 21.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Crafts America,** two concurrent exhibitions: **Handmade Clothing from the USA,** including knitted, dyed & painted garments selected as characteristic of American wearable art; **Crafts & Design by Americans in Britain,** including tapestry, banners, knitting, pottery & glass. May 16-July 14.

GIMPEL FILS

30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Joseph Albers: Homage to the Square;** & **Jack Youngerman: Gouaches of the 1950s & 60s.** May 8-June 1.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 3647). Tues-Sun noon-9pm. **Frank Stella,** new works. May 17-July 7. 50p.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. **Native American Arts: The Living Tradition.** Indian artists from different parts of the USA show the enduring vitality of traditional tribal arts by demonstrating their particular skills: Nathan Jackson of the Tlingit tribe in Alaska, carving a 20ft totem pole; Ethel Santiago, Seminole patchworks; Paul & Clara Tiulana, the Eskimo arts of maskmaking & skin-sewing. May 15-June 14.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **American Plants,** drawings & watercolours. May 9-May 31.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat, Sun until 7pm. **Alice Aycock,** metaphorical machine sculpture; **Louise Bourgeois,** sculpture with its roots in the Surrealist movement of the 1930s. May 18-June 23.



Given the immense wealth of contemporary American painting, it is rather strange that an exhibition of American photography at the Barbican Art Gallery from May 10 should have been designated "the major visual arts event" of this month's countrywide American Festival. However, **American Images** has the virtue of being extremely comprehensive: the period from 1945 to 1980 is covered with more than 400 works by 80 different photographers. The show traces the photograph's rise as an art form, from humble magazine reportage to (often pretentious) gallery material. The image above, *Political Convention*, is by Robert Frank.

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RESTAURANTS

ALEX FINER

One of the accepted pleasures of eating out is for each person to be free to compose his or her own meal from the selection of dishes available. The very act of lingering, menu in hand, discussing one another's choice stimulates appetite and is part of the ritual of a restaurant meal.

Sally Clarke has rejected such conventional wisdom in favour of bold experiment on weekday evenings at her recently opened namesake, **Clarke's**. She has abolished choice. Her menu is a flimsy sheet of paper that informs diners what will be served. The four-course meal is offered at £15 including service and VAT. There is nothing to do but relax, as if at a dinner party, and let the occasion unfold.

The omens were promising. The owner, wearing a splendid cocktail dress, had ushered us to a ground-floor table (preferable to the open-plan area downstairs, shared with the kitchen). A bow-tied, white-aproned waitress appeared proffering a basket of walnut and wholemeal bread and soon returned with an ordered bottle of Badoit mineral water served with a slice of lime and opaque semi-circular lumps of ice.

Suddenly the need to make fewer decisions than usual began to appear liberating. The mood has been established without resort to music. The background hum is of contented chatter from other tables. The floral motif of the china carefully matched the colours of anemones in a glass vase. The restrained, slightly austere décor of white table linen, creamy apricot walls and a pale beechwood floor is set off by a large abstract oil painting, magnificent rambling drapes around the large rear window in a material designed by Celia Birtwell and, next to it, a bar decorated with a spray of lilies where chilled champagne is available by the glass or in a cocktail with blood oranges.

The clear vegetable soup was a bouillon with diced courgette, carrot and celery, nutty to the taste, with perfumed strips of basil leaf. This was followed by corn-fed chicken, char-grilled and served with a puréed cream of garlic and parsley, accompanied by fresh asparagus in cross-swords position on top of the poultry, *haricots verts* and broccoli cooked *al dente*, and crisp shoestring potatoes.

The thin sliver of single Gloucester cheese with a stripe of young nettles running through it came with home-made bran biscuits. The *bavarois* dessert served with poached red fruits and chocolate and hazelnut fingers was the only disappointment—less exciting than preceding courses had presaged. De-caFFEinated coffee, as well as regular, is available.

There is no shortage of choice on a list of more than 40 French and Californian wines, well selected for price,



Sally Clarke: she has abolished choice at her restaurant.

quality and interest. Some 15 wines are in half-bottles and my Château La Tour St-Bonnet, 1975, was well worth its £7.50. House wines start at £5.50 a bottle. A magnum of Château Clarke (no relation), 1979, is £35. There is a short selection of dessert wines by the glass. Of five champagnes, two are available in half-bottles. The Schramsberg Blanc de Noirs, 1979, at £24, California's answer to the best French champagne, provides a clue to Sally Clarke's culinary origins.

She has restaurant experience from Michael's in Santa Monica and is a friend of Alice Waters whose Berkeley restaurant Chez Panisse serves five courses, also without any choice, and has earned a reputation for innovative and educative cuisine. Sally Clarke says, "Lack of choice really hasn't been a problem: on St Valentine's Day I even served lambs' hearts with hot chillies. If someone is vegetarian or allergic to a food or it's against their religion, I can usually find something to keep them happy. "You can find out the menu when you book. I prepare it in outline for the week ahead. If it's fish you may still not know exactly which type because I try to keep to the philosophy of not going out with a shopping list, but buying what's best. People accept it from Anton Mosimann at The Dorchester Terrace [where a six-

course, no choice, surprise menu costs £56 for two], so why not from me?"

For those still reluctant to surrender all choice over their food, there is a solution. Sally Clarke offers three dishes for each of three courses on weekday lunchtimes and for the four courses on Saturday night. Two courses at lunch cost £8.50; three courses £10.50; and Saturday night in common with the weekday evenings is £15.

Clarke's, 124 Kensington Church St, W8 (221 9225). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-10pm. cc A, Bc.

GOOD EATING GUIDE

A changing selection of *ILN* recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of an *à la carte* meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £25; ££ £25-£40; £££ above £40.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

The Bengal Lancer

253 Kentish Town Rd, NW5 (485 6688). Daily noon-3pm, 6pm-midnight.

An extensive menu contains some delicate Indian specialities & distinctive tandoori dishes served sizzling hot. This is Kentish Town's contribution to the "new wave" of Indian restaurants. cc All ££

British Harvest Restaurant

London Hilton on Park Lane, W1 (493 8000). Daily noon-3pm, 7-10pm.

Dinner at the video

Video dining has arrived in London. David Williams, who devised and introduced the video jukebox, has gone one giant step further and opened a 320-seat video restaurant in 12,000 square feet of alcoved underground cellars near Oxford Circus. The **Pied Piper Video Café** at 8 Argyll Street, W1 (734 5776) has seven large wall-screens and 27 television monitors showing pop promotional videos in one dining area, sports videos in a separate salad bar and rooms for private parties and screenings.

Food is fast and functional—deep-fried mushrooms, chicken burgers and the like—and the reason to pay the place a visit (apart from house champagne at £9 a bottle) is to

experience the all-encompassing, sense-drenching sounds and multiple images bombarding you from the walls. The resident VJs (video jockeys) have a roving camera so you can find yourself providing the on-screen entertainment.

The owner has already begun to franchise the concept abroad; and there is domestic competition close on his heels at the Trocadero near Piccadilly Circus. **Rupert Street Junction** at 7 Rupert Street, W1 (734 2079) has adopted a similar fast food and pop-video character with two wall-screens and several television monitors set in décor devoted to train carriages and British Rail memorabilia.

The Hilton salutes the best of British produce with a quarterly-changing menu, monthly specialities & a selection of English wines. cc All £££

Caravan Serai

50 Paddington St, W1 (935 1208). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, Mon-Fri 6-11pm, Sat until 11.30pm, Sun until 10.30pm.

Distinctive Afghan food & attentive service in modest surroundings enhanced by tribal art & textiles on the walls. cc All ££

Dukes Hotel

35 St James's Pl, SW1 (491 4840). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 6-10pm, Sun 12.30-2pm, 7-10pm.

This elegantly maintained period hotel serves an ambitious English & *nouvelle cuisine* menu amid the soft décor of an L-shaped dining room seating 35. Smart & expensive. cc All £££

Ho-Ho

29 Maddox St, W1 (493 1228). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-11pm.

Bustling Chinese, lavishly redecorated, with *à la carte* & set-lunch menus; crispy Peking duck is recommended. cc All £

Koto

75 Parkway, NW1 (482 2036). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6.30-10.30pm.

Good value Japanese cuisine—and saké—sensitively presented. A choice of set meals makes ordering easy for novices. cc All ££

Langan's Brasserie

Stratton St, W1 (493 6437). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm, Sat 8pm-12.15am.

Richard Shepherd's menu is imaginative & Peter Langan still attracts the rich & famous despite—or perhaps because of—arrogant lapses in service. cc All ££

Harry Morgan

31 St John's Wood High St, NW8 (722 1869). Tues-Sun noon-3pm, Tues-Thurs, Sat, Sun 6-10pm.

Utilitarian, red plastic-covered chairs & Formica-topped tables at which to enjoy fine salt beef—along with other Jewish delicacies such as chopped liver, *lutkes* & new green cucumbers. Take-away food available. cc None £

L'Opéra

32 Gt Queen St, WC2 (405 9020). Mon-Fri 12.15-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 6-11.55pm.

A predominantly male business clientele at lunch-time seems to enjoy the feminine surroundings of pale green panelling, pink linen & flowers on the tables. Large portions of French cuisine, with £10.45 *menu du jour* providing best value. cc All £££

Palms

39 King St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (240 2939). Daily noon-11.30pm.

A place for pasta near the Piazza. Inexpensive Italian menu, with good espresso coffee & ricotta cheesecake to follow. Oilskin table-cloths & newspaper on the walls. cc None £

Quincy's

675 Finchley Rd, NW2 (794 8499). Tues-Fri, Sun noon-2pm, Tues-Sat 7.30-10.30pm.

An attractive three-course dinner menu at £11.50. Full marks for a cosy local feel to the place, with its dark green painted décor & soft lights. cc All ££

The Ritz

Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Daily 12.30-2pm, 6.30-11pm.

David Miller takes up his duties as head chef at the Ritz on the first of the month—only the second English chef to do so. It remains to be seen how he adapts the flexible menu, established by his predecessor Michael Quinn, which will continue to be written entirely in English. cc All £££

Rowley's

113 Jermyn St, SW1 (930 2707). Daily noon-2.30pm, 6-11.30pm.

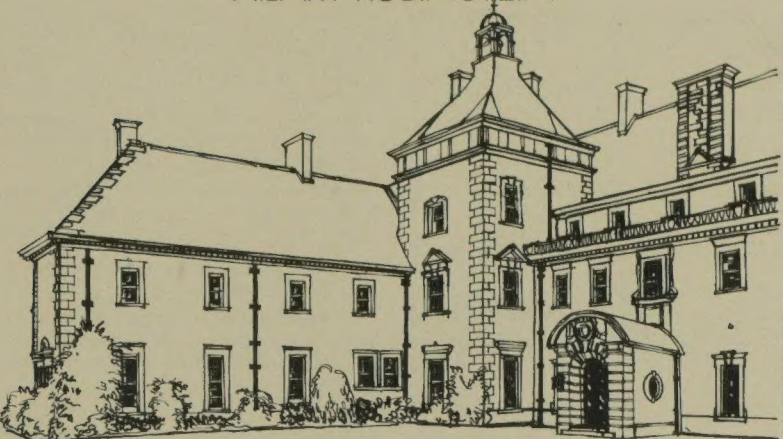
Tiled walls, hanging plants & painted ceiling. Commendably simple £8.75 menu of salad, steak & chips, with cheese or a dessert from the trolley extra. cc All ££

The Terrace

Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, W1 (629 8888). Mon-Sat 6-11.30pm.

The height of luxurious dining created by chef Anton Mosimann & *maitre d'hôtel* Lorenzo Susini. A six-course surprise menu (£56 for two) if you prefer not to choose for yourself. A long & expensive wine list, sumptuous surroundings, music & a small dance floor. cc All £££

BRIEFING HOTELS HILARY RUBINSTEIN



Large & luxurious: Crathorne Hall, built as a country house in 1909, is now a hotel.

Southerners too rarely venture into the tracts of magnificent unspoilt country in North Yorkshire and the North-East. Many of those who do become addicted to it. Durham City is one of the supreme glories of our cathedral heritage; stately homes are scattered across the region; and off the spectacular Northumberland coast is Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, with its 16th-century castle (restored in 1903 by Lutyens) and ruined Benedictine priory.

Linden Hall, just off the A697, 20 miles north of Newcastle, is the northernmost hotel in this month's selection. The mansion, built in 1812 in the classical style, has considerable grandeur, and is set in 399 acres of formal gardens and woodland. Outdoors there are tennis, croquet, putting and clay-pigeon shooting, and an adventure woodland play area for children.

Indoor amenities include games, billiards and table-tennis rooms, a sauna, solarium and hairdresser, and a pub in whose courtyard you can play quoits, *boule* and garden draughts. The drawing room, dining room and library are classically elegant; the equally stylish bedrooms all have bathrooms. Ten are on the ground floor around a cobbled garden courtyard, and easily accessible to the disabled. Facilities for families include a children's menu, special family bedrooms and a baby-listening service. One caveat: the hotel is popular for conferences which can at times diminish the pleasure of other visitors.

At Romaldkirk, County Durham, is **The Rose and Crown**, a genuine old country inn (it flourished in the mid 18th century as a coaching house) by the village green, on which there are stocks and an old pump. The hotel has lounges, bars serving real ale, a welcoming dining room and comfortable bedrooms, some of them round a peaceful courtyard at the back, and one specially designed for disabled guests.

Romaldkirk, one of the finest villages in the Dales, lies on the banks of the River Tees, and its church, St Romald's, which gave it its name, is part Norman. Near by are High Force Waterfall, a spectacular 70-foot moorland waterfall—the highest in England—and the historic town of Barnard Castle, with its splendid Bowes Museum.

In North Yorkshire **Crathorne Hall Hotel** is a substantial sandstone pile with a neo-Georgian front elevation. It claims to be the largest country house built in Edwardian England and stands in 15 acres of woodland looking over the River Leven, with the Cleveland Hills beyond. The situation is peaceful and the scenery is lovely. With its antique furnishings and splendid chandeliers, the hotel has the atmosphere of a distinguished country house. The reception rooms contain many fine pictures and all the

bedrooms have limited-edition graphic works as well as all the usual facilities. The hotel is excellently situated for exploring James Herriot country—the North Yorkshire hills and dales—and for visiting local museums such as that at Captain Cook's birthplace at Marton, Middlesbrough.

□ **Linden Hall Hotel**, Longhorsley, Morpeth, Northumberland (0670 56611). Double room with breakfast £57.50-£69.50.

□ **The Rose and Crown Hotel**, Romaldkirk, nr Barnard Castle, Co Durham (0833 50213). Double room with breakfast £38; set lunch £6, dinner £10.

□ **Crathorne Hall Hotel**, Crathorne, nr Yarm, N Yorks (0642 700398). Double room with breakfast £55; set lunch £5.95, dinner £8.95.

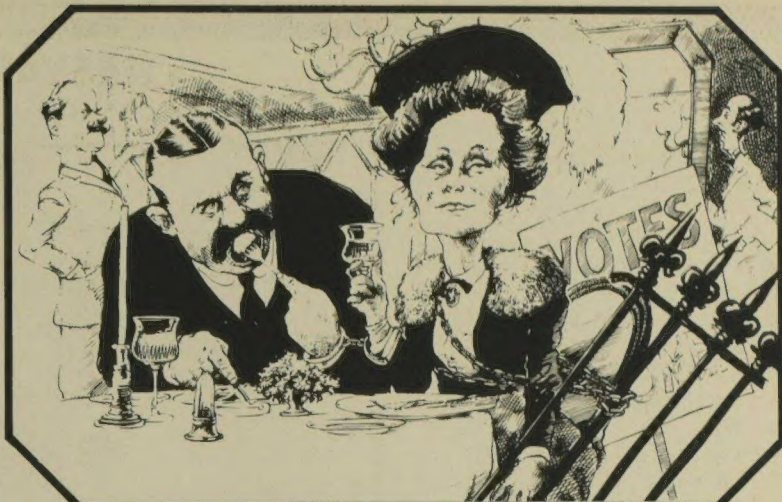
The above tariffs are per night unless otherwise stated and include VAT and service (except for Crathorne Hall where it is left to guests' discretion and The Rose and Crown which does not make a service charge). Most of the hotels offer reductions for stays of two or more nights.

First impressions

First impressions matter. One hotel manager I know has his receptionist alert him when new guests arrive, then welcomes them personally and shows them their rooms. You know as soon as you enter that you are in caring hands—and not just because there are masses of flowers around and everything gleams. A dingy unfriendly reception is like rust on a second-hand car—a warning signal.

My wife and I recently visited a renowned country-house hotel in Ireland. We arrived in the lunch-hour. No one was in reception. We rang a bell, and rang again. At last a surly fellow appeared and gave us a key for a room on the top floor. "Should we take up our luggage?" "For sure," and he disappeared. Five minutes later, having carted our suitcases upstairs, we rang again and asked if we could have lunch. What would we like? What had they got? "Well, there is only meat and cheese sandwiches and coffee." That would be fine. Forty-five minutes later came Mother's Pride bread with processed cheese and potted meat.

In the evening everything was different: a fine meal, with first-rate ingredients, including a large platter of French and local cheeses, and gracious smiles much in evidence. But nothing could efface that frosty reception. And the surly fellow turned out to be not some discontented minion, but the owner.



Mrs Pankhurst would have given us her vote.

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For further information on any of our hotels whether for a few days in the country, a business trip or meeting contact Christine Travell, Celebrated Country Hotels, Oakley Court, Windsor Road, Nr. Windsor, Berkshire SL4 5UR, England. Telephone: Maidenhead (0628) 37230

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BRIEFING

**OUT OF TOWN
ANGELA BIRD**



The Circus in Bath, architect John Wood the Elder: Festival and other events this month.

IT IS NEVER hard to justify a visit to the Regency town of Bath, where the discovery of 250,000 gallons of steaming water gushing up each day from the earth caused the Romans to develop the first spa in Britain nearly 2,000 years ago. Transformed in the early 18th century by the vision of "Beau" Nash, the city remains a collection of harmonious, honey-coloured buildings. On May 24, as night falls, the windows of the Royal Crescent, The Circus and streets near by will glimmer with candlelight to usher in the Bath Festival. Music by Bach, Scarlatti and Handel will be performed in Wells Cathedral, Bath Abbey and the elegantly refurbished Theatre Royal, and the busy festival programme also includes a visit by ragtime pianist Joshua Rifkin, church bellringing sessions for beginners and guided walks.

The West of England Antiques Fair occupies Bath's 18th-century Assembly Rooms from May 14 to 18, followed from May 24 to 27 by the paintings and sculpture of the Contemporary Art Fair. The Museum of Costume, in the basement of the building, displays fashionable dress from the 16th century to the present in a warren of showcases.

Prominent among Bath's 20 or so museums is the Roman Baths Museum, where major new finds (including what is now recognized as an early jacuzzi) are on view. In the lofty Pump Room live music accompanies the clatter of teacups, and in emulation of our Georgian ancestors customers can again taste the thermal waters from the newly restored fountain, now in operation after six years of inactivity. Antiques-hunters should visit Bath on a Wednesday, when there are two large morning antiques markets from 7am in Guinea Lane and The Paragon.

EVENTS

AVON

Bath Festival, 1 Pierrepont Pl, Bath (0225 63362). May 24-June 9. See introduction.

BERKSHIRE

Newbury Spring Festival, The Granary, The Wharf, Newbury (0635 49919). May 8-19.

Entertainment in churches & country houses. London Chamber Orchestra & Opera perform Antony Hopkins's comic "space" opera *Hands Across the Sky*; Yehudi Menuhin conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Sharon Gould gives a harpsichord recital; Handel's oratorio *La Resurrezione* is performed by the Academy of Ancient Music.

DERBYSHIRE

Etwell Well Dressing Festival, Etwell, nr Derby. May 18-20.

Eight wells are decorated with intricate mosaic designs made entirely out of flower petals pressed into a clay backing. Although the well-dressing custom of this region dates back to pagan times as a thanksgiving for the gift of pure water, it is now celebrated during the Christian festival of Ascension-tide & the themes of the pictures are mainly

religious. Wells on view daily from 8am to dusk; collection for local charities.

KENT

Biggin Hill Air Fair, Biggin Hill, nr Orpington. May 11, 12, 9am-5.30pm.

This year the show celebrates 40 years of jet aviation. Fly-pasts by vintage jet fighters including the Vampire, Meteor, T33 & modern Harriers & Buccaneers. Displays by the Red Arrows & the Red Devils & a visit from a Catalina flying boat. Arena events all morning; flying displays start at 12.30pm. £4, OAPs & children £1.50.

LINCOLNSHIRE

Lincoln 1645, Lincoln. May 18, 19.

The English Civil War Society re-creates the storming of Lincoln Castle & the more mundane aspects of 17th-century army life, as they set up an encampment in the castle towers, other ranks under canvas outside. Sat 7pm, Sun 3pm, storming the gate, with mortar, musket & petard. Sat, noon-8.15pm, Sun 11am-5.15pm, £1, OAPs, children & unemployed 50p; Sat 8.15-11.30pm, Col Fane's Festivity, £2 & £1, in-

cludes refreshments & entertainment.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Motor 100, Silverstone Circuit, nr Towcester. May 25-27, 10am-6pm.

More than 5,000 motor vehicles, from motorcycles of the 1890s to modern dragsters & custom cars; historic commercial vehicles, racing cars, 80 Rolls-Royces from 1905-1985; demonstrations & displays each day; Le Mans pit re-enactment. Vehicles from private collections, museums, clubs & manufacturers all celebrate a century of motoring. £5, children under 12 free.

SUSSEX

Brighton Festival, 54 Old Steine, Brighton (0273 29801). May 3-26.

Within this year's theme of "clowns & clowning" are performances by the Lindsay Kemp Mime Company, Ballet Rambert, New Sussex Opera & Gerry Cottle's all-human circus. Brighton Museum mounts an exhibition around the comedy characters of Harlequin, Punch & Pierrot (see p93). The British Film Year Roadshow spends four days (May 8-11) on the lawns of the Royal Pavilion before embarking on a national tour. May 25-27, Busking Carnival with entertainers in the streets & a concert on the sea front on the final day.

GARDENS

BERKSHIRE

Frogmore Gardens, Windsor. May 1, 2, 11am-7pm.

For just two days a year the Queen's gardens are open for visitors to enjoy a stroll under the trees & beside the lake or to visit the copper-domed Mausoleum, in whose richly marble-decorated interior rest the bodies of Queen Victoria & her Consort. Donations invited in aid of the National Gardens Scheme. May 22, 11am-4pm, Mausoleum open, but not gardens.

HEREFORD & WORCESTER

Clacks Farm, Boreley, nr Ombersley. May 11, 12, 10am-5pm.

Open days for a garden familiar to viewers of television gardening programmes as the home of broadcaster Arthur Billitt. More than 2 acres of flowers, shrubs, vegetables & fruit & the added attraction of advice from Mr Billitt himself. 50p, children 25p.

SOMERSET

Clapton Court Gardens, Crewkerne. Open all year.

Formal terraces, lawns, rockery, streams & woodland glades extending to 10 acres with, from May 4 to June 9, displays of fuchsia & pelargonium—the speciality of these beautiful gardens. Plants for sale. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sun (& Sat in May) 2-5pm. £1.20, children 30p.

SURREY

Hannah Peschar Gallery, Black & White Cottage, Standon Lane, Ockley. May 26-end Oct.

Exhibition of contemporary sculpture strategically placed among the plants in a wild garden gradually undergoing restoration. Water lilies & other plants growing on & by the lakes. Fri, Sat 11am-6pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1, children 50p.

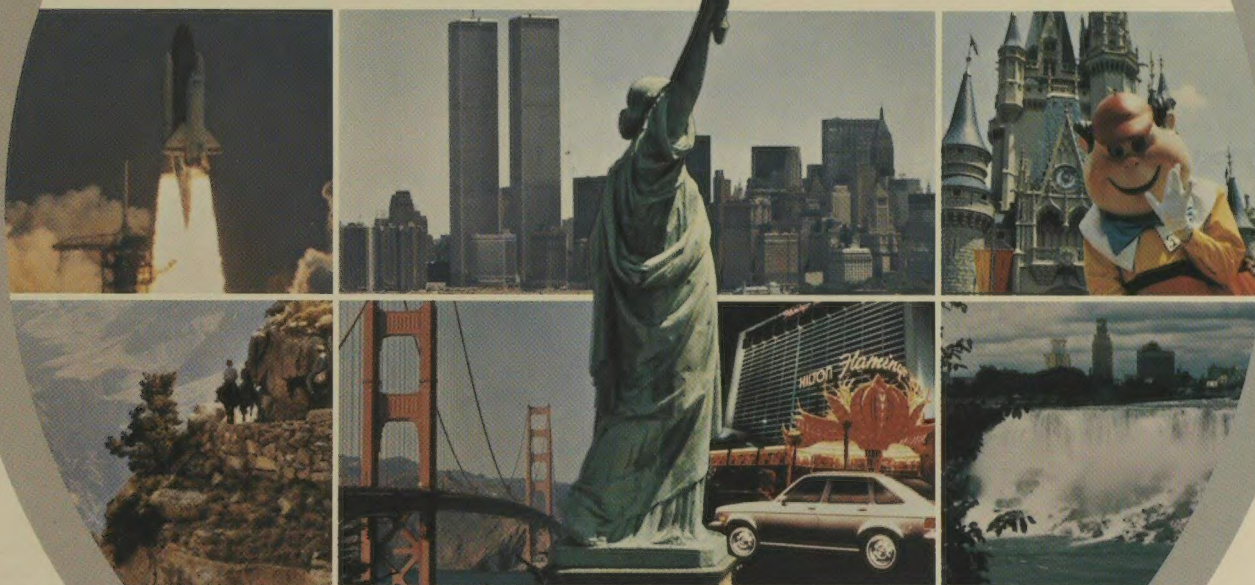
WILTSHIRE

Ilford Manor Gardens, nr Bradford-on-Avon. May 1-end July.

Harold Peto designed this Italian-style garden, overlooking the River Frome. Mauve swathes of wisteria towards the end of the month. Summerhouses, cloister, statues & ponds, with steep terraces rising up towards beech woods. Wed, Sun & May 6 & 27, 2-5pm. 80p, OAPs & children 50p.

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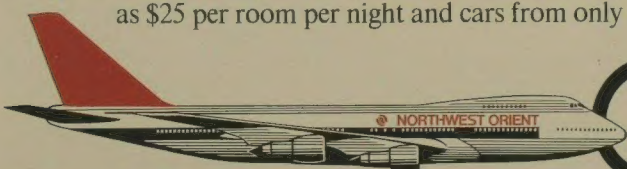
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